# Liberty

AUGUST 14, 1943 10c

**Book Condensation:**
**THIS EXCITING AIR**
**By Boone T. Guyton**

**RUSSIA AND JAPAN MUST FIGHT**

this summer cool off with . . .

# CORONET V.S.Q. BRANDY

. . . and soda

Buy War Bonds first!

*Ah! Coronet Brandy and Soda on a summer's day! Cooling . . . refreshing . . . as you sip . . . and after. Coronet Brandy gives you everything you enjoy in a delicious tall drink . . . plus the rich aroma of a distinguished brandy. Try it . . . now!*

Tune in Schenley's "Cresta Blanca Wine Carnival" every Wednesday evening, CBS.

California grape brandy 84 proof. Schenley Distillers Corp., N.Y.

## B. F. Goodrich Dealers and Silvertown Stores offer the

# ONLY SYNTHETIC TIRE BACKED BY 80,000,000 MILE ROAD TEST

*Three years ago car owners started the greatest road test in history, driving thousands of Silvertowns (made with Ameripol). That's why you can have the utmost confidence in our all-synthetic tire of today—the 1943 Ameripol Silvertown.*

**When you buy** a synthetic tire, look for facts and evidence. Here's some—from a U. S. Senate Investigating Committee:

"The only general-purpose tire rubber which had been brought into small commercial production by 1940 was Ameripol, another B. F. Goodrich product. In the summer of 1940 Goodrich placed Ameripol tires on the market . . . and recent reports on the performance of those tires seemed to indicate that Ameripol was equal or possibly superior in durability and service to the crude rubber product."

Thousands of Ameripol Silvertowns were driven under every condition of road—*the way drivers drive them*—not by factory experts. Results show these tires were "at least as good as those made with natural rubber."

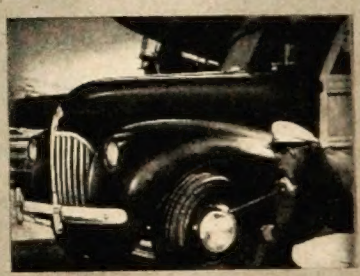
In these Silvertowns, more than half the natural rubber was replaced by synthetic. In the new Silvertowns, offered today, more than 99 per cent of the natural rubber is replaced by synthetic. And these new Silvertowns are undergoing a severe test, too—the test of battle on a dozen fronts all over the world.

If you buy on *proof of performance*, you'll surely choose the B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertown . . . the all-synthetic tire for 1943!

**Some of the hundreds of companies that made the greatest tire test in history**

**Standard Brands** bought a number of Silvertowns made with synthetic rubber back in 1940. Some of these tires went more than 30,000 miles! That's real tire-mileage for any kind of tire. It proves tires made with synthetic rubber can take it at least as well as natural rubber tires.

**Western Union** put two Ameripol Silvertowns on a maintenance truck. Says the section lineman who drove them: "They should give us 30,000 miles." That's good mileage to expect from a tire on such a truck.



**American Airlines** also bought made-with-synthetic Silvertowns months before Pearl Harbor. The tires on this airfield maintenance truck went 29,519 miles. It was the toughest kind of stop-and-go driving, too—on all kinds of roads in every kind of weather imaginable.

**Tune in to "THE MEANING OF THE NEWS" by Joseph C. Harsch, on CBS**

He gives inside interpretations because he has lived where news is made. (See local paper for time, station.)

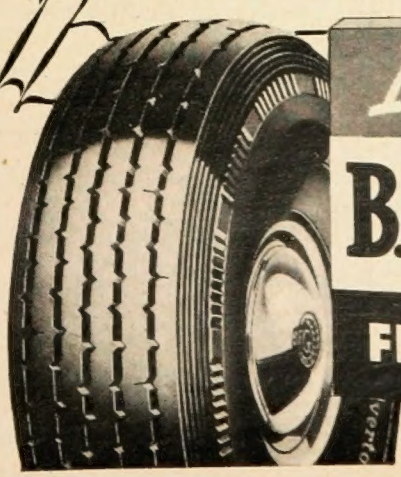
*LIMITED STOCKS*

**Only B and C book holders who qualify for tires for essential driving can get these B. F. Goodrich Ameripol Silvertowns**

**There still is a critical rubber shortage.** Most synthetic rubber is needed for war. Every American must continue to conserve rubber. Follow the five basic rules of tire conservation from the office of the Rubber Director:

1. Drive only when absolutely necessary
2. Keep under 35 miles an hour
3. Keep your tires properly inflated
4. Have them inspected regularly
5. Share your car with others

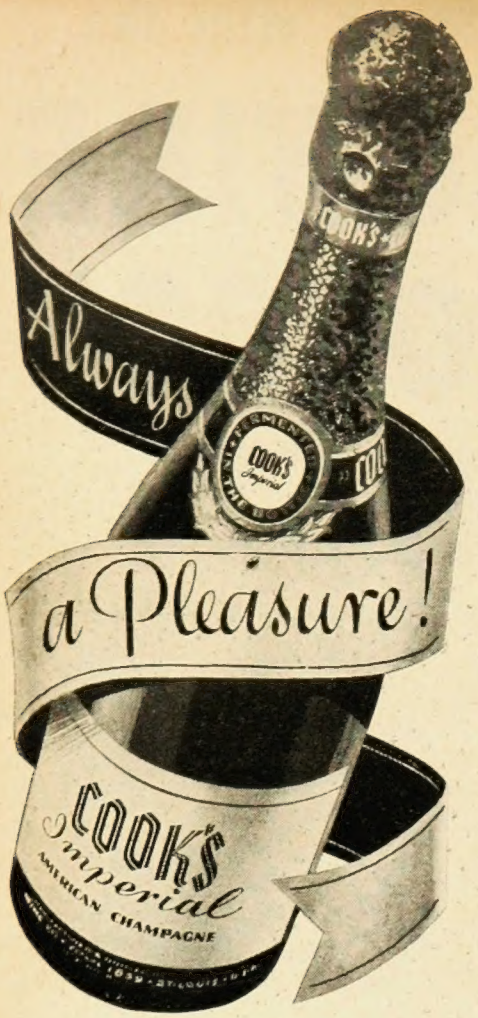
*Awards to 7 plants*



*In war or peace*

**B.F.Goodrich**

**FIRST IN RUBBER**




AMERICAN WINE COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, MO.

## Right of Way!

Civilian shipments must, of course, give right of way to military supplies during war-time. That's why we know you will bear with us if your copy of LIBERTY fails to arrive on the regular publication date.

# In This Week's Liberty

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### ★ ARTICLES

My Only Crime Is My Face, *Mary Oyama* ..... 11
Aviation Is Behind the 8-Ball, *Donald Wilhelm* ..... 14
Hollywood Joins the Waves ..... 18
Russia and Japan *Must* Fight, *Erwin Lessner and James C. McMullin* ..... 20
America's Flying Circus—Conclusion, *Grant Parr* ..... 22
Long-Suffering Female, *Howard Sharpe* ..... 33
We've Licked the U-Boat! *Henry Brandon* ..... 36
Boonton Remembers Them, *Edwin Diehl* ..... 53

### ★ FICTION

The Admiral Gets an Assist, *Jonathan Fettes* ..... 12
All the Angles—Short Short, *Richard Brister* ..... 16
Sweet Lightning, *Jean Dupont Miller* ..... 34
Wheel of Fortune—Part IV, *John Jennings* ..... 38

### ★ BOOK

This Exciting Air—*The thrilling book by an ace test pilot—Boone T. Guyton—abridged to a reading time of one evening.* 25

### ★ FEATURES

Vox Pop ..... 6
On the Beam, *Wayne Parrish* ..... 8
This Man's War, *Old Sarge* ..... 42
Books in Review, *E. A. Piller* ..... 52
Woman-Talk, *Margaret Fishback* ..... 55
Colonel Stoopnagle's Fictionary (*Unabashed*) ..... 64
Liberty Goes to the Movies, *Harriet Gould* ..... 68
Crossword Puzzle ..... 71
Just Between Ourselves, *The Editors* ..... 72

### ★ EDITORIAL

Only the People Can Wipe Out Black Markets, *Paul Hunter* 74

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LEE WAGNER, CIRCULATION MANAGER

# This man was taught not to drink water

Drinking water is scarce in North Africa. And what there is, is likely to be bad.

So before our soldiers landed there, they were weaned away from water. A dash of iodine in their drinking water served the double purpose of disinfecting it, and making it taste awful. By the time the boys landed in Africa, they'd lost all taste for water except in safe, prepared drinks.

The favorite prepared drink is lemonade. Field Ration K provides it—along with veal, pork, sausage, coffee, bouillon, malted milk tablets, biscuits, chocolate and chewing gum—all in a 33 ounce pack.

Sounds like somebody was taking pretty good care of our boys, doesn't it? And that's right. American soldiers are the best-fed, best-equipped, best-cared-for in the world.

But keeping them that way takes money. So much money that Uncle Sam asks us to invest not 10% or 15% or 20%, *but all we can in War Bonds.*

Chances are, you're already in the Payroll Savings Plan—doing your bit. But don't stop there. Raise your sights! Do your *best!* Remember, you get back $4 for every $3 you invest, when Bonds are held to maturity. But your money is needed *NOW!*

## YOU'VE DONE YOUR BIT... NOW DO YOUR BEST!

BUY MORE WAR BONDS

*This space is a contribution to America's all-out war effort by*
*Liberty Magazine*

# VOX POP

## "The Voice of the People"

### PISTOLS FOR TWO

APO 708, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Calif.—In May 22 Vox Pop there appeared a letter written by a cap-pistol Texan. Please publish this letter in answer to his.

To Mr. William George Hunter: So you're a Texan from El Paso. Well, I'm a Kentuckian from Harlan, and I'll tell you to take El Paso and all the rest of Texas you can get and ram it up your nose. The whole state is not worth one half acre of good Kentucky bluegrass land. Do yourself a favor sometime and drop in on Harlan County and get somebody to teach you how to handle a gun and run off a batch of whisky that will make your tequila taste like water.

I've been all through Texas, played poker with Texans, drunk whisky with Texans, and known Texas women, and I know what I'm talking about when I say you haven't got a thing to crow

about. The only thing you have got to brag about is the Alamo, and men like Davy Crockett from Tennessee made that what it was.

At present I'm in the South Pacific, fighting Japs, but if you don't like this letter just write an answer to Vox Pop, and if you aren't too old when the war is over, I'll be most happy to come to El Paso and knock your silly block off. —*Sgt. Lewis C. Owen.*

### GLAD WE COULD GIVE NEWS

Alva, Okla.—I just wanted to thank whoever was responsible for printing The Epic Flight of the Night Raider and Corporal Carrol Stewart, who wrote it.

You see, Staff Sergeant T. J. Kilmer is my husband's brother, and it has been months since we have heard from him. We knew he was wounded in action, and then on April 16 he was reported missing and we've heard no other word since. Naturally, we were very glad to read about him and the men he flew with.—*Mrs. Russell Kilmer.*

East Orange, N. J.—I want to let you know how much my husband and I appreciated reading Corporal Stewart's The Epic of the Night Raider. (June 26 Liberty.) You see, our son, Sergeant Elmer W. Dawley, was one of the members of the crew on that plane.

We never knew what really happened to him; the War Department telegram saying "seriously wounded" was all the information we were given. But now Liberty has supplied all the news in that wonderful story.—*Mrs. E. M. Dawley.*

### SEEING SNAKES

Avon Park Bombing Range, Fla.—Guy Hemple (June 26 Vox Pop)

wished to know what a city girl would do if confronted by a field mouse or required to bait a hook with a worm.

She would do what my city-bred tenth-grade math teacher did when, upon opening her desk drawer, she discovered a garter snake which had been placed there by a few conspiring students. Entirely opposite from the expected reaction, she quietly reached into the drawer and drew the snake out, holding it by the tail. Exhibiting it to the class in this fashion, she calmly inquired, "To which student does this belong?"—*Sgt. George R. Rolfe.*

### WHAT? TO THE HOSPITAL?

Quantico, Va.—I am living here in the hospital reading Liberty, and came across Frances Finn's letter saying, "Give me *men, men, men!*" (June 26 Vox Pop.) Is she kidding?

If she wants men, send her to Quantico.—*Dick Covey.*

### WE ARE ALL HOLIER THAN THOU

Eunice, N. M.—When Sergeant Lloyd Shearer, in What the Army Has Done for Us (June 26 Liberty), enthuses no end about how democratic we all are going to feel toward the Jew, Negro, poor, ignorant, and otherwise, after the war, my desire to live soared to new heights, until I remembered that of our 132,000,000 bigoted souls only about 5,000,000 will (unfortunately?) have to face those democratic Jap and German bullets. We other 127,000,000 canting counterfeits will, I wager, continue to preach racial equality while we insist on segregation of Negro and other lower (doesn't that sound like Mr. Hitler referring to the Jews?) races in school, church, theater, and everywhere else, and continue to bar him from any but the most menial jobs.

And individually we will continue believing, deep in our hearts, that the world consists of two classes—the damn fools and ourselves.—*Faugh H. Bowden.*

### SAFETY FIRST

Chicago, Ill.—As a worker in a defense plant, I feel that the article Safety Miracles in War Plants, by Mona Gardner (June 26 Liberty), does not do justice to a plant that I and thousands of others know is doing its 100-percent share in the line of safety.

I refer to the Western Electric Co., Inc., makers of Bell telephones and sound-recording equipment in peacetime and now in this war truly an arsenal of communications equipment. It issues safety handbooks, bulletins, conducts safety lectures on company time and classes free of charge that stress not only industrial safety but also home safety. When it comes to *safety,* the Western Electric Company is tops.—*Francis W. Chilicki.*

### LADIES FALL FOR HIM

San Francisco, Calif.—Thank you for that fine article about Brian Donlevy, by Dugal O'Liam (July 10 Liberty). However, I'm afraid Old Marble Puss is in for some further "disintegration of

morale." Whether he likes it or not, the ladies like him. He became my mother's favorite when she saw him as Markov in Beau Geste; my girl friend fell completely for McGinty; and I took one look at Major Caton of Wake Island, and have been seeing his pictures six times each ever since.—(*Miss*) *M. Davis.*

### WE'LL TRY TO

South Gate, Calif.—I read the story Johnny Doesn't Live Here Any More, by Alice Means Reeve (June 26 Liberty). Please give us more stories like this one.—*Jacqueline LeClair.*

Peoria, Ill.—Want to applaud the story by Alice Means Reeve, Johnny Doesn't Live Here Any More. I read all of your stories, but this one takes the cake. I took it to my neighbors and made them read it. Here's hoping for more from her.—*Mrs. Frank W. Mogga.*

## KEITH AYLING REPLIES

PITTSBURGH, PA.—In Britain's Amazing Rooftop Bombers (May 29 Liberty) the author, Keith Ayling, doesn't know his airplanes when he speaks of the Germans being raided by Havocs and Boston bombers. The Boston and Havoc are one and the same plane—the Douglas A-20.—*Jon Ramer.*

The readers of Liberty are so critical that it almost seems a crime to be right.
Mr. Ramer may know his airplanes, but he doesn't know their names. The Douglas A-20 is known by the British as the Havoc when it flies by night and Boston when it is flown by day. Therefore it is correct to say that the Continent was raided by Boston and Havoc bombers. The British give names to all American planes, and recently the United States adopted the same procedure.—KEITH AYLING.

## GOOEY HOOEY

OAKLAND, CALIF.—I have just finished reading Faithless Pa, by Gordon Malherbe Hillman (July 10 Liberty), and I'd like to know where a five-pound tin of marshmallows can be obtained

today. They haven't been on the market for ages.

I enjoyed the story very much, as I do most everything you publish in Liberty.—(*Miss*) *Jackie Krasne.*

The marshmallows, like the story, were purely imaginary.

## A PROMISE NOT KEPT

CHICAGO, ILL.—Only today I heard a U. S. congressman on the radio say that the cause of the present war dated from the Versailles Treaty, that Germany was denied essential materials. The real facts can be summed up in the following question:

If Germany was so impoverished since the last war, where did she get the materials to build the most powerful army the world ever knew?

The cause of this war, therefore, was not that Germany was denied materials but was permitted to have too much. That is the material side. The other side lies in the nature of the German people. They were resentful over defeat, itching inwardly for revenge, and idolized Hitler because he promised them what they wanted.—*J. B. Hayes.*

## UNITE AND WIN

ABERDEEN PROVING GROUND, MD.—Liberty is again to be congratulated for its fine editorials. Let's Not Make Hitler's Mistake (July 3) is perfect. It is about time some one decided the Russians are not a nation to be despised and feared but a brave and honorable people. More power to you for a better understanding among our allies.—*Pvt. Ernest J. Wessel.*


# Famous Highs by C. A. Voight

## Riding high!

IN 11 YEARS OF RACING, AMERICA'S LEADING JOCKEY WON $3,034,858 FOR HIS STABLE OWNERS! AND EVEN ALL THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY A SMOOTHER, MORE SATISFYING STRAIGHT BOURBON THAN TODAY'S TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"

## Tire high!

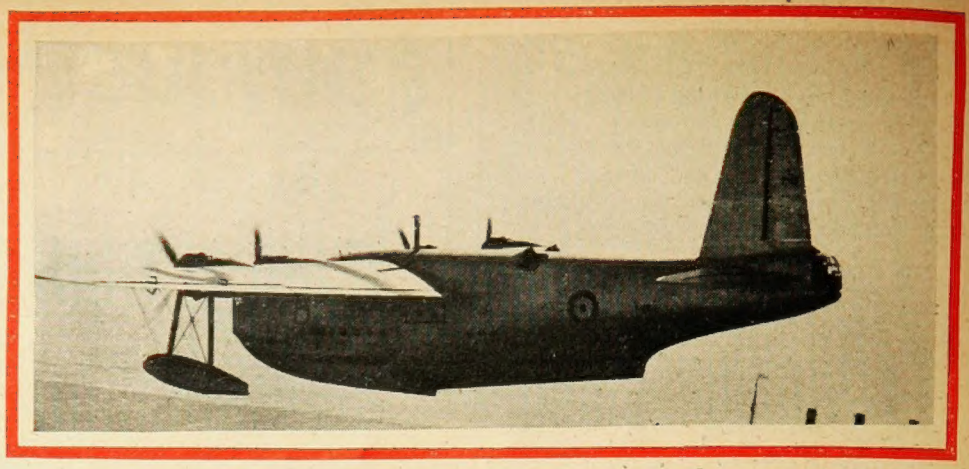
SOMETHING FOR MOTORISTS TO DREAM ABOUT. THIS TIRE WEIGHS 1800 POUNDS IS 12 FEET HIGH BY 4 FEET WIDE! OF COURSE IT'S NOT OBTAINABLE, BUT THE KIND OF BOURBON YOU DREAM ABOUT **IS**! ASK FOR TEN HIGH, AND ENJOY THE BIGGEST ALL-BOURBON TREAT YOU EVER TASTED!

## ..and Ten High!

*A new high in whiskey smoothness!*

*Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of* TEN HIGH *there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of* TEN HIGH *is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of* TEN HIGH *may sometimes be delayed.*

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



Riding herd on Allied shipping is a chore which the British Sunderland flying boat has done with notable success. U-boats have few drops of safe water left.

# ON THE BEAM

## BY WAYNE PARRISH

### Airacobra a Hit

Of all of the American combat airplanes available to them, the Russians like the sleek little Bell Airacobra the best. In fact they rave about it. They want all they can get of them.

One reason is that the Allison-powered Bell is at its best as a fighter in the lower-altitude ranges, and on the Russian front there is no high-altitude fighting such as occurs in the western European theater. The Airacobra has a tricycle landing gear, has plenty of fire power, and can be landed on small, rough fields close to the front lines. In the hands of the fighting Russians, it has been an able match for the best the Germans can put up.

Russian and German communiqués have claimed great losses of enemy planes on the Russian front, and experts have good reason to believe that both sides exaggerate their respective claims. None the less, the Russians have knocked out Nazi planes at a rapid rate. United States estimates of enemy losses are as accurate as possible in combat areas and there is no attempt at exaggeration.

### Air Lines Need Help

The nation's air lines are asking for more transport airplanes to keep the commercial systems above the drowning mark. Priority travel is so high that individuals with the lower classes of priorities are often "bounced" to make room for ferry pilots, who have top priorities. Air mail and express have often been sidetracked for later schedules, hence deliveries have been seriously delayed at times on transcontinental routes.

When the Army had to have transports for emergency purposes, since its own transports were few in number, the air lines gave up over half of their 350 airplanes. Now, with transport-plane production going up into impressive figures, they feel the Army should return the borrowed equipment. Even fifty additional airplanes would mean a tremendous boost in passengers and cargo carried.

Not all air lines have enough pilots to handle much more equipment, so one air-line president believes the Army could well afford to turn over some of the four-engined Douglas C-54 Skymasters. Thus the same crew that pilots a twenty-one-passenger plane could pilot a forty-passenger airplane with much greater passenger and cargo capacity. It goes without saying that the air lines feel they haven't received the right "break" in the war, although they have been carrying tremendous war burdens under contract with the Army without squawking.

### Safety Shutter

Out of one of the nation's most important air lines operating through the heart of the Army and Navy training belts in the South has come a helpful invention in "blind flying" training. Captain Edward F. Smith of Atlanta, Georgia, senior pilot for Delta Air Lines, has invented a safety shutter for use on the left windshield of a transport plane. The right windshield is completely blacked out, but the vertical shutters on the left side prevent the student from seeing outside the cockpit, although they do permit the instructor in the right seat to see out. When pilots take instrument landing instruction they must take off, fly, and land entirely by instruments without being able to see outside the plane. The instructor, however, must be able to see out in order to take over in case the student makes errors of judgment. The Delta shutter invention has been made available to the Army, the Navy, and to other air lines.

### Motors for Gliders

Wonders never cease in aviation. Before the first motor-propelled airplane flew, man had learned how to glide in motorless flight. Then came the airplane, and next came further development of gliders. Now the engineers have gone one step further and placed engines on gliders! Recently two detachable motors were placed on a troop-transport glider for the first flight of its kind from Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, to Minneapolis.

The idea is not as irrational as it may sound. Basically the Army needs motorless troop-carrying gliders which are towed by large airplanes. But these same gliders can be used further by carrying detachable motors so they can be used as cargo or hospital "planes." What the conversion does is to make gliders more useful, although they are not complete substitutes for powered airplanes. On the first test two 130-horsepower motors were used. Speed is slow, naturally, but the Army thinks it has the answer to the problem of how to use gliders again in combat areas after their original mission has been performed. The experiment has been conducted for the Army by Northwestern Aeronautical Corporation of Minneapolis.

### Odds and Ends

The Martin B-26 Marauder medium bomber has established a 16-to-1 combat record over the Zeros in the Southwest Pacific and a 2½-to-1 record over the best German fighters in Africa.

Bendix Aviation Corporation testing laboratories subject landing gears and tires of combat aircraft to rigid tests with a trip hammer providing a 125,000-pound wallop. At the same plant brakes glow red-hot as the giant flywheel on a test machine puts wheels and landing accessories through the strain of a crash landing at 120 miles per hour with a load of fifteen tons on each wheel.

A transport airplane covered with camouflage paint loses up to twelve miles per hour of the speed it would fly when its gleaming aluminum was kept waxed and polished. Even the smallest rivet head contributes to drag in flight.

Left-handed applicants have been washed out of the RCAF initial training schools twice as fast as right-handed men. But in advanced classes the former failed at only half the rate of right-handers.

# NEXT WEEK

## MUST WE FEAR RUSSIA?

There are those—and not all of them are on Goebbels' pay roll—who keep telling us that when the war ends we must indeed. Others—not all "fellow travelers"—contradict them. Which are right? Well, as high an impartial authority as could be found in war-torn Europe is Dr. Eduard Benes, Czechoslovakia's heroic president, now in London. His realistic *reassuring* answer to this grave question will be given to the world in Liberty next week.

## TEN WHO CAME BACK

There were nine in the Army plane, My Lovin' Dove, when she flew out over the Pacific one morning last February on a reconnaissance flight—and didn't return. Then, sixty-six days later, *ten* men came back! What happened and how the extra man joined the original nine makes a thrilling saga. Jack Mahon got the story from the men who lived it, and passes it on to you.

## AMERICA'S FIGHTING DOLLARS

An American sailor in Algiers tried to buy souvenirs with ordinary dollar bills —and was grilled as an enemy spy suspect. A civilian in South America tendered the same kind of currency in a business deal—and found himself in a tight spot. Why? You'll understand when you read Combat Currency, in which Sylvia F. Porter explains how our government has rendered American money stolen by Japs and Nazis as worthless as scrap paper.

## THE GREAT UNKNOWN OF SPORTS

Sports fans have read millions of his words, yet few know his name. People often notice him because he dares wear his bedroom slippers into such places as New York's Stork Club and Chicago's Pump Room, but not one in fifty thousand recognizes him. He's Charley Dunkley, chief of the Associated Press sports department—a round-faced man with a wacky sense of humor, whom his colleagues regard as an ace among sports writers—and Herb Graffis introduces him in Boswell of Brawn.

BOOK CONDENSATION: Mr. Lincoln's Wife, by Anne Colver—a revealing picture of a misunderstood woman.


GOOD TASTE
... and refreshing

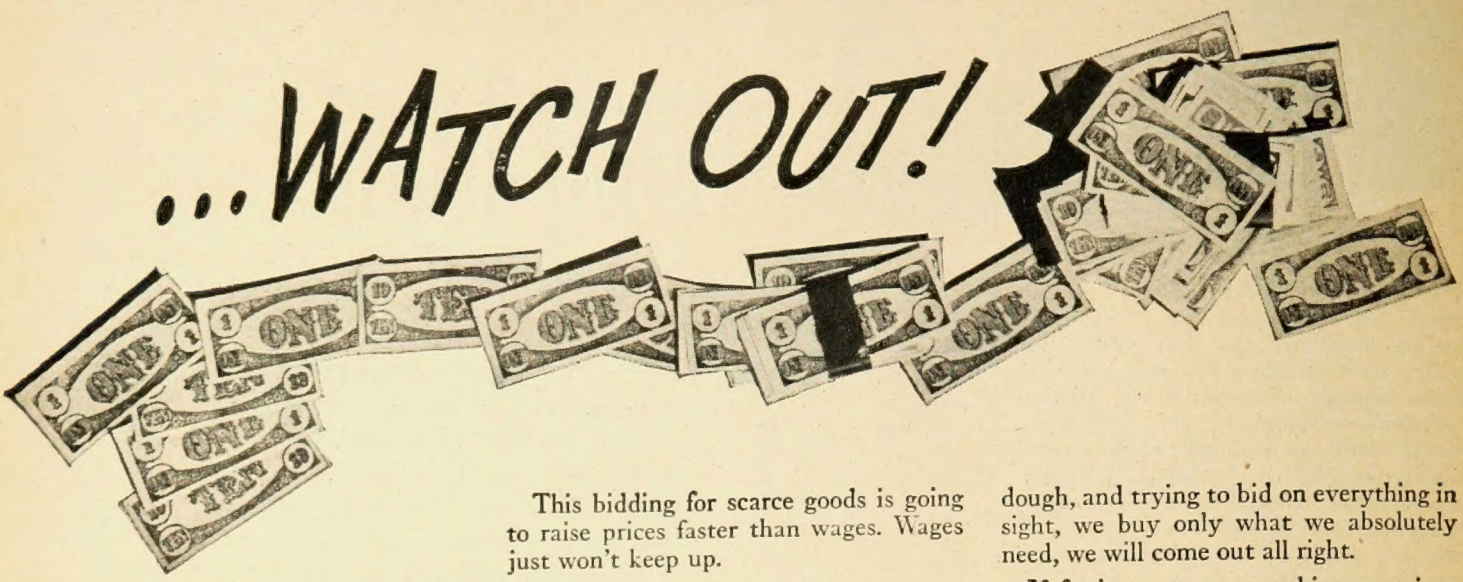
Here's GOOD TASTE that means real refreshment. You'll note no sweetness in Blatz . . . no bitterness . . . no harsh aftertaste . . . nothing to mask your complete enjoyment of a delicate flavor that belongs to Blatz alone. Everyone who has a taste for fine beer enjoys the refreshment of Blatz Pilsener. Have you tried it?

BLATZ BREWING CO., MILWAUKEE, WIS.
In Our 92nd Year

Blatz
MILWAUKEE
BUY WAR BONDS

# IF YOU'RE MAKING MORE MONEY

# ...WATCH OUT!



WE WANT TO WARN YOU, before you read this page, that you've got to use your head to understand it.

We also want to warn you that—if you don't bother to read it carefully enough to understand it—you may wake up after this war as poor as a church mouse.

• • •

This year Americans are going to make —minus taxes—125 billion dollars.

But this year, we civilians are not going to have 125 billion dollars' worth of goods to spend this on. We're only going to have 80 billion dollars' worth. The rest of our goods are being used to fight the war.

That leaves 45 billion dollars' worth of money burning in our jeans.

Well, we can do 2 things with this 45 billion dollars. One will make us all poor after the war. The other way will make us decently prosperous.

***This way the 45 billion dollars will make us poor***

If each of us should take his share of this 45 billion dollars (which averages approximately $330 per person) and hustle out to buy all he could with it—what would happen is what happens at an auction where every farmer there wants a horse that's up for sale.

If we tried to buy all we wanted, we would bid the prices of things up and up and up. Instead of paying $10 for a dress we're going to pay $15. Instead of $5 for a pair of shoes we're going to pay $8.

This bidding for scarce goods is going to raise prices faster than wages. Wages just won't keep up.

*So what will people do?*

U. S. workers will ask for more money. Since labor is scarce, a lot of them will get it. Then farmers and business men who

feel the pinch are going to ask more money for their goods.

And prices will go *still higher*. And the majority of us will be in that same old spot again—only worse.

This is what is known as Inflation.

Our government is doing a lot of things to keep prices down . . . rationing the scarcest goods, putting ceiling prices on things, stabilizing wages, increasing taxes.

But the government can't do the *whole job*. So let's see what *we* can do about it.

***This way the 45 billion dollars will make us prosperous***

If, instead of running out with our extra dough, and trying to bid on everything in sight, we buy only what we absolutely need, we will come out all right.

If, for instance, we put this money into (1) Taxes; (2) War Bonds; (3) Paying off old debts; (4) Life Insurance; and (5) The Bank, we don't bid up the prices of goods at all. And if besides doing this we (6) refuse to pay more than the ceiling prices; and (7) ask no more for what we have to sell—no more in wages, no more for goods—*prices stay where they are now.*

And we pile up a bank account. We have our family protected in case we die. We have War Bonds that'll make the down payment on a new house after the war, or help us retire some day. And we don't have taxes after the war that practically strangle us.

Maybe, doing this sounds as if it isn't fun. But being shot at up at the front isn't fun, either. You have a duty to those soldiers as well as to yourself. You *can't* let the money that's burning a hole in your pocket start setting the country on fire.

★ ★ ★

**This advertisement, prepared by the War Advertising Council, is contributed by this Magazine in co-operation with the Magazine Publishers of America.**

# KEEP PRICES DOWN!

*Use it up*
*Wear it out*
*Make it do*
*Or do without*

Liberty
THE MAGAZINE OF A FREE PEOPLE

# MY ONLY CRIME IS MY FACE

**Should the American of Japanese ancestry suffer for Japan's sins? There are two sides to every story. Here is a moving plea by one who is on the other side**

BY MARY OYAMA

"IT certainly will be strange to have to live with nothing but Japanese! I wonder how we'll stand it?"

This was the comment I heard repeated over and over by American citizens of Japanese descent when the military decree which set us apart from other Americans and expelled us from our Pacific Coast homes went into effect. The evacuation was a bitter blow, but there was nothing we could do except grit our teeth and take it.

It did us no good to argue that we had sons and brothers in the Army, that we were loyal to this land of our birth, that we spoke only English, that we praised the Lord in Christian churches (and were ready to pass the ammunition, if they'd only let us). Nobody would listen.

Swiftly and effectively the evacuation was accomplished. The streets near the point of departure where we were to take the buses to the first camp—called the Assembly Center—were jammed. Kids stared in popeyed fascination at military police on motorcycles and in jeeps. An elderly woman, passing by, stopped to say indignantly, "This is a shame! You are just as much Americans as anybody else!"—an unexpected bit of sympathy from a total stranger that heartened us. Several church groups passed out hot coffee and sandwiches to us, for the morning was early and cool, and in our hurry to be on time many of us had come without breakfast. Then we got on the buses and said good-by—perhaps forever—to that old free civilian life we had loved so well. Now we were prisoners in custody of the Army.

But young people are never downhearted. In my bus a group of exuberant lads joked and sang to the accompaniment of a ubiquitous ukulele. *Plunk-plunk, plunk-plunk* —"You're the one rose" *plunk-plunk* "that's left" *plunk-plunk* "in" *plunk* "my heart—" A little later, however, when the drone of the bus motor had smoothed down to an even hum, and first enthusiasms had worn off, I heard a softer harmony: "Rock of ages," *plunk-plunk* "cleft for me," *plunk!* "Let me hide [Oh, let me hide.] myself in Thee—"

In front of me a sleepy little child complained to her parents. "Home, mama. Home, daddy—want to go home." But neither daddy nor mama knew what to reply, for where was "home" now?

Arriving at the Assembly Center we found hundreds of our friends who had been evacuated before us. We stared at them glumly until a young fellow got a laugh when he cracked, "Oh, lookit the Japs!"

There were all kinds of people: hard-working farmers and their families; city folk; occasional blondes and even redheads: Caucasian Americans of mixed marriages and their exceptionally beautiful Eurasian children: college students who had picketed the shipping of scrap iron to Japan long before December 7; the young man who threw the Jap-

(*Continued on page 57*)

Dave and Ruth Natike had an orange ranch in El Monte, California. Now, with daughter Judy, they're at Heart Mountain Relocation Center.

# THE ADMIRAL GETS AN ASSIST

**The English Admiral couldn't comprehend baseball—but he took off his hat to courage when a Dodger fan proved he was also a fighting sailor**

BY JONATHAN FETTES

ILLUSTRATED BY AL SCHMIDT

FROM the bridge where I'm keeping watch, the set-up don't look so good. A Canadian port is two days' steaming back of us; and while the convoy of thirty ships is moving steadily on a zigzag course to the eastward and keeping station like they was on railroad tracks, and the weather is fine and the Dodgers still leading the National League, yet the set-up don't look so good. What makes it that way is the long, lean man out in the port wing of the Narragansett's bridge, wearing the uniform of a admiral in the British Royal Navy. As it happens, our Old Man don't care much for admirals.

Then, just when I'm beginning to think maybe things is not as bad as they look, the chartroom door bangs open like a ox is coming through it, and out steps Captain Timothy Dawson, a wallopin' lump of a man from Brooklyn, and master of the Narragansett. He pulls an old felt hat a farmer wouldn't muck dung in, down over his eyes and throws a look over his big gray-painted steamer; and I see where he's sour as grapes under a press. Sour as he is, he comes over and stands beside me with his back against the binnacle. "A hell of a chief mate you are!" he says in a voice like a loudspeaker, only more distinct. "You lets the shore people stow all them steel billets in No. 1 hold. Then you lets them hoist you with a British admiral!"

I don't say nothing, for we been over all that ground before. The steel billets in No. 1 was put there because there was no place else to put them. And while it ain't the best place for them to be, supposing we gets weather, I has to put them where I'm told. As for the Admiral, except that them Britishers back in Canada tells me their navy wants a look-see at the convoy business from the merchant-ship end, I don't know no more about him than a cow does about navigating. Why they has to send him on an American ship, they don't explain. But I guess it's because the Narragansett being in her first convoy, they hopes they can show us a few wrinkles.

But if you think Captain Dawson is interested in explanations, then you don't know him. He fixes me with his eyes like he's trying to pin me to the bridge. "How you think I'm going to get back in time to see them Bums lick the Yankees in the World Series if I has to sail on a half-crippled ship and has a admiral thrown in as well? It's like having one strike on the ship!" With that, he makes a running kick at the ship's cat, which ain't bothering him none, and misses.

The Admiral, who's fitting a cigarette to a gold-mounted holder, throws him a glance. Now, there's admirals and admirals. Some sit in offices all the time; t'others come up the hard way, hitting a destroyer's bridge half their lives and learning to swear in three languages. The kind that make you think of Rule Britannia. This one's that last kind with an encore hung to it. He's long and gangling, and he wears one of those eyeglass things the English call a monocle. But his feet hit the deck like a man what knows ships the way a pilot knows harbors. He comes over, puffing his cigarette. "What's the matter with the cargo in No. 1?" he asks. "I'm responsible for putting it there."

The Old Man turns his head slightly like he's got a stiff neck that's hurting him. "Let me explain," he says in a voice like a grown-up uses in talking to a baby. "When a ship's loaded too deep for'ard, it cuts down her speed. Take a knot off this ship and maybe I won't get back in time to see a baseball game I got my mind set on. When you get that, you get what's wrong with them steel billets stowed tight as a drum in No. 1 hold."

The Admiral screws his monocle in tight, and the eye behind it becomes a hard frosty blue. "I see," he says acidly, "and I'll make a note of it in my report—a shipmaster more interested in a baseball game than in getting his ship safely to port!"

Before the skipper has time more than to close his big fists, Melrose, the third mate, whips out a sheet of paper and sticks it under his nose. "The League standings," he says. "The Dodgers is still leading."

The Old Man grabs the paper like it was a fifty-dollar bill; and while he's studying it, I hustles the Admiral down below and stows him away safe in his cabin. "Baseball gets into a man's blood," I explains, "and the Old Man's temperature goes up and down with the League standings. Yesterday the Dodgers was licked."

"That may be an item of compelling interest to Captain Dawson," the Admiral says nastily. "To me, baseball is a quite trivial matter compared with getting ships safely across the Atlantic."

It's then I sees what a mistake the shore people in Canada does loading us with a British admiral. An American admiral would understand that baseball and getting ships in safe and winning the war is all tied up together. For a minute I forgets the Admiral's gold braid and pokes a finger in his chest. "Look!" I says.

(*Continued on page 40*)

The Narragansett's bow goes crashing into the raider's side.

"Jolly good, what!" he says in a voice like he's got a hot potato in his mouth.

AL SCHMITT

# AVIATION IS BEHIND THE 8-BALL

BY DONALD WILHELM

Glenn L. Martin workers—50,000 of them—watch an air show in Baltimore.

**We stand to lose our place in the forefront of the dawning age of flight unless we act now. Here is an analysis of the troubles peace may bring to our aviation industry**

THERE'S one statement you can make anywhere in this country and get no argument: "After the war, America must retain, in peace as in war, the best aviation in the world—best in design, best in building capacity, best in trained personnel." But just wishing for this won't make it come to pass.

Because of the war, the American Eagle has grown mighty wings. But unless we plan now for the future, these wings are likely to wither and droop. We have poured tens of billions of dollars into building up the greatest and best airplane-manufacturing capacity on the globe. Common sense demands that we be willing to spend a few hundred million when danger no longer threatens, in order to maintain the supremacy we have established.

Before and after Pearl Harbor our aircraft industry stepped up production at an amazing rate. In 1939 it was forty-fourth in American manufacturing; in '42, second; in '43, counting the production of other industries to which our government and the aviation manufacturers gave over airplane designs and parts to turn out, it promises to be first in volume as well as in war importance. In the months between July 1, 1939, and January, 1943, it expanded its own manufacturing space from 12,000,000 to 100,000,000 square feet, and in 1944 it will reach an estimated 150,000,000. In July, 1939, it had only 85,000 employees; in January, 1942, 605,000; in 1943 it will have 1,000,000. More than half of them will be women, replacing tens of thousands of trained young men who swarmed away into the armed services.

What *is* the future of this gigantic industry and of its many workers? Where would it stand if the war should end tomorrow?

We all have our pet ideas about the future of aviation. But manufacturers, with thousands of shareholders and millions of workers and their dependents in mind, can't afford to guess. They have to be practical.

As a group they're not happy.

Why not?

Because they face an uncertain future, and under present conditions they are unable to provide for that future.

Number one threat to the security of our postwar aviation industry is what is called "renegotiation of contracts." By means of this the government is taking so much of aviation's profits that if the war should end tomorrow, some of the greatest concerns would be hard put to it to meet their pay rolls.

*United States* Senators Bridges (Rep., N. H.) and George (D., Ga.) and many other members of Congress are on the warpath against the way in which renegotiation is being applied to our aviation manufacturers. Says Harry Woodhead, president of Consolidated-Vultee Aircraft Corporation, maker of the Liberator and other warplanes:

"The renegotiation clauses, as passed by Congress, were laudable in intent but in actual practice are working out in a manner which I, for one, believe contrary to the intent of Congress. While Congress intended to limit profits through taxation, it certainly did not mean to stifle a growing industry.

"When large contracts were first let, our aviation manufacturers were unable accurately to estimate production costs. At that time the peak excess-profits tax was 65 per cent. With manufacturing efficiently cutting costs, producers could have reaped large profits. At that time there was a logical reason for renegotiating contracts. But now that costs have been well established and the excess-profits tax reaches up to 90 per cent, contract renegotiation as now set up has outlived its usefulness. It is an instrument which penalizes a youthful, growing industry while allowing mature industries to acquire even greater strength."

Mr. Woodhead notes that between November, 1941, and November, 1942, his company more than doubled its production of Liberators with a nominal increase of workers. This resulted in large savings which were passed along to the government through voluntary refunds and price reductions amounting to over $127,000,000 for the year. In addition, income taxes of $46,000,000 were paid. Instead of reaping a reward for ef-

A giant moving assembly line turns out increasing numbers of Liberators.

ficiency, this company was then "renegotiated" down to a point where its earnings for the year and total working capital resources were less than one month's pay roll. Thus, the effect of contract renegotiations is to prevent our aircraft builders from accumulating vital reserves which will be essential to their remaining solvent when the time comes to convert from war to peace. And they will need reserves as no industry ever needed them before to enable them to effect the trying transition from wartime production to peacetime production.

Suppose the war should end suddenly—tomorrow. All of our consumer industries and the basic-material industries serving them can look ahead to postwar with much assurance, so vast is the accumulated need of their products and services.

MANY hope for possibly the best years in their histories. The moment the war is over they will find millions, better heeled than ever before, eager to buy their products.

But the aircraft makers are in a different case. They look hopefully to the coming "age of the air"—with peacetime orders from commercial and military sources. They wish they could have some assurance of the necessary financial resources to convert their plants to peacetime production and handle the orders when they get them.

But the financing of reconversion is not their only worry. Other big questions are still unanswered.

So far, the government has invested or is committed to invest, fourteen billion dollars in 1,459 new wartime plants all over the land—about the equivalent of one fifth of America's total investment in factories and mines. Included are 395 aviation plants, among them Willow Run and the vast plant in which Wright aircraft engines are being made in Cincinnati, and others, among the biggest in the world. All, save a few, are at present privately operated for the government. Present operators have the option to buy them, on the exacting terms laid down by the Defense Plant Corporation. One school of thinking argues it is up to the government to make use of them when peace comes. But another school argues it is just as logical and reasonable to charge these plants off to war as to charge off the munitions they now are making. In any case, our aviation industry deserves a clear-cut answer to the question: Is our government going into aviation manufacturing?

When the government asked our aviation manufacturers to go all out to beat the Axis and they responded with all the enthusiasm of an industry that had never before been given a chance to show what it could do, they had to rearrange their plants and expand on a tremendous scale, without regard to prospective postwar needs. They could do this only with the government's financial help. Now what they would like to know is: Having helped them expand, will the government help them shrink to peacetime size?

In many cases, additions were made to plants so hurriedly that executives just don't know where private rights and titles end and those of the government begin. In many instances they won't need and don't want the additions that have been made—and on which they would have to pay state and local taxes.

Will our government cancel orders in the wholesale harsh way it did after the last war, when it demoralized the aviation industry by cutting down its production to 10 per cent in a matter of days?

WHEN the contracts were written, provision for canceling was made, but there are many loose ends and questions which trouble the aviation manufacturers who are operating, as most are, on money advanced by the government at interest. Aviation wants and needs immediate answers to such questions as these:

Will the government, when the war ends, help liquidate the huge inventory of aircraft engines and planes in process of manufacture?

Will it compensate manufacturers for the purchase of enormous amounts of materials and supplies necessary to manufacturing?

Will it help to find new jobs or otherwise ease the difficulties of hundreds of thousands of aviation workers who will have to be discharged, many of whom have come long distances and moved their families?

Reducing any organization is always difficult and can easily result in demoralization and turmoil, especially when a company has small reserves. With excess-profits taxes reaching up to 90 per cent, taking profits from the top, and "renegotiation" taking the fat from the sides of our aviation concerns, even Douglas Aircraft, the world's biggest producer, is having difficulty build-

(Continued on page 59)

# ALL THE ANGLES

Liberty's SHORT, SHORT STORY

**The doctor was clever—too clever, it turned out—when one of his smartest tricks outsmarted him**

BY RICHARD BRISTER

ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR BALL

Hayden didn't think Loring had the guts to pull that trigger fast, in a crisis. His fingers curled around the poker.

HE was a business man first, a doctor second, or he'd not have agreed to see Loring, in the first place. On the phone Loring made it sound urgent: "Terrific pains in the left side, doctor. Near the abdomen."

"Is Eva there?" Hayden asked. "Have her put an ice pack on it for you."

"Eva's out somewhere. I couldn't get my regular doctor. You needn't be concerned about cutting him out of a patient."

Hayden never concerned himself about cutting anybody out of anything. His frequent visits to Eva Loring, for instance, were slowly cutting her loose from her husband, but if Loring was too thick to see it Hayden didn't intend to worry about it. Under the circumstances he might at least be decent, he supposed. And he could shake a fat fee out of Loring.

"I'll be right over," he said.

Knifing his coupé through the downtown traffic, he swore at the crowd that held him up outside the Arena. It came to him with a shock of real regret that the Barnes-Zabo bout was scheduled for tonight, and he suppressed a strong urge to be inside watching. That Barnes had picked up a lot of ring savvy for a kid just turned pro last summer.

LORING had his porch light burning and he answered Hayden's thump on the door himself. He was a wisp of a man with big eyes as wet and apologetic as those of a rabbit. Hayden went straight to the fireplace to warm his hands. Loring didn't talk, just fixed those eyes on him; and Hayden, feeling a sudden need to do something, bent over his satchel and started to open it.

"Don't bother with that," Loring said. "It's—about Eva."

"But you said—" Hayden jerked erect and almost upset a rack of iron implements beside the fire. He braced his weight on a poker. "What about Eva?"

"You've been having an affair with my wife for months, Hayden. I'm not blind."

Hayden was more irritated than startled. With a big man's contempt for a weakling, he said, "And you called me all the way out here to say that?"

"I called you out here," Loring said, "to kill you."

To give the thought substance, he pulled a gun from his pocket. The wet shine in his eyes, the way the gun trembled, showed how close he was to hysterics.

Hayden sucked air through his teeth, but there was in him a strong conviction that he could get clear of Loring. No matter what you were doing, he figured—going after new patients, buying a hat, playing stud poker, or just trying to get out of a tight spot like this—you could usually work out some kind of angle if you were sufficiently quick and clever.

Loring's nerves were frazzled. Hayden didn't think he had the guts to pull that trigger fast, in a crisis. He searched the room for some way to take the initiative from him.

When he realized that he was still holding on to that poker, he cursed himself for six kinds of a fool. He planked a rigid dead pan on his face, curled his fingers around the poker, and in one explosive motion leaped sidewise and swung. The poker hit Loring above the ear. He struck the floor like a sack of potatoes. Dust floated off the carpet around him.

Hayden gave him a quick going over. He wasn't dead—yet—but at the most he had half an hour. Hayden fought an impulse toward panic. He'd worn gloves tonight—there'd be no fingerprints—but neighborhood tongues had been wagging about him and Eva. When the cops started playing guess who, there'd be only one answer.

All right. So it was self-defense. Would a jury believe it? Would they want to, when they learned about him and Eva? They'd probably say the whole thing was planned, that he'd *planted* the gun on Loring.

He needed an alibi, Hayden decided. And fast!

All his life he had thought of himself as a wise guy, a slicker, working the angles, grabbing success while others yearned for it. Years of sharp practice had made his mind quick, agile. And now the lifetime habit paid dividends to him. A plan came to him, and mulling it over he thought it could not be more beautifully adept yet simple.

He got started quickly. Eva was no night owl; she might roll in any minute. He drove downtown and parked outside the Arena. He sat in the coupé awhile, listening to the crowd yelling, then pulled his collar up, his hatbrim down, and bought a ticket. The main bout was on as he went in, both boys going at it hammer and tongs. Nobody noticed his late arrival.

DURING the first lull between rounds he said to the man next to him, "How were the prelims?"

"Kid Cotten looked good in the opener," the man said.

"Cotten, hey? Flyweight, is he?"

"No, he's a welter."

"Who'd he fight?"

"Sammy Ambrose, from 'Frisco."

"K. O., was it?"

"Yeah, in the third." The man turned away as the bell rang down at ringside. Barnes took his big guns out of storage this round, and started landing on Zabo with everything but the ring posts. He got home at last with a hook, a sweet right to the button, and Zabo went to the canvas and stayed there. The crowd milled and jostled, jamming the exits. Hayden climbed over the rows of seats to get down near the ring, where his own crowd hung out. He spotted the Wentz brothers and yelled to them.

"You back already?" Bob asked.

Hayden pursed his lips, frowning. Back? Back from where? he wondered. Giving it volume, driving it home, he said steadily, "I've been here all night."

Bob said, "How'd you like Barnes?"

It was the kind of cue Hayden had hoped for. "Give me Kid Cotten," he said. "That boy can punch for a welter."

The brothers nodded agreement, then the crowd swirled around them and swept them up the aisle and away from Hayden. "See you, doc!" Harry yelled.

You bet you will, Hayden thought. You're my gold-plated alibi, friend, though you may not know it.

On the way home he stopped at the Circle for a whisky-and-soda in mild celebration. Seeing the angles was what had saved him. If you saw the angles you couldn't miss. The autopsy on Loring would establish time of death somewhere between nine and nine thirty. That cleared Hayden, because the Wentzes would swear he'd been at the fights—right through the card from Ambrose and Cotten to the Barnes-Zabo wind-up.

WHEN he got home near midnight, a beefy-faced flatfoot named Finney was waiting for him. "Just a routine check-up, doc. Fella named Loring's been murdered. There's been talk about you and his wife."

Hayden smiled. "So . . ."

"So where was you t'night about nine twenty?"

"At the Arena. I saw two friends who can prove it."

"The boys on detail down there say you was paged on the loud-speaker system, but didn't answer. That don't look good."

All the angles, Hayden thought—and he was suddenly sweating. During every big fight as far back as he could remember he had been having himself paged on the Arena's P. A. system. Strictly phony, of course. Just getting his name known. The management didn't mind throwing a publicity crumb now and then to a ringside regular. Hayden had considered it a slick arrangement, a very cute angle. Right now it smelled. It smelled to high heaven. But there was one card in the deck that he'd underrated. Honesty could be convenient sometimes.

"That's just a gag, officer. Free advertising. I was there, but naturally I'd ignore—"

"Listen. When Loring's wife got home he was out cold, see? But not quite dead. Right away it's you the dame thinks of. You're the only guy can save him. She knows you're a fight fan, so she phones the Arena. The loud-speaker says come quick, one of your friends is croaking, and tags her name on the message. And you ignored *that*? Nuts! Stick them hands out, Hayden."

All the angles, Hayden thought. The cuffs made a dead weight on his wrists, and he thought, All the miserable lousy angles!

THE END

# HOLLYWOOD JOINS THE WAVES

**These girls were stepmothers to Mickey Mouse and Porky Pig. Now they turn out Navy training films**

PHOTOS LOFMAN-PIX

WHEN war broke out, the Navy sent an S O S to Hollywood for cartoon artists capable of animating important training films for our student sailors. Nearly thirty such jobs were vacant and recruits were to report for duty at the Navy's secret Photo Science Laboratory at the Naval Air Station, Anacostia, Maryland.

Induction officers were considerably amazed when the new cartoon artists not only turned out to be women—but Hollywood glamour girls as well. However, assured that these were the girls who had been turning out Donald Duck and Porky Pig, the Navy happily inducted them into the WAVES and the training films got successfully under way.

All the girls hold Special Photographer ratings, second and third class. In Hollywood—where they worked for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, Walt Disney, Universal, Screen Gems, or Schlesinger—they knew each other casually, by virtue of their profession. But they say it took the close confinement of the WAVES to make them lifelong buddies.

The pictures on these pages are a pretty good indication of how enthusiastically the girls have taken to life in the WAVES. Most of them joined up with "long bobs," Hollywood style, but now wear their hair (and skirts) "WAVE length." Furthermore, they do their own for lack of time to visit beauty parlors. Generally their date lists show a preference for servicemen; but though two of them admit to secret engagements, most declare they won't marry until after the war. Reason? They haven't the time!

They used to sketch Donald Duck antics. As WAVES, their drawings make naval maneuvers clear to student sailors.

Jeanne Selby works hard when on duty; looks forward to bubble baths and breakfast in bed when she has "liberty."

Ellen Lane Annon made $150 a month as a "painter" and "inker" for Walt Disney. In the Navy she receives $78.

The working day ends at 4.30 P.M. Here's Lieutenant Frances Jay, the girls' commanding officer, leaving the office.

This looks like an all-girl mess hall, but it isn't. The sailors who share it just didn't get into the picture.

It's no hardship at all for the boys to spend an evening with their Navy "sisters"—not when the girls look like this!

There is usually a pool game going on in the joint recreation room. On Saturdays there are dances in the gym.

There's always washing out for Waves to do at night, for regulations demand an immaculate appearance at all times.

Dormitories have double-decker beds, sleep 120 Waves. Each girl has her own locker and a peanut-sized mirror.

Ready for action: Red Army border guards.

# RUSSIA and JAPAN MUST FIGHT

**An all-out slugging fest between Russia and Japan is coming. Read here an analysis of the factors—military, political, and geographic—which make this clash inevitable**

BY ERWIN LESSNER
and JAMES C. McMULLIN

Vladivostok, key port of Far Eastern Russia. In 1922 the Japs thought they left it permanentl

WILL Russia fight Japan? The whole course of the war in the Far East depends on the answer to that sixty-four-dollar question in international relations. If Russia enters the Pacific war, her Siberian bases will offer an ideal springboard for air attacks on Japan —and later for invasion. If not, our approach to Tokyo must be painfully slow and costly.

Russia and Japan are natural enemies. Their interests clash at many points. Tension has been high along the Manchurian border for years. An all-out clash is inevitable some day, and Americans impatiently ask, "If eventually, why not now?"

The answer is that neither nation is ready for a shooting war yet. If either had been, the fishery treaty would not have been renewed this spring. Hostilities are improbable until Russia is freed of the Hitler menace in the west or until Japan feels secure on other fronts. Neither of these conditions is likely to be [illegible] the summer of 1943.

But it would be a great mistake to think that the present state of technical neutrality, scrupulously observed by both sides, means that Russia and Japan are at peace. The Russians and the Japanese themselves have no such idea. The second Russo-Japanese war began twenty-five years ago, with the Japanese occupation of Vladivostok on April 6, 1918, and has continued ever since. This war has never been officially declared, but both sides wage it with grim intensity.

If we want to make sense out of the present and future of Russo-Japanese relations, we must understand the history of this strange unofficial conflict.

Vladivostok, key port of Far Eastern Russia, boasts one hotel. An American traveling salesman wouldn't think much of the Tschelyouskine. The service and sanitary facilities are not so hot, even by tank-town standards. But a traveler who arrived there in May, 1941, offered no complaints.

The traveler (one of the authors of this article) had had a highly unpleasant encounter with the Gestapo in neutral Sweden a year before. After some months in a Swedish hospital, recuperating from the experience, he had gone to the land of the Soviets, and now he had just completed a trip across the vast expanse of European and Asiatic Russia. He welcomed a bed that was not on wheels.

The visitor immediately made an interesting discovery. In European Russia, even before the war, ordinary Russians were forbidden to mingle with foreigners. The latter were segregated in special hotels and restaurants, which natives were not allowed to enter. No Soviet citizen in his senses would dream of discussing politics with a stranger.

But Vladivostok was another world. In the Tschelyouskine, Soviet and non-Soviet peoples, Europeans and Orientals ate, drank, and chatted together without a qualm. It was soon evident that a Russian of the

The Japs, too, are ready. Here's a sample of their huge forces in Manchukuo.

defenseless—but today it is stronger than ever.

Far East, properly primed with half a pint of vodka and a couple of bottles of champagne, was perfectly willing to talk politics or anything else.

The liquid preliminaries having been duly observed, a Russian at the traveler's table began to curse the Japs with freedom and fluency. The visitor was a bit surprised and said so.

His surprise was based on recent history. About six weeks before, Yosuke Matsuoka, then Japanese Foreign Minister, had returned from his dramatic round trip from Tokyo to Berlin and back. Hitler had invited him to Berlin for the same reason that Rudolph Hess flew to Britain—to try to build up a grand coalition for the Führer's impending "crusade" against Bolshevism. Matsuoka was royally received by the Nazis, smiled politely—and made no commitments.

But on the way home the Japanese emissary stopped over in Moscow and negotiated a treaty of nonaggression with the Soviets. Hitler was furious at the double-cross. He failed to realize that the Japanese aim was the exact opposite of his. He wanted to drive the Russians east; the Japanese wanted to drive them west.

The world naturally supposed that the Matsuoka pact put Russia and Japan on cordial terms. So, when the Russians at the Tschelyouskine began tossing verbal bricks at the Japanese, the visitor interrupted: "But I thought you were friends with the Japanese now. Hasn't your government just signed a new treaty with them?"

The Russian grinned and asked, "Did you ever hear of total war?"

"Well," replied the traveler, "I've just come from Europe. There's a war going on there, you know, and I was certainly under the impression that it was total."

The Russian snorted. "That's just like you Europeans. You only think it is war when bombs and shells are falling. You only understand noise. We do things differently. We shoot when we have to, yes; but meanwhile we know how to ruin our enemies with friendship and nonaggression."

The Vladivostok Jap-baiter was right. That is how the Russian mind works—and the Japanese mind, too. Beneath the surface urbanities, educated Russians and Japanese realize thoroughly that their countries have been engaged in ceaseless war for a quarter of a century.

IRONICALLY, the Western Allies sponsored the Japanese occupation of Vladivostok which started the whole thing. We know now that this was one of the most colossal political boners of all time.

Britain, France, and the United States were all hostile to the infant Red regime—and rather afraid of it. So they started a policy of choosing between evils. They figured, Britain especially, that a strong Japan encircling China would be less dangerous than a powerful Bolshevist empire close to India. Why not call in the Japs to mop up eastern Siberia and checkmate the Reds?

To give the venture an Allied flavor, the initial landing by many Japanese and a few British was followed by the hasty dispatch of American and French contingents to Siberia. But Japan provided the bulk of the invading forces.

The Japanese moved rapidly westward and soon reached Irkutsk, west of Lake Baikal. They used the Trans-Siberian Railroad to supply their troops, especially the line running through Manchuria. This gave them a welcome pretext to infiltrate northern Manchuria to protect the railroad "from Red and other bandits." Compounding their blunder, the Western Allies approved the Japanese policy.

But soon the Japanese realized that promised Allied support consisted mostly of patronizing advice. Their lines extended nearly 3,000 miles into the Siberian mainland and communications were poor. The Red Army began to show signs of life. Some 200 Japanese soldiers were killed in a skirmish. So they decided to withdraw to a safer position. They had gained Vladivostok, the maritime provinces of Siberia, the infiltration of Manchuria—and those 200 useful dead.

Useful? Very. As reparation for that murder of "innocent tourists" (Hitler didn't invent that gag!) Japan occupied the northern half of the island of Sakhalin with its valuable deposits of coal and oil.

This move completed the fourth step in one of the most tremendous strategic schemes of history. The Japanese war lords, realizing that southeastern Asia is the richest prize on earth, have planned for seventy years to dominate China's ports and resources. To prevent American or British interference, they had to

(Continued on page 44)

U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES PHOTOS

Arriving to present awarded honors to members of the 57th, Generals Brereton and Strickland are greeted by Colonel Salisbury.

# AMERICA'S FLYING CIRCUS

*Second of Two Articles*

**The 57th Fighter Group—deadly group of sky warriors—move on to the attack on Hitler's ramparts. Fly with them. Fight with them. Play with them in this rip-roaring final installment**

BY GRANT PARR

N.B.C. CORRESPONDENT

**Cairo, by cable.**

IF you've ever seen a fraternity-house lounge you know what the mess tents of the famous 57th Fighter Group are like. That is, you know what the men look and act like. They will be found sitting or lying around in various states of undress, some on chairs with their legs over the arm rests or their feet on table tops, others sprawled on the mat-covered sand floor. At one table a card game will be in progress—more likely bridge than poker. Some of the sitters and sprawlers will be reading and the rest talking. It's a sure bet that the subject will be airplanes or women. Somebody will be playing the radio-phonograph—Chattanooga Choo-Choo, White Christmas—mostly last year's favorites, for the hit parade doesn't reach the African desert quickly. If a young second lieutenant like Edward Fletcher should wander in with a surplus of energy, he will be quite capable of starting a roughhouse with any likely victim. I've seen first-class impromptu wrestles involving none other than the red-headed Major Glade Bilby of Skidmore, Missouri, who is with the 57th's Scorpion Squadron.

But though the similarity in inhabitants may be apparent, you will need a good imagination to make a fraternity house out of the mess tent itself. Take the Scorpions' mess tent. It is a canvas top about the size of a small side show at the county fair and was probably made in India. Just in front of the door is a bar made of packing-box boards but painted a neat sky blue. The tables are long swaybacked affairs made of unpainted pine planks. Some of the chairs came from German tents by way of the Arabs, with no questions asked. The Nazis had apparently got them from Italian homes around Tripoli in much the same manner. Anyway, some chairs have red cloth-upholstered backs and bottoms with brown varnished wood arms. Others are ordinary camp chairs.

The kitchen is in the back of the tent, behind a table. The cooking apparatus is a mysterious collection of pots and pans and oil burners which only the cooks understand. But the product, though the material all comes from cans, is nourishing and palatable. Sample menu: Fried potatoes, ham fritters, boiled corn, white bread, marmalade, peanut butter, cocoa, blueberry pie. Most men gain weight in the desert.

On the nice days the desert wind is a welcome antidote to the warm round sun that sends unimpeded rays through the crystal-blue Mediterranean skies. But on other days the tent is damp with driving rain and the wind is chill and unwelcome. The Scorpions' cat, Zuara Zue, huddles under the blanket in her personal box. Sandstorms come, whip around the shelters in loathsome brown air torrents. Doors and windows of the tents are battened shut, but the sand seeps in anyway, gets into the nostrils, the eyes, into the plates of stew. The mechanic fights gamely to keep it out of the delicate mechanism of a fighter plane's motor. More than anything else, his ability to do this has made such desert squadrons possible.

The Exterminator Squadron of the 57th has three cherished possessions. One is its bar, the smooth metal-gray top of which was once the wing of an Italian fighter. Below it are duraluminum sheets, also captured, which make a modernistic front. On these

sheets are painted the names of the squadron's flyers, past and present, and crosses or fasces to indicate their scores of destroyed enemy planes.

The other two pride-and-joys of the Exterminators are "the Green Goose" and a Macchi-200 fighter. The Green Goose is a captured Savoia bomber which they hope some day to convert into a combination mobile operations room and PX store. As the latter, it would have the great advantage of being able to shuttle between the squadron field and the source of supply. But the Goose has a center motor which persists in catching fire whenever the plane is flown. Luckily the Goose is a metal job, yet it is much nicer to fly a plane with noninflammable motors. The squadron mechanics swear they will get a new motor for the Goose if they have to go to Italy for it. Maybe they have one by now.

The Macchi was left by an Australian pilot who started to fly it to his squadron, got as far as the 57th's field and, in his own words, "got tired of the motor." The motor is definitely not all that it should be, but Second Lieutenant William Benedict of San Quentin, California, whose experience as test pilot with the R. A. F. in Britain has taught him how to operate almost any type of military plane, whether friendly or enemy, thinks he has the cure for the Macchi's ills and is sure he will soon have it in flying order. Such planes are useful for little errands, he explains.

THE 57th couldn't fly and fight without the mechanics and ground men who move their tents, keep the field in order, feed them, and put the Warhawks back together after desert sand and Nazi bullets have done their worst. It's all work and no glory for the ground men, and in the days when German bombing was something more than a memory they shared the risk, too.

But the machinists and mechanics at least have managed to have a little fun. The men who run one mobile machine shop have given their squadron mates some interesting souvenirs for the folks back home. Sergeant Bill Brennan of Bridgewater, Massachusetts, cuts rings from the harder duraluminum parts of wrecked German planes. Sergeant Kenneth Weaver of Bristol, R. I., will make you a captain's or a lieutenant's bars from the same stuff, which looks a lot like silver and doesn't tarnish. Shell casings left by enemy ack-ack batteries are the raw material for polished brass bars that a second lieutenant can wear "for luck."

Mechanics like Staff Sergeant Adam Cerio of Canastota, New York, and Corporal John Munez of New Orleans have had fun rebuilding captured enemy trucks. Their squadron now has the use of two trucks, one a half-ton Italian affair and the other a German-made Ford, which were abandoned as unserviceable but have been put back into action

Captain Roy Whittaker gets his DFC pinned on him by Major General Brereton.

Lieutenant Robert Byrne has shot down at least four of the enemy's planes.

This lad is loading up one of the 57th's P-40s with its smaller-size bombs.

by means of parts from other wrecks. Cerio also makes useful gadgets out of enemy junk. One item is a tire inflator made from an Italian compressor and a tiny German motor.

In the course of the longest advance in the history of warfare, the life of the 57th on the ground was much like that of a traveling circus, except that most of the "circuit" was barren of any inhabitants save Army units and wandering Arabs. Between Alamein and the point from which the 57th fought the final battle of Tunis, it moved fourteen times, on an average of once every twelve days. About the longest stay in one spot was three weeks, and at times a landing ground was used for only one day. Often the truck convoys moving the squadrons had to bump for hundreds of miles over rough desert tracks where there was no semblance of a road and no water points.

The Americans occupied landing grounds cleared of the enemy only a few hours before. Sometimes ground crews had to help lift mines. At one landing ground the enemy retaliated for his loss by a series of daylight bombing and strafing raids which killed or wounded scores of New Zealanders who were rebuilding damaged runways. That time the Americans escaped scot-free, but later Lieutenant Allan H. Smith of Paw Paw, Michigan, was killed by a bomb fragment when 88s bombed the 57th's drome at El Djem in Tunisia. Smith had received more decorations than any other pilot of the unit, and his loss was a bitter one.

DESERT and movement notwithstanding, the ground life of a fighter pilot is usually not too uncomfortable. It errs, in fact, on the side of the prosaic and the boring. Pilots get up at dawn and go to bed about ten o'clock, day after day. Most of them have spent about two days in Cairo during their entire stay in the Middle East, and strangely enough, when they do get in they have a roaring time of it for one night, spend a fair share of the money they are carrving, then rush back to the desert they have been cursing for months, insisting that Cairo is a terrible place. Say what you will, I'm convinced that instead of hating the desert, many of them have come subconsciously to love it.

Compared to the ground troops, desert air force flyers do well. Their water ration is usually adequate to permit brushing teeth, washing faces, and shaving in fresh water for each operation. It's usually done in the shell of the G. I. helmet, though, and the helmet is also the starting point of the sponge baths that keep the individual from "smelling himself." Sea bathing was sometimes possible, but airfields as a rule are a few miles inland and our desert fighter squadrons have never had transportation available "just for fun."

Aside from Cairo, there is no good "leave" town in the entire North African war area. Benghazi and Tripoli both speak of a vanished "picturesque" beauty—the kind travel folders tell about. But they are enemy cities with few inhabitants who care to make the soldier feel at home. Except for Army-run movie houses, they contain no places of entertainment for the troops. There are no open bars or restaurants and no places to dance.

So the 57th has been strictly a desert group, for the most part avoiding the towns like a plague. Tripoli was a place to buy homemade cherry brandy for squadron bars, and that was all. Benghazi was once a market place for eggs and red wine.

The greatest shortage in the group is reading matter. The men often have to wait hours for a mission without leaving the area—they are on one-hour notice; thirty-minute notice; fifteen-minute notice. They play cards and even roll a few bones, but reading is the chief mainstay. The books in the Scorpions' packing-box library case are real veterans—thumbed to dog-eared tatters by constant use. Magazines are in similar shape.

But fighter pilots, like butchers and bakers, are also individuals, and in the air or on the ground they have very definite personalities. You can never tell whether or not a man is going to be able to take it. Most Scorpion pilots, for example, are going strong after as many as seventy-five to one hundred combat hours. But the squadron has sent back a few who couldn't take it after even less than ten. It isn't a question of cowardice—a man either can or can't. However, this isn't stuff for faint hearts or weak nerves. A man's habits make a difference, too.

I remember Lieutenant Allan Smith, the pilot who later fell victim to a German bomb fragment, as a quiet, pleasant fellow with close-cropped dark hair and a red bandanna tucked into his shirt collar. He was then just recovering from wounds suffered when— But that's a story that ought to be told:

Smith and ten other Scorpions were flying top cover for bomb-laden members of the 66th. They were just starting the target run when a flight of 109s came down out of the sun with guns spitting trouble and plenty of it. The Warhawks let go their bombs and belly tanks in a hurry and started to fight back. And just then the enemy ack-ack got the range. A brace of bursts bracketed Smith's plane. He felt a sharp pain in his right hand and something warm and sticky trickling down his back.

The shrapnel wounds were not to prove serious, but he had no way of knowing it at the time. But there was fighting to be done and he swung his Warhawk around, got a bead on a 109, and tripped his guns. The smoke of his tracers and incendiaries seemed to link the two planes for a moment. Bits of wood and metal flew off the 109 in a sort of mad fountain until the Nazi swung off and was lost to view.

SMITH now began to fight his way home. He engaged another 109, indecisively. His Warhawk was vibrating badly as if stuttering in complaint of the battering it had taken. But Smith flew it back and landed safely. It was only when he was out of the plane that his companions knew he was wounded.

The man Hollywood might like to cast as a fighter pilot, or as several other things for that matter, is Captain George Mobbs of Little Rock. He is tall, wavy-haired, dark. He looks like a nice guy, which is natural enough, because he is one. He was out on one mission with eleven other Scorpions, the aim being a little bomb dropping on the then enemy airfield near "Marble Arch." This time Jerry seemed to be expecting a call, and just before the Warhawks reached the target three 109s roared off its runway. A moment later the Yanks left their 500-pound calling cards and got ready to fight. Two other Germans appeared from somewhere and George pounced on one before the Nazi could get anybody in his sights. George let his guns bark in two or three sharp bursts and then swung over to fresh game. Another pilot saw the Jerry crash.

Soon George was milling around with several Warhawks and Messerschmitts. A few German bursts connected and he held his breath while explosive bullets shook the stout frame of his Warhawk. But the plane held together.

About that time he discovered he was wounded and would probably be sleeping on his stomach for several weeks. It didn't seem funny then, and he got a good deal of satisfaction out of the next bursts he fired which sent a Messerschmitt into a fatal spin. Fascinated, he dived after his victim and made sure the German wasn't shamming. The ME smacked into the sand and blew up. But another German had followed George down and four more were close behind.

It looked like a good time to head for home. There was no question of outdistancing the pursuers—the MEs could fly circles around the Warhawk

(*Continued on page 60*)

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What was Mary Todd Lincoln really like? An ambitious opportunist? A shrew? A well meaning wife and mother who was misunderstood? If you're curious about this strange woman of whom so many conflicting stories have been told, read

MR. LINCOLN'S WIFE

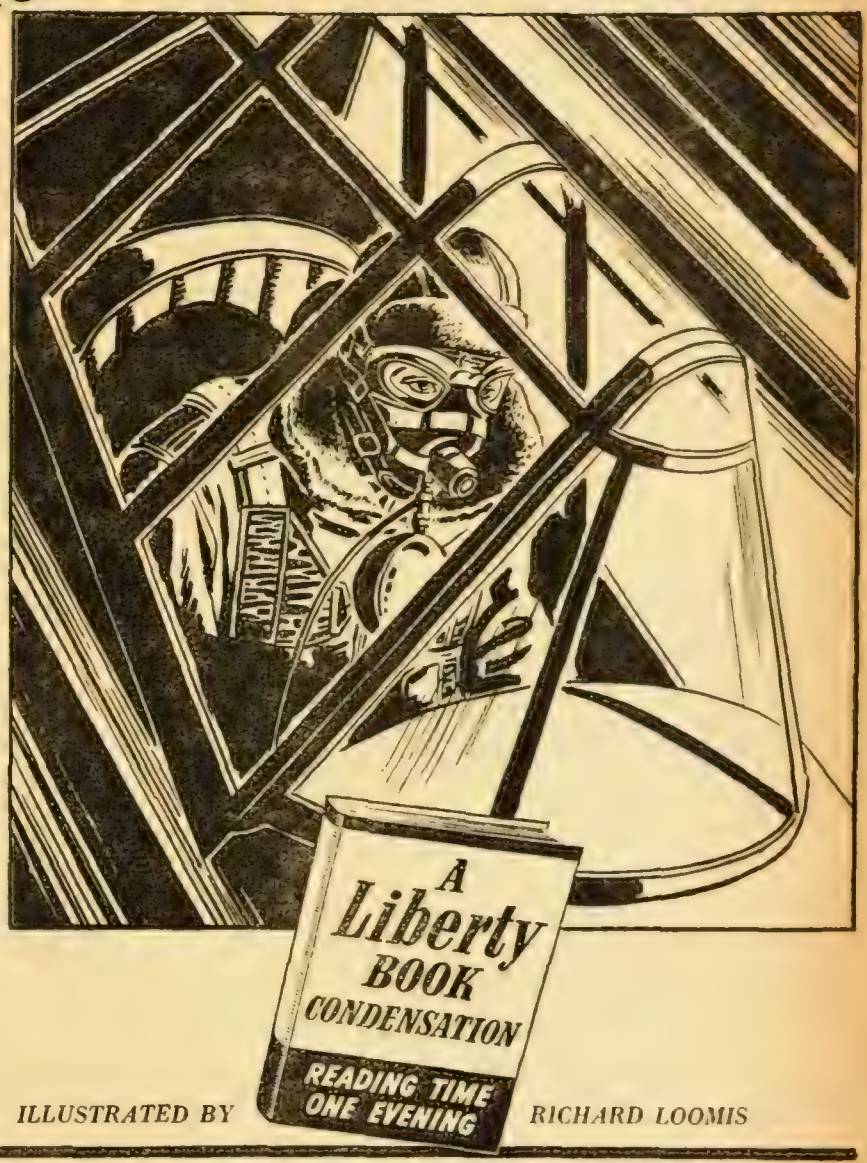
By Anne Colver

Abridged to an evening's reading time

In Liberty next week

# This Exciting Air

## The Experiences of a Test Pilot by BOONE T. GUYTON




"Such stuff makes the heart race," says the New York Times, quoting from this book.

Guyton's job is testing combat planes, taking them up and pacing them through every possible stunt they may be called on to perform in action — and some almost impossible ones. Again and again he has to fight, with trigger-quick hand and brain, to determine whether he or death will ride in at the controls.

His story of these flights, here and for a while in France, is tense with excitement and vivid, split-second action.

*ILLUSTRATED BY* *RICHARD LOOMIS*

AT thirty thousand feet the air was crisp, cold, and as clean as only virgin air at nearly five miles above the earth can be. I circled once more out over the Sound before reporting to the ground station. This was a demonstration dive of a new fighting ship, a "proof" dive for the Navy officials who waited below. They were probably standing alongside the hangar now, peering up through their binoculars, trying to spot the push-over.

"We want it as near vertical as possible," the commander had said before I took off. The company head of flight test had winced. Up to this time, I had been able to get all the speed we wanted in dives of sixty and seventy degrees.

They knew, and I knew, that to make a vertical dive without the usual series of practice dives meant adjusting the *trimming tabs* with a touch as delicate as old lace. We weren't dabbling in speeds of three hundred or three hundred fifty miles an hour now. This ship was close to six hundred, and we hadn't yet reached terminal velocity!

"O. K., Paul," I said. "I'll use extreme caution and I believe everything will be all right." So I took off, made the long climb, and now circled lazily at thirty thousand feet, checking visually everything I could see and setting the plane up in diving condition. The oxygen rebreather bag hung limp, then full, then empty again as it worked in its normal function against my chest harness. The engine roar, steady and unbroken, had already assumed its monotonous hum. As usual, it grew "quiet"—yes, almost lonely—in the cockpit as the earth below seemed motionless.

It is funny what curious thoughts can strike you when you are on such a mission. Take Andy McDonough. Andy contracted with one of the aircraft companies just before our entry into the war to dive its newest fighting plane vertically for twenty thousand feet. Just before he took off, the president of the company stepped up on the wing of the plane.

"It's going to be fast, Andy," he said. "We have cleaned this one up to the last rivet, and frankly we aren't sure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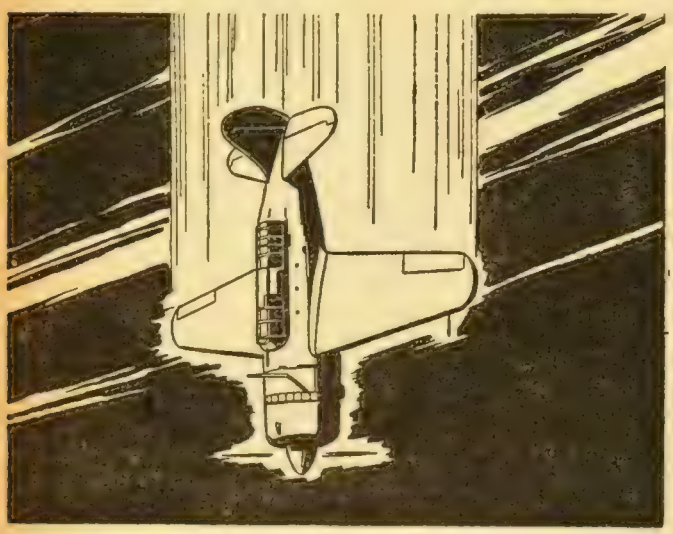
just how much speed you will get. Keep your eyes on it all the way."

Andy did. He kept his eyes on it all the way to six hundred twenty miles an hour, listening to the shriek of the wind past the cabin. Small compartment doors, bits of loose metal, patches of fabric tore free and strung out behind him as the propeller screamed viciously, but the ship hung together. When he had landed, and after the ringing in his ears had stopped, they besieged him with questions: "How'd you like it?" "Scared?" "Did you have any trouble?" "How did it feel?"

"Well," Andy said, "I got to wondering if this buggy would hang together. Then, about at the end of the dive, I wondered what would happen if you shot a bullet out of the tail of the plane—would the bullet go backward, or would it just roll out the end of the barrel?"

With most of us who test fly airplanes for a living, these same curious thoughts flash across our minds; but they assume different proportions, depending on the test at hand.

"O. K. down there." I had to hold the microphone up



close to the sponge turret in my oxygen mask. "I'm just east of the field over the swamp at thirty thousand four hundred feet, and pushing over."

I hastily rechecked my diving list for the fourth time, just to be certain. Everything was set if I could just manage that elevator trim tab for the pull-out. Gently I let the nose fall away toward the earth, taking a deep breath from the oxygen mask and noting with a passing glance that the oxygen pressure was up. Then, as usual, I flicked on the camera switch and put both hands on the stick. The nose went over, the earth came out around the ring cowl straight down past the gun sight—and that exhilarating feeling that always comes on the push-over into a dive surged up to my throat.

But right then it happened. The plane wanted to go over on its back! With both hands on the stick, I pulled back to hold the nose pointed straight for the ground that had already begun to leap up—and suddenly, sickeningly, I knew something was very wrong. The stick was pulling me half out of the seat, hard against the safety belt! The speed literally jumped past three hundred. I couldn't let go of the stick with either hand long enough to reach the tab control that was causing the trouble.

Don't get excited, you fool, the trained part of my brain said. You're in a hell of a jam, my unschooled stomach seemed to whisper. I strained for all I was worth, bracing both feet on the rudder bar, pitting my total strength against that stick. For the first time in my flying career, I was watching the ground rush at me, powerless to do anything but hold on for all I was worth.

The wind rushing past the cabin rose to a shriek, and the ship tightened like a drum as the speed leaped past four hundred. Thirteen thousand feet, ten thousand, nine! The pointer in the altimeter simply spun backward as it unwound with a rush.

Yes, it is funny what a man's reactions are when he waits for sudden crashing obliteration. I had no inclination to try to get out of the airplane. I knew at once that was futile. I didn't say a prayer. Straight down over the nose cowl I stared at the cane brush in the swamp as the shriek steadied to a straining whine. So this is it, I thought. This is it. You thought it couldn't happen to you, but here it is. "Stop choking, stomach, damn you. Other men have faced it."

Then what my old instructor back in Pensacola had told me flashed across my eyes. "Never let an airplane fly you, son. Never. Airplanes will do about anything you want as long as you keep the reins with a firm hand. But they'll snap back at you if you aren't careful—they'll snap back at you. Fly 'em—always fly 'em."

This powerful roaring piece of metal was flying me now—straight into the middle of that swamp. Another thought passed across the screen in those racing seconds: How quickly one can go from a mood of serenity, riding high in the clean, crisp air, to a seemingly hopeless, utterly lost feeling of anguish!

What followed from that time on until the nose came up across the horizon I can't actually say, because I don't remember. I simply closed my eyes, put every ounce of strength into a desperate attempt to pull back the stick, and held it as long as I could. Somewhere during that interim, I remember, the engine overspeeded, for I could hear the propeller wind up out of all proportion. That meant that the main bearing of the crankshaft was burned to a shell and the power plant would no longer function. I had no time actually to concentrate on fear, for the whole dive was a matter of thirty-two seconds. My arms were nearly pulled from their sockets anyway, and my back and neck were too tired to allow much in the way of actual fright. I do remember that I felt the pull of the stick ease suddenly, saw the horizon settle down past the nose, and then watched the stretching beach streaking by the wing. It was like the end of a bad dream. Then I recalled that the engine was burned out and that the field was behind me. In almost a single move—the stick force now lightened—I hit the trim tab with one hand and pulled the nose all the way up and over, across the sky, until at the top half loop I had gained nearly four thousand feet of altitude, using the excess speed from the dive to perform the maneuver.

There was still no time to waste. With the engine out, there was still a question of making the field for a landing. But I felt so happy that I was still in this world that I wanted to yell for sheer joy. Then, slowing the speed to a minimum, I grabbed the microphone. My own voice sounded distant and strained.

"Fighter to the tower, I'm in a lot of trouble and the engine is dead. Keep the field clear. I think I can make it."

There wasn't time for more.

"O. K., Guy. Use any runway if you can make the field. The wind is light and the crash truck is standing by."

With a solid bounce I hit the long white strip and cut the switch. It was beyond the shadow of a doubt the best feeling I have ever had.

I WAS still a novice at test flying when that "proof" dive took place.

I felt a little bad about the trouble encountered, which would cost us months of delay, but it hadn't been my fault. When the plane was again ready for further tests, I would go on with it to complete the demonstration—more dives, gentle at first, just shallow push-overs, to a relatively slow diving speed, then increasing the angle each time and letting the plane stay headed for the earth a little longer in each headlong rush, until finally I worked up to the maximum speed required and the maximum angle of dive. The process would be repeated, this time pulling the ship out of each dive a little faster and a little faster, feeling my way, watching for things, until finally I reached the acceleration, or *G*, required. Acceleration, or *G*, is simply a measure of the centrifugal force acting on you, brought about by the rapid change of direction at high speed. It is also acting on the wings of the plane. If you weigh two hundred pounds and pull an airplane out of a dive at 9*G*, you are being forced down into the seat with the weight of eighteen hundred pounds.

If the ship weighs ten thousand pounds, the wings in a 9G pull-out are trying to hold ninety thousand pounds from plunging on down to earth! In other words, the pilot's load suddenly becomes very heavy.

During my former Navy days we had a boy in the fleet attached to our dive-bombing squadron who was quite susceptible to blacking out during pull-outs. And, combined with the fact that he did seem to feel his G more than most of us, Freddy had the habit of making his pull-outs slower and thus exposing himself longer to the effects of the acceleration. The squadron would string out across the sky in a long arching curve and then push over in a pouring movement, nose to tail. Freddy flying the tail-end position would follow suit. Down we would come, one after the other, release our bombs, and pull out, still pretty well nose to tail. That is, every one but Freddy.

He would release his bomb and then, instead of following the ship ahead in the pull-out, would make a long wide sweep back up into the sky. We would be already joined up in formation, chuckling, watching and waiting for Mr. Farrell to get through his "blind flying" and catch up.

"But honest, fellows, I just naturally don't like to hoist the old buggy out fast. It doesn't seem right," he would say, back in the ready room. "It does feel like I'm wearing a pair of dark glasses, though."

The skipper would explain the pull-outs again, speaking of the important time element—how you could pull 8G and not go black if you didn't hold it longer than a second or two, how you could pull 4G for five or six seconds and black out completely. He was right.

MOST people tend to "go black" at about 5G if this acceleration is applied for over three or four seconds at a time. The blood rushes from your head and your vision is momentarily blacked out. That is why dive testing for a test pilot is difficult. At extremely high speeds he must exert the greatest caution to keep from pulling out too sharply and ripping his ship apart or from losing his vision long enough to lose control of the plane. Experience in this part of his job is invaluable.

To complete the diving part of a demonstration may mean (as I found it did on one airplane) seventy or eighty separate dives.

Once, about halfway through a dive, I felt a nudge on the stick—just a nudge sideways and nothing more. Hurriedly I glanced out through the cabin at the wings, already easing back to try pulling out ever so gently. The wind streaked by the cabin and over the turtle deck in its shrill, screaming way as I measured the fast shrinking distance to the ground and figured how much time was left.

Two cover doors out on the left wing had ripped off. Gaping holes showed the guts of the wing surrounded by jagged edges of rent metal. I eased the taut controls and literally *wished* the ship out of the dive, using nearly every foot of air that was left between us and the ground.

The speed dropped rapidly. The wing fabric stayed on around the ragged holes, and I circled over the field to calm down. Before I landed I jotted down a brief note on my knee pad: "Two cover doors tore off left wing in dive sixty-three. Plane responded normally in pull-out."

Back on the ground, the aerodynamics department gets the card from my knee pad. Inspection goes over the wing, replaces the doors with stronger, better fitted material. The tests go on.

When the dives are successfully completed, there are maneuvers to perform—loops, Immelmanns, snap rolls, wing-overs, aileron rolls, spins, vertical turns. The funny thing about maneuvers is that you use only two or three of them in all the combat flying you do. It raises a smile now as I remember my first attempt at dogfighting with one of Uncle Sam's seasoned Navy flyers.

I had just arrived in the fleet from Pensacola as my new squadron completed its dive-bombing practice. Within two weeks we were scheduled to dogfight a crack squadron from the aircraft carrier Saratoga who also were flying single-seater fighters at the time.

The squadron gathered around the flight board early the first morning of the fighting to get assignments and areas. My name was scheduled opposite Bill ("Killer") Kane's, and we were to meet at twenty thousand feet just above the Mexican border. Killer was a quiet, unassuming chap, big, weather-beaten, and rugged. He had been nicknamed at Annapolis, where he had proved a solid stone wall as tackle. When we walked out to our warmed-up planes on the line, he was sparing of words, as usual:

"Meet you just above the border at the edge of the mesa at twenty thousand. Be sure and turn your camera gun on." He smiled generously as we climbed in and took off.

I thought to myself, like any cocksure youngster eager to make a showing, Here's where I cut loose with everything about this flying business I know. I'll just be a little quicker than Killer (he was a tackle, I was an end) and roll this little flying power plant around until I get on his tail. Then I'll stick. Sounded good. We made the long climb up into the cloudless summer sky, set our throttles, and went at it head on.

Forty-five minutes later, when we landed our oil-streaked and smoking ships, I was the most humbled, soundly thrashed dogfighter in this man's air force. For after my first wild, gyrating maneuver, Killer was behind me, riding there as though stuck with glue. My knowledge of all the maneuvers an airplane could do meant nothing as Kane rode in my slipstream, squeezing out bursts of pictures at will, until I did the only thing left—stuck the nose straight down and ran like hell.

Back at the hangar I met him sheepishly in the photography lab. "I sure starred in this picture," I said. The kindly advice he offered kept me from losing our squadron's record two weeks later. "You had best forget about snap rolls and loops," he said. Then he told me how a toe-to-toe dogfight always ends up in a tighter and tighter turn and that any maneuver is just wasted time.

The smooth "ball-in-the-center" flyer who can make the tightest vertical turns without violent maneuvering or stalling his ship ends up looking through his sights at the enemy—that is, taking for granted that both planes are about equal in all other respects. All other maneuvers in an actual fight-to-the-finish dogfight are hardly worth mentioning. But, in demonstrating for the Navy what a ship will do, all maneuvers must be successfully shown off, for a fighting ship today can leave no question mark in the pilot's mind if his confidence is to be supreme.

Another important part of a demonstration is the airplane's maximum speed and performance.

When the engine is set, one fine morning the pilot crawls into the cockpit, dons furs and oxygen mask before he takes off, and proceeds to demonstrate to Uncle Sam just how fast his airplane will get off the ground and how high it will climb. On this maximum-power-climb test a pilot is as busy as a one-armed juggler. It is the job of the test pilot to write down as many data as he can on his knee pad to show the people when he gets down what went on.

THE first attempt I ever made to climb a new ship to its top ceiling was pathetically funny.

"Take the experimental bomber, Guy, and make a maximum power climb to ceiling," they said.

Then they gave me a list of readings they wanted taken, which ran like this: Every thousand feet—time, altitude, air speed, engine r.p.m. (revolutions per minute), manifold pressure, oil temperature, oil pressure, fuel pressure, free air temperature, and carburetor air temperature. I was to throw in as many incidentals as possible, such as hottest cylinder temperature and cowl settings. And all these items were to be written down each two thousand feet—nearly once every half minute! No one had mentioned flying the plane while I was watching these whirling pointers and changing temperatures.

I stopped by to see Frank Kelley, one of the older test pilots used to this fast climbing.

"Try a couple of practice starts first," he said. "See how many of the data you have time to write down." He said not to worry too much if I missed some.

The first three times I tried the fast climb I got four figures written down on my card out of some eighteen required.

Finally, after the fifth attempt, climbing each time to

ten or twelve thousand feet, I began to make progress. I could catch times as we flashed by the thousand-foot marks and remember four temperatures and pressures long enough to write them down. Eventually I managed to get a decent climb completed and brought down the required data, though my brain was tired.

IT was in the Naval Flight Training School at Pensacola, during the first trying months of "make good or go home," that I first began to ask myself that one-word question which was to tumble around in my mind throughout the future years to the present day. Why? That one word grew to an obsession with me, as it must with all flyers in this profession of test flying.

A dive bomber noses his ship over, points the nose straight for the target thousands of feet below. Suddenly he isn't pulling out. The ground rushes to meet the growing speck, faster, faster, and faster. Then comes that terrifying whistle which has worked up from a dull moan and can mean but one thing. That one remaining second just before the inevitable crash, that long bitter second when the world seems to stand still, is shattered by a staggering, jarring crash, as the ship plows straight on into the heart of the target circle. A black, ugly ball of smoke rises.

Why? we ask ourselves. Why did Roy end up in a dive from which he seemingly made no effort to pull out? Was it he, or was it some one thing that had been overlooked?

There are some pretty tense moments that would-be fighting pilots experience at a service training school. When the going gets tough and the odds are heavy against you, all the planes, not *most* of the planes, in a formation must be flown by pilots who won't crack, who are *all* good and who can *all* be depended upon to do their jobs. That is why we had 42 per cent of our class "bust out." Probably the toughest obstacle in our course at Pensacola came in Squadron Two.

"See that circle down there?" my instructor shouted through the gosport, as we banked around the edge of Z field. I looked down past the wing of our yellow trainer and picked up the white-marked ring. It looked incredibly small.

"I'm going to cut the gun at a thousand feet and make one large spiral and land in it," he said, though I'm sure I heard him add "I hope" as he pulled back the throttle.

The wind whistled past the wing in a steady hum as our "yellow fighter," in the hands of a master, circled out wide, cut in at just the right instant, slowed down and squashed as the nose came up until it plopped down in the very center of the circle. "Now you try it."

I tried it. We almost landed in the small grove of trees at the far corner of the field—passing over the circle so high we could have used it for a dive-bombing target. Well, I guess I'll be one of the boys who check in at the nearest WPA office, I thought to myself.

But we went on practicing. A week later I proceeded to plunk five out of six on the button. Then I moved ahead to something new.

This kind of experience goes into the making of our fighting pilots, and also of most of our test pilots in the business today. For when we had completed our training, emerged as naval aviators in the fleet, and learned day after day how necessary precision is in this flying game, it was apparent that the fellows who gave us the fighting ships we handled must have been accurate. All through those years aboard the carrier, while we were being trained in dogfighting, dive bombing, maneuvering in formation, firing fixed guns, the planes we used were put through their paces—and strenuously!

Strangely enough, the planes seem to take it. The urge to find out why those planes could stand up in a terminal velocity dive or perform so smoothly grew stronger and stronger in me as days went by.

I believe I actually set my goal for becoming a test pilot the day Bill Moss got back to North Island by the skin of his teeth, with a wing of his dive bomber wrinkled and torn.

Bill had been up on a scouting mission along the coast toward the Mexican border. On his way back to the field he tried out a terminal velocity dive. He climbed up to eighteen thousand feet and proceeded to push over into a steep dive. Down he came. Two hundred and fifty, three hundred, three fifty, four hundred, and still the miles per hour increased on his quivering air-speed pointer.

"She began to corkscrew a little," Bill said later. "I used a little aileron to straighten her out, and then something went wrong. I could feel a grabbing on the stick, and the ship began a funny shaking. Naturally, I started pulling out right then; but the stick was hard to pull back, and something was wrong with the aileron. By that time the air-speed pointer had gone out of sight, and I didn't try to see it anyway. Boy, was that water getting close in a hurry!"

Bill's eyes were big anyway; but as he told his story, they spaced themselves like two saucers.

"Well, about that time I managed to look out at the right wing. The trailing edge was all kinda wrinkled funny like. We must have been down to about two thousand feet then, and the old bus was shaking like a wet cocker. I eased the stick and got the nose up out of the dive enough to where it looked like we would just clear the water on the pull-out. We did. But, fellas, s'help me, I heard harp music and saw halos."

Some one asked, "Why didn't you try to pull her out faster when you saw it was close?"

"I was afraid that fluttering wing would come right off if I didn't go easy on it."

He was right, too. At that speed, if you aren't cautious with the control surface involved, you might easily tear it completely off with one rash move.

After it was all over, we found that the planes were not supposed to be dived faster than some three hundred and fifty miles an hour until the company which built them investigated and corrected this tendency of the wing to wrinkle at higher speeds.

That incident had started me thinking harder than before. Some one back at the contractor's plant, a guy who was testing these airplanes, soon found the answer. Another of those curious "whys" had been answered.

THE romance of flying lives on long after your latest exploit in the stratosphere, today, last week, or years ago.

Yesterday the fraternity of pilots numbered a few thousand; today we are hundreds of thousands. Yesterday a man flew the mails alone, across mountains and desert, through the black of the night storm, shuddering between flashes of lightning, swearing at the streaking wetness that blinded him.

Today hundreds of thousands fly, to carry the mails, to fight the enemy at a station miles high, to transport safely literally millions of passengers. Routine? Perhaps some might think so. Yet today, too, these pilots know the challenge of the elements, which will never change. They know that where there is speed there is danger, and that it will always be so.

Recently a man said to me, "The days of the helmeted hero and his flying machine are gone." I heartily agreed. "The adventure of the flying game with all its romance is gone."

How could I answer him? He was not a pilot, and a flyer is hard put to explain that exaltation which comes in simply seeing the ground go by below. Maybe romance is the wrong word for that "something" which is connected so intrinsically with the pilot and his craft. It is born of the imaginative spirit, and I have been taught that without such a spirit mankind would stagnate.

ON my last day in the Navy, our formation rounded the control tower and dropped down by sections into the black landing mat at North Island. I had one of those strange hunches that something was in the wind.

"Who wants to go to France to test fly airplanes for the French Navy?" Our squadron filed into the ready room after this bombing hop, the last for three of us, when that question broke the chatter around our steaming coffee mess. I got my hand up first.

"How soon could you leave, Guy?"

"I get my orders to inactive duty tomorrow," I said.

"Know any French?"

"I think I could get by."

"It's a rush job," he went on. "Twelve of the ships are already on their way over, and you'll have to leave New York as soon as you get your passport and report at the plant." He looked a little doubtful. "It might mean a year over there. If you are sure you can make it, I'll wire the company and you can start getting organized to leave."

I assured him it was a breeze, though my heart pounded heavily with the sudden change of events. Things happen like that in aviation, suddenly and without warning.

From then on until five days later when I stepped upon the gangplank of the French liner Champlain, life was like one big gold rush. The gold in my rush was the job as test pilot, the thing in aviation I had been dreaming about, the backstage spot for solving the inevitable "whys" in our flying game. It is amusing to think how really little I knew about the "why" of flying and the job of test pilots. I thought innocently, It's just following some simple instructions and checking figures.

Checking figures! I wonder now, after nearly four years of this business, whose figures I was checking that day when, after starting a spin at fourteen thousand feet, all the king's horses couldn't have brought my ship out using the normal airplane controls! At less than three thousand feet we were still spinning like a top when I used the "last resort" and released the little parachute we had rigged to the tail of the plane in order to stop the spinning if everything else looked hopeless. Out came the tiny bundle of silk, up went the tail, and I pulled out of the ensuing shallow dive uncomfortably close to a nice well trimmed graveyard!

The day before we left for France, I reported to the aircraft plant for complete instructions from the chief engineer, who gave me the details:

"Captain Mesny, a French squadron leader who has been here for some time, will be going over on the boat with you. He has the first squadron that will get our ships. When you get to Paris, you'll find two mechanics from our plant setting up the planes and checking out the engines. The French are only waiting for you to get there and test them before they get their pilots checked out and flying. You may have to give them a hand checking out some of the new pilots, because they won't know too much about the flying characteristics.

"Use our headquarters in Paris for anything you need. Things are apt to be a little jumbled; they're a bit jittery over there about the war." He smiled, seeing how eagerly I was listening. "Good luck. We've got a lot of experimental testing to do here when you get back, so don't get too much of that champagne they use for water."

THEN I went over to the test hangar to talk to the chief pilot. He was the first test pilot I had met, and I knew from his name that he was the one who had discovered why the wings wrinkled on the planes supplied to the fleet at North Island.

"Howarya," he said, grinning broadly and motioning to a chair. "Just had a doggoned old engine burn out a cylinder over the Sound, and I sure thought I was in for a swim. Got back O. K., but it will take 'em a week to get another engine for the old bus," he said.

It tickled me to see such unassumed nonchalance.

"I have all your gear together and one of my old parachute bags to carry it in," he went on. "Funny about that parachute bag. I took it to Siam and China with me year before last when I went over to test some planes. How that bag does get around! Lost it once in Singapore stuffed with parachute, flying clothes, maps, data board, and a lot of trinkets I'd picked up for my wife. Some nice Chinaman found it, and it beat me back to New York."

We talked for the better part of an hour about the planes I was to test, what to look for, what to expect, and how to keep my ears tucked in.

I liked this fellow at once. He was, as I found out over a period of time, a typical test pilot. Easygoing, yet nothing seemed to get by without his knowing about it. Gentle and tolerant, yet I've watched him throw thirteen thousand pounds of airplane all over the sky. There was a twinkle in his eye too, as though the game of flying always held more in store for him which he was eager to get at.

When everything was squared away and I got up to leave, I had my first bit of good solid advice from this old hand at the game. It has stuck with me like skin ever since.

"Don't take anything for granted," he said. "It's easy to make the mistake, but if you sort of keep that in mind I think you'll have less trouble in this kind of flying."

*Take nothing for granted.* I put it down in my memory book and shoved off.

The next day I stood on deck with the French squadron leader, Captain Mesny, leaning out over the railing of the ship as New York's sky line backed away.

Géralde Mesny, Lieutenant de Vaisseau, L'Aéronautique Navale, had been a pilot and captain of his naval bombing squadron for nearly three years before he was sent to America to check ships his squadron was getting from my company. Some ten months later he and thirteen of the fifteen members who formed his squadron were to be blasted out of the sky as they attempted to stem the German push to Dunkirk. They asked no quarter and got

none. Regardless of the ensuing quick collapse of the French military forces, Mesny and all the flyers like him deserve the world's utmost respect.

Yes, as much as the valiant Britishers who manned the Spitfires and Hurricanes during those early hectic days and nights. In the air the English were outnumbered, but the French were outmoded also. I saw what the French pilots had to fly in. I know what it means to be up against the odds they faced. I can even imagine what it must have felt like to attack when you knew that to attack was hopeless.

It is almost trite to state that the French air force of August 5, 1939, was a sad organization with which to tease the German armada.

The French pilots knew how inadequate their planes were. They were almost ashamed to let you see their pitiful crates, and would simply remain quiet when questioned or repeat that typical shrug of the shoulders, as if to say, "What can we do but fight with what we have? The time is so short!"

Mesny took me out to the airdrome in Orly, where our ships were being assembled. The field was a large square of tall green grass. I could see a family of goats at one end by a yellow wind tee. The goats were contentedly nibbling away and proved that traffic hereabouts was not very heavy.

As we parked the tiny Renault and walked into the big hangar, it was awfully pleasant to hear an American voice again.

"Well, I'll be go-to-hell!" came from under a wing. A redhead, his face smirched with oil, a monkey wrench in one hand, stood staring as we walked up. This was Ike Irwin. "Johnny, look here!" Another head popped up from inside the cockpit. "Well, shut my big mouth, it's an American—or this hard nob I'm standin' on isn't a Frenchman's head!" That was Johnny Hamlett.

They were the two mechanics who had come over with

the first plane several months ago, and they already had nine ships assembled and waiting to be flown.

Captain Mesny spoke as we stopped by number one ship. "Could you fly right away?" he asked.

I quizzed Ike about the planes. "The first four are all gassed, inspected, and ready to be turned up."

"O. K.," I said.

"We are very anxious to get the airplanes, for the admiral says they must be sent away from here as soon as they are test flown. My squadron is waiting for them in Cherbourg," Mesny went on.

I got the field rules, donned my flight gear, and picked up the data board. (A data board is to a test pilot what a wrench is to a mechanic. He straps it to his leg and writes down everything he discovers or thinks about his ship as he flies it. It holds his report card.) Johnny warmed up the engine, sweet music after three weeks of no flying, and a few minutes later I taxied out slowly to the take-off area. The grass was slippery and the wheels half slid along the soft carpet.

I couldn't help feeling just a little proud of my position. I was a test pilot for America, for France, and I wanted to do the job well. I was only hoping that none of the Frenchmen knew it was my first test flight as a test pilot.

When I had cleared the edge of the field, I picked up the wheels, set the propeller pitch, and poked the nose up at the sky. I checked the engine temperatures and pressures and filled out the "climb" data on the check-off card. Then I took a hasty look around. The forest of Fontainebleau, thick and green, edged under the wing. What a strange feeling, to be flying alone over a foreign country for the first time!

As I swung wide toward Paris, it was satisfying to feel the steady vibration of the stick in my hands, to listen to the consoling hum of a tuned motor, up in the clean sky. Then I settled down to my new job.

For an hour I checked the ship out, testing the engine at full power, trying the dive brake flaps in vertical dives over the edge of the field, working the emergency landing gear, watching the instruments. The engine hummed sweetly, like the proverbial sewing machine. Oil temperature, directional gyro, turn and bank, tachometer, generator voltage—they were normal and steady as I filled out my card. At intervals I glanced out of the cockpit and around the horizon to orient myself, so I wouldn't get lost over this strange country.

FLYING over the big field at Villecoublay, I could see an assortment of planes chocked along the white concrete apron that bordered a long row of brick hangars. That was a modern-looking layout, and I could see why the Frenchmen always pointed to it with pride. It was one of the pitifully few they had.

From there I could make out the two huge concrete balloon hangars at Orly. It seems that the Frenchmen had the Germans build these hangars as part of the reparations after World War I. When the Germans arrived over Paris in June, 1940, so the report goes, they gleefully singled out these two remembrances and proceeded to blast the concrete structures into little piles.

As soon as I had completely checked the plane, I circled back over Orly, checked the wind tee, and came in to land. It was like landing on a plush carpet as the wheels rubbed the top of the thick grass and settled into its softness. The ship slowed down quickly, but I had no difficulty with the soft turf. Then I taxied back to the hangar, where the French pilots were waiting. The French Navy had its first modern dive bomber of this war.

By the time I had finished testing the first ten planes that were assembled, I began to realize a few of the things that made up the life of a test pilot, which hadn't been apparent before.

One day I crawled into the cockpit of a new ship Ike had just finished warming up. As I fastened the safety belt, a young lieutenant jumped up onto the wing to ask a favor. "Monsieur Guyton, would you be so kind as to make some dives at our antiaircraft guns on the south and east sides of the field? The gunners need practice sighting for range on dive bombers, and we have no ships except yours that are fast enough to simulate an enemy attack." (It was the last week in August.)

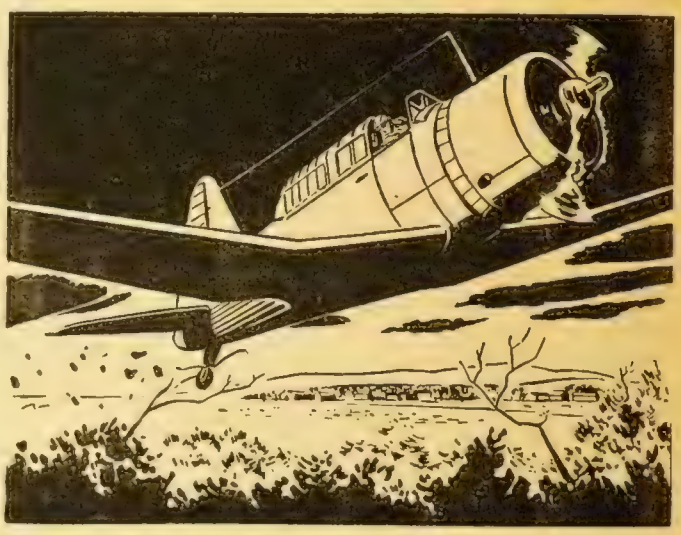
"Sure," I told him—"as soon as I finish my normal test flight. I'll come down on them just before I land."

He smiled, waved a hand, and jumped down. A short half hour later and I almost made the first costly mistake in my test-flying career. The prospect of dive bombing at antiaircraft batteries—in fun—got the best of me. I somewhat hurried through my usual test (a "never do" in test flying), too fast to notice a fluctuating fuel-pressure needle! I should have seen it.

But I was too anxious to play dive bomber—to show off how the American boys do it! At ten thousand feet I rolled the ship over on its back and pulled the nose down and under until it stuck squarely on the dugout trenches at the east end of the field. Down we came. Two hundred, two seventy-five, three twenty, four hundred, and I eased back on the stick to pull out, screaming and roaring, not five hundred feet from the ugly black barrels in the trenches. Brown-shirted figures squirmed, sighted, yelled out their ranges to the range setter. The guns started swinging around to follow me, and then I was past like a shot and aiming at those on the other side of the field.

What sport! The ground went by in a blur as I went up to the gun sight to see what I could hit if I were diving at a real enemy. With a roar we went past the second line of guns and scrambling men, and I pulled up easily to gain altitude for a second dive.

Suddenly I realized that the engine wasn't taking hold.



I forced the throttle wide open, and that nice noisy clatter and shaking of a picking-up engine failed to cut through the shrieking wind! Quickly I checked the fuel selector, then the instruments. Oil pressure, temp— There! The fuel-pressure needle rested on *zero!* Yet the fuel gauge showed seventy gallons! Like a true greenhorn, I got excited for the moment and my thoughts were jumbled.

Then my sensible half took charge. Stop getting so damned riled up, you dope, I told myself. Fuel trouble, fuel—well, try the wobble pump, fool! I reached quickly for the red-topped handle and began pumping fast as I pulled the nose of the plane around and headed it back toward the field. The excess speed from my dive had carried me over a section of dense woods. I could see almost instantly, with a sinking feeling in my stomach, that there wasn't enough altitude left to clear the woods to reach a small wheat field beyond. I wanted so badly to pull the nose up, to try to stretch my glide farther—the most fatal mistake in aviation.

Thankfully, I still had brains enough to remember my old instructor's words: "Hit the trees if you must, but don't lose flying speed."

Then the engine sputtered, coughed, and sputtered again. I wobbled vigorously, afraid to look out at the trees now. Then it started running, now with a roar. I threw the throttle full open, pulled the nose up again, and prayed as I felt the tail section drag through the topmost branches. But I kept pumping, the engine kept running, and my heart kept beating at some incredible speed.

The field at Orly was only a few kilometers farther on; so, working the wobble pump with one hand and flying with the other, I decided to try to get back home. As I cleared the edge of the field, I cut the switch, and we landed with a dull plop on the soft ground. The engine stopped cold as I stopped pumping. Johnny and Ike were racing out through the tall grass before the ship stopped rolling.

Ike pulled a branch off from somewhere around the tail of the ship.

"You know," he said slowly, "you're supposed to use these things to fly in, not to trim hedges."

"Here you go," Johnny said, as he pulled off a piece of cowling. "Fuel pump is broken where the drive shaft attaches to the engine. It's funny the fuel pressure didn't drop before you flew so long. The pump let go slowly, because it has chewed the shaft into a funny shape."

I didn't tell Johnny that the needle had probably given its sign of something wrong and that I had been too hasty in checking over the engine to notice it. But I had learned a lesson. Take nothing for granted, I thought to myself. Funny how soon that older pilot's friendly advice, given me back there at the plant before I sailed for France, popped up.

OUT at Orly, we hurriedly assembled and flew airplanes as fast as the crates were unloaded at the crowded depot. At Bourges, Curtiss P-36 fighters were being tested fast and furiously and turned over to eager French pilots. At Nantes, North Americans were rolling onto the field. At Bordeaux, Douglas bombers were coming along. It began to look as if, when the war started, perhaps the fighting would be close to par in the air, after all.

Then suddenly hell took wings over Poland. The sky rocked with the vast superiority of the German air force as dive bombers began to blast stubborn but ineffective resistance.

It was something more than I bargained for when I took the job to test airplanes in a country at war, wondering if the next minute I might have to duck a stream of tracers while simply trying to carry out a job! We had finished testing but a third of the airplanes on September 4, 1939, when that fateful headline met our eye—*La Guerre.*

When that news came, pilots, mechanics, service representatives, and nearly all others just laid down their tools and gathered in Paris to find out, what the hell!

Late that evening I dropped in at the Ritz Bar.

"Brother rat," some one yelled as I stepped inside, "come on over and join us." I went over. All this crowd were from Curtiss and had just returned to Paris from Bourges. After the introductions were over, I sat down next to Jerry Clark, test pilot for the Curtiss Company. He told me how lucky he was to be at the Ritz tonight instead of a hospital or morgue down in Bourges.

"Business is good down at Bourges," he said. "Trainers, fighters, and scouts are in and out all day, and I'd been rubbernecking to high heaven to keep from ramming one of their slower jobs when flying around the field. Besides," he said, "there are a lot of the French fighter pilots who revel in the mere flight of one of their new ships. They cut up quite a bit and like to kick up their heels whenever they return from practice."

I couldn't help noting the small cut over one eye and the scratch he carried on his right ear. I listened attentively.

"When I came in to land, the propeller was acting up. So I fooled with it a little on my final approach after making sure the landing area was clear.

"There was a trainer at the edge of the landing strip apparently waiting for me to land. The son of a gun didn't move an inch as I lowered the gear and flaps and had almost reached the edge of the field. Naturally, he went out of sight under the wing about that time. I proceeded to cut the gun back, ease the nose up, and squat."

By this time I almost knew what he was going to say.

"Well," he went on, "just as the ship lost her last ounce of lift and I was about to squash onto the runway, I got a startling flash of a wing and cockpit over the right edge of the engine cowl. That guy had pulled out right in front of me and started to take off! Before you could say 'Pickles' I was on top of him. I didn't have time to duck, cut the switch, or even start to worry, but boy! what a sickening feeling I had as the splintering started!

"I hit the ground in a hell of a skid. The wing dragged and jerked the ship around the other way. Then the landing gear on that side folded up, and we just slithered on down the field, bouncing and jerking until I thought the damned thing never would stop. Well, by this time I got squared away enough to duck and hold on, because I thought when we slowed down a little more the propeller would dig in and we would flip up and over. We did."

I took another look at Jerry Clark, but all he apparently received from his first bad crack-up were those two small marks.

"That's why I'm so happy to be here having a drink with you, come war or no war," Jerry said.

I actually only halfway surmised his feelings then, for my time was coming. It was far more than simple fright. I only have to go back to the time I ran out of gas and had to land a fast single-seater fighter on a wet golf course in the face of an approaching storm. I was definitely playing in the rough that drizzly Saturday afternoon. The lowering ceiling had cut me off from the home base; and as trouble usually strikes double, my fuel supply ran low at the same time. My early training in emergencies spoke up: Get it down while you still have an engine.

I had chosen the golf course, dragged the longest fairway twice, and then came in, hanging on the propeller, to land. The wheels had hit the slick close-cropped grass; I had locked the brakes but nothing had happened. We reached the end of the fairway still doing a good eighty miles an hour. I had watched the trees race up to meet me, unsuccessfully tried a last attempt to groundloop the plane, and then just cut the switch and ducked.

I remember distinctly the thoughts flashing across my mind. If the grass hadn't been wet, I bet I could have made it! If the earth wasn't round, I'll bet it could be square!

The wheels dug deep into the soft earth at the edge of the fairway. A wing was cut cleanly off as we flipped up and over the bushes and rocks. Five tons of airplane made a whale of a crashing and crunching sound in my ears as we slid backward, belly up, through the branches and rocks down into the ravine.

I didn't really have any fear or mental anguish until I had crawled from under the plane. Then I glanced at that once beautiful, sleek fighter, now a smoking broken mass of machinery. Standing there in the woods in the rain, I dabbed with a handkerchief at a split lip and with a full heart watched the black oil slowly oozing down the overturned belly of the plane.

THERE is something about a ship you have nursed through tedious hours of testing and learned to admire and respect. You know it is good, that it will roar its very heart out for you. You honor it in no small way for taking you out of one world into another and returning you safely back.

Then imagine seeing that same ship, broken and twisted, lying on its back with its lifeblood seeping out of its torn seams. Notice how its two sturdy legs poke stiffly up into the air, looking for all the world like a dead bird. It actually hurts to see or hear a machine mistreated. To me, that is how any pilot should feel about his engine and his ship, both on the ground and in the air.

I left the Curtiss crowd that night after many farewells, and maneuvered my way back through the blue-lighted streets to the hotel. The next day, sleepless from the early-morning alert—the first for Paris—I gathered Johnny and Ike together to discuss our plans.

"We may as well see what we can do about getting our test base moved from Paris," I said. "We can't get any work done during the day if we have to stay up every night in a bomb cellar."

"O. K. by me, Guy," Johnny and Ike replied.

We talked it over for a few minutes, and decided to go on out to Orly and ask Captain Mesny.

When we arrived there, we found the whole field buzzing with belated preparations. Planes were scattered all over the field. Bomb shelters were being hastily dug not

far from the antiaircraft spots. Mesny greeted us with his usual smile, though his tone was heavy as he explained the situation.

"I am sorry," he said. "You will now have to fly below fifteen thousand feet at all times and stay close to the field. Antiaircraft have orders to fire on any plane above that altitude lacking the proper radio release. However, the admiral has already had the rest of your shipment of planes diverted to Brest for assembly and testing, though it was not possible for me to tell you before now," Mesny said.

I assured him that was swell, for we didn't see how any one would get much sleep in Paris.

"Do you think you can finish here today?" he said.

Ike scratched his red head and looked at Johnny. "I think we can, Guy. There are two more to finish off and one new one to go. Johnny and I can get right to work on that one while you fly the two."

We got right after the three planes. Everything went off slick as a whistle, though, remembering Jerry Clark's close one at Bourges, I paid the strictest attention to the now teeming field. Moranes, Potez-54 bombers, Amiots, and innumerable other aircraft were in and out of Orly by the minute.

ON my test, I was supposed to stall the airplane and then attempt to lower the landing gear by an emergency release. This usually consumed some thousand feet of altitude and a lot of concentrated effort. The Frenchmen got these three planes without that check. All the admirals in the French Navy couldn't have got me to slip and squash down through that stream of traffic directly below and above me. It would have been suicide.

By eight that night, Johnny, Ike, and an engine representative named George Mailloux had gathered all our gear and piled it into a lopsided old Ford we had picked up and were waiting for me at the gate. We were heading for Brest, out on the westernmost tip of France.

At ten we had reached a little hamlet called Corbeil. George Mailloux, we soon learned, spoke the sweetest-sounding French of any of us. He found the one decent hotel and got the one room left. It seemed we had hardly dozed off when, from far up on a hill somewhere, a church bell tolled loudly, breaking through the quiet of that September night. I awakened with the first peal of the bell and looked at my watch. One forty-five! For a few seconds nothing happened. Then the little hotel suddenly began to stir; almost at once there were voices, and shortly thereafter the light patter of feet outside the door.

*"Monsieur, alerte, s'il vous plaît!"* came with a sharp rapping. *"Allez au cimetière, s'il vous plaît."*

We all rolled out, swearing about this second consecutive night of interrupted sleep.

"What in thunder is this *cimetière?"* Ike said as we fumbled about in the dark.

"This *cimetière* is a cemetery somewhere," Johnny said. I could hear Ike chuckling to himself as I crawled under my sagging cot for a shoe.

"What a hell of a funny place for a shelter. Maybe you are supposed to carry a tombstone around with you, so you'll be all ready."

George Mailloux had already gone out when Johnny and Ike and I got out into the hallway. Ike played his flashlight along to show the way, and just as we reached the top of the stairs we all three stopped short.

It was amazing! Big, ponderous-looking George was standing at the head of the stairs, a completely blank look on his face, holding in his huge arms, of all things, a five- or six-month-old baby!

"Why, George," said Johnny Hamlett, "you didn't tell us. Was it recently? My, my, and we were so happy before, just we musketeers."

Then he proceeded to escort George royally down the stairs and up the road toward the cemetery. Ike and I joined in behind, forming a sort of procession. Soon we learned that as George "Papa" Mailloux reached the hall he found there a Frenchwoman much concerned by her first *alerte* and unable to manage her twins alone. She felt no qualms about ordering George to take charge of one of her young ones in this her hour of need. Then she hurried along with the crowd to wait outside.

To this day, I imagine no one is sure whether that was a real raid or not. But it kept us up the rest of the night. When the four of us, minus the baby, finally arrived at Brest the next day, the story went that several French planes had gone astray over the Paris suburbs. We left it at that.

Our job was still assembling and testing ships for a country to fight with. Our byword was "Get 'em in the air —they aren't any good on the ground!"

For a group of ordinary aviation men doing a job, our routine, to say the least, was out of the ordinary. With the town of Brest dressed nightly in black, tiny pieces of "punk" faintly glowing where street lamps had shone; with thousands of troops, English and French, mobbing the restaurants and stores all day; with the hotels commandeered by R. A. F. officers disembarking from England, we Americans went about our work getting the planes set up and flown.

Flying from the field at the naval air base of Lanveoc-Poulmic outside of Brest was an art that at first left me wondering. It was surrounded on three sides by steep cliffs that dropped away to the water some four hundred feet below. There were no runways—just grass and mud —and accidents were frequent.

One day, Ike and Johnny came up the hill with a ship just after a young French lieutenant had taken off. We stood in the shelter of a hangar near the edge of the field waiting for him to return. Suddenly we saw the plane swinging wide out over the bay and heading back toward the field as though returning to land. It was sinking slowly, lower and lower.

"That guy is making a pretty low approach," Ike stated, as we watched the two wheels drop out of their hatboxes and extend to the landing position.

"Hey!" Johnny yelled. "He's not going to make it. Looks like he's in trouble!"

We started to run, and we had nearly reached the edge of the cliff when the plane hit the water. A huge geyser shot up and a black object flew out, to hit in a ball some fifty feet farther on. The crash siren wailed, but we could only stand at the boundary of the field, helplessly looking down the trackless slope.

Several minutes later a rescue boat pulled up at the spot where the plane had sunk, and we walked back to the squadron office. I felt extremely sorry for Maillepois, the commanding officer, who could ill afford the loss of his young officer and the new plane before they had a fair chance in combat.

The black object that had been catapulted out when the ship hit turned out to be a mechanic. He had forgotten to fasten his safety belt, and his carelessness had probably saved his life. The pilot had gone down with his ship.

I STOPPED by the base hospital to talk with the mechanic the next day, to try to learn what the difficulty had been with the plane. He told me that the engine began to cut out, ran for a short time, and cut out again, losing more and more power. Several days later, when the ship was raised from the water, I checked the positions of all the controls. As I suspected, the preheater control, which allowed warm air to reach the carburetor and thus prevent icing, was still in the "Full Cold" position. I went directly to Lieutenant Maillepois.

"Your squadron understands the use of the carburetor heater control, does it not?" I asked.

He nodded. "They have been instructed to turn it on at any time the carburetor air temperature drops below thirty degrees," he said. "That is correct, is it not?"

I told him it was and that possibly it might be a good idea to inform the pilots again that they should constantly check their gauges against the icing hazard.

One day I almost had the experience of flying a captured Messerschmitt at Bricy. I signed my life away for the chance, only to have the ship rolled up in a ball as the last man before me landed it into the boundary fence when the brakes failed.

A tall, handsome French officer climbed out of the overturned ship, unscathed. Then he lit a cigarette and said, "I am terribly sorry this happened, and now you will

*(Continued on page 45)*

# LONG-SUFFERING FEMALE

**When Joan Fontaine was born, the doctor offered condolences. Congratulations came later when she survived bad health, a super ego, and a famous sister, to become a top star**

## BY HOWARD SHARPE

She's lovely, fragile, and sad in her newest picture, Jane Eyre.

A WELL known foreign actor, recently arrived in Hollywood via New York and Lisbon, tells of coming late to a dinner party given by a movie mogul, and of being seated, without introduction, next to a pretty young Englishwoman. She appeared to know who he was, but he was unable to return the compliment. "Are you connected with the industry?" he asked finally.

For some reason she flushed. "Did you see Rebecca?"

He said enthusiastically that he had, adding—for she seemed to expect more—that he thought Olivier had never done better work.

"Mmm," said the young lady. Obviously in a conversational rut, she next asked if he had seen a film titled Suspicion.

"Marvelous," he told her. "I am a fan of Cary Grant."

"And do you know Olivia De Havilland?"

"A beautiful woman," he nodded. "One of my favorite actresses."

"Then prepare for a thrill," said his dinner partner in a dispirited manner. "I am Olivia De Havilland's sister."

Although Joan Fontaine's critics imply that she is more of a movie star (or at least a prima donna) off screen than on, the uninitiated observer finds it difficult to distinguish in her gaily dressed figure, her unpainted face, and her air of being on the verge of doing or saying something scandalous the sadly lovely Jane Eyre or the fourteen-year-old heroine of The Constant Nymph. At home she frequently embarrasses Brian Aherne, her always immaculate and socially proper husband, by refusing to change out of dungarees before greeting guests, and her idea of doing her hair is to comb it.

Thus she is perhaps the only "big ten" star in Hollywood who does not wear dark glasses while shopping and who quite freely admits (without bitterness) that no one ever looks twice at her in a department store. Taking herself in a big way is something she has outgrown within the past three years. Before that, it was her impression, she says, that little existed in the world except a grouping of protoplasm named Joan Fontaine.

She is, besides being the recipient of the latest Academy Award for the finest performance by an actress during 1942 and, more importantly, a box-office drawing power of the first magnitude, a brand-new American citizen. Up until May of this year she was an enemy alien in the eyes of the U. S. government, although she was under the impression that she was a British subject, a view held as well by His Majesty's government. Born of English parents in Japan, she had taken out her first papers some years ago and had resurrected the business of acquiring citizenship after Pearl Harbor only to discover that local immigration officers were primarily interested in how much training she had had as a spy and whether or not she possessed any dynamite.

Upon at length receiving her final papers, she called an old family friend, the resident British consul in Los Angeles, and said, "Well, old boy, I've left you. I'm an American now."

"Not at all," said the consul cheerfully. "What you have done is not recognized by Great Britain except as a 'feminine aberration.' You're still a subject, my dear."

Whether or not Hirohito also claims her allegiance worries her even less.

WHEN Miss Fontaine, who has been persecuted in most of the movies she has made, was born in Tokyo twenty-six years ago, the attending physician offered his condolences to her parents. She lived at all, (to become one of Hollywood's biggest stars) only because her optimistic mother kept her wrapped in cotton wadding for two years.

By the time she was fourteen, having miraculously survived a united attack of German measles and streptococcic infection, she developed anemia and frequently thereafter was seen by her neighbors reading poetry while leaning against a tombstone in a small northern California

(Continued on page 54)

# SWEET LIGHTNING

**Can a jilted girl face love again? Ann was sure life could never be the same—until she discovered the one sure cure for a broken heart**

BY JEAN DUPONT MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE

AT first glance Ann Qualters resembled thousands of other girls in Washington, slim, smart, neat, and sweet in spite of shoe rationing, erratic dry cleaning, and arduous transportation. On second glance Ann had something special. Her brown hair fell softly to her shoulders, a lovely foil for her pink-and-white skin. She had extraordinarily long curly lashes over deep dark eyes. Her young mouth was full and red, but in repose a little sad. While most girls she worked with or played with proudly wore Army Air Corps wings, or the Marine Corps insignia, or the Merchant Marine pin, Ann wore a silly little gold frog. It covered up the holes where her pin had been. The navy pin.

Inside the entrance to the apartment building she saw that they had apparently lost another reception girl to the WAACS or the WAVES. Hyacinth, black and smiling, was on both the elevator and the switchboard. Sometimes you had one service, and sometimes you had another, and sometimes, when Hyacinth was out in the service alley stealing a smoke, you didn't have either.

Taking her up to her floor, Hyacinth said, "Gemmun here to see you this evenin' early. Funny kinda sojer."

"A soldier? For me? Oh, no."

"Yes, ma'am. Was he some gay-looking with colored ribbons clear across one side of him! He say he be back."

Ann thanked Hyacinth, privately deciding that he had made another mistake. His talent for mixing people's names, mail, and telephone calls was unequalled in the capital. Louise, the girl with whom she lived, who was also from Dale City, Indiana, and, like Ann, one of Congressman Fletcher's secretaries, was spending Sunday in Virginia. It was almost a relief to have the little apartment to herself. She kicked the pumps off her aching feet and threw herself on the couch. The last man she'd danced with at the USO tea, the marine sergeant wearing a marksman's medal with four bars, might be a dilly on the rifle range but he was no prize on the dance floor.

How many miles had she danced in the last few months? She didn't know. Some girls danced for the sheer joy of it, and some because it was a way to meet men, but she had been dancing to mend a broken heart. It sounded crazy and maybe it was. If it didn't work, how was she going to find peace again? And happiness?

She closed her eyes and immediately she began to have the queer feeling again. Not sick exactly. Nor dizzy, but still, not at all sure she wouldn't fall over if she stood up. She seemed detached from her own body, as if she were floating in space. It was queer and it was frightening. It had been happening to her oftener of late. Once, a day or so ago at work, and again today at the dance.

But this was silly. If it had anything to do with Bob, she was getting over him. She remembered this very afternoon talking to the sergeant. He had said, "A real cute cookie like you ought to be affiliated with the Marine Corps."

LOOKING up at his brown, lean-jawed face, his friendly blue eyes—the months past had been a blur of boys' faces, friendly, shy, eager, homesick, audacious, homely, or handsome—she had told him, "I'm a career girl. Strictly. My mind's on my work."

He had shaken his head. "It wouldn't be in nature for a girl like you not to have some guy nuts about her. So what is he in?"

Lightly she had replied, "Oh, I tried the navy once. But he married a gal in Australia."

The marine had thrown back his head and laughed. "Forget you for an Aussie! That's a good one. Now tell me another."

She had thrown back her head and laughed with him and had been pleased to notice that the ache in her heart which had represented Lieutenant (j.g.) Bob Harmon, U. S. N., was not nearly as severe as it had been. Her plan was working!

She had figured out a schedule and called it "the cure." It was very simple. You worked eight hours a day so hard you didn't have time to think, and then you danced all night until you were too tired to cry into your pillow. To this end she had joined the Stage Door Canteen and the Women's Battalion, a Washington organization of government girls who entertained men in near-by camps and posts. Any odd nights left over, she made surgical dressings at Walsh House for the Red Cross. It was, as Louise said, a schedule to make or break a girl.

So what was she doing now? Having a relapse? Having a "spell" like a mid-Victorian aunt? She made herself sit up, consider going out to dinner. Neither she nor Louise had had time to do any marketing on Saturday. But the nearest restaurant was five blocks away and there would be a line waiting. There was always a line for anything you wanted to do in Washington. She decided against going out, but instead took a shower, brushed her hair until it glistened and put a ribbon on it. Then, in a pretty house coat, she went out to the kitchenette and made herself a sandwich of peanut butter and jelly, which, with a glass of milk, she took into the living room.

Standing by the window, she watched the lights coming on in the late June twilight. Far, far over the trees and the roofs of lower buildings, she could catch a glimpse of the Capitol. The sight still gave her a thrill, even after months of familiarity. Over to the left, behind the trees, was the Union Station. There she had said good-by to Bob, who had spent his last leave here.

Sometimes, after he had left, she had gone back to the exact spot, recalling the moment. The station had been so crowded, so busy, that they had had almost a sense of privacy. If a few stray glances had fallen upon the tall young naval officer with a girl in his arms, upon their farewell kiss, it had not mattered. The glances were warm with sympathy. So many people's hearts were torn now by such good-bys said against all the uncertainties of the future.

She had not gone back to the station since the letter came, the letter whose every word she could remember.

Ann darling:

I wish I could talk to you, because this is going to be hard to write and because I would rather tell you face to face. We promised each other that if either of us fell in love with somebody else we would be honest about it. I always thought it would be you, because you are so pretty and so gay and so popular. But it's me, Ann. I've fallen in love with an Australian girl.

In case some of my letters may have been sunk or delayed, I'll go back a bit. I wrote you from the hospital the day I was discharged. I wanted to go back to my ship, but Surg said I'd better take a few weeks' sick leave, and

"This plan of yours worked out all right?" he asked. "All tickety-boo?"

suggested I go down to Brisbane. The holes were patched up, but he said I wasn't batting a hundred yet. He had a list of people with places outside the city who had offered to take in Americans and put them back on their pins again. I picked out a name at random and he wrote them a letter for me to take along.

Ann, it must have been Fate—picking out the MacLeans, I mean. The moment I saw Aileen, I knew I couldn't live without her. I don't know why. I honestly don't. She isn't a bit like you. She's tall and blonde and sun-tanned. At first her voice sounds brusque, but it's only that clipped way of speaking they have down under. Not quite British and yet not the way we talk. She's casual and shy at the same time. She rides horseback like a man and sings like an angel.

Lying awake nights, I've thought and thought about the three of us. But there really isn't any other honest answer. Aileen and I are going to be married next week before I go to sea. Ann dear, you and I had a deep affection for each other because we grew up together. But that isn't love. I know, now. I keep praying it will happen to you the same way it has to me. Like sweet lightning right to the heart.

Please write and tell me you understand and forgive me.

Bob.

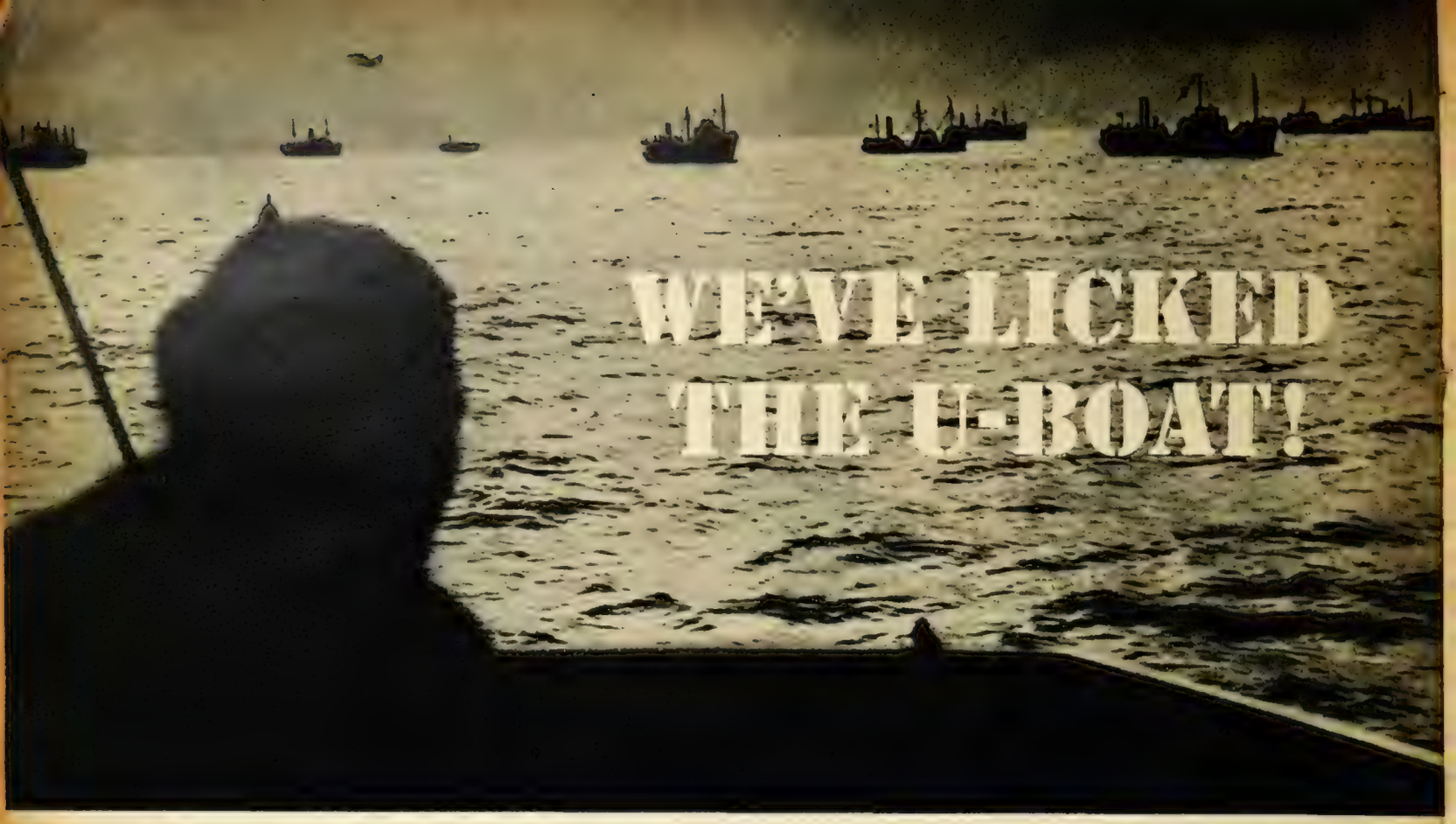
It had been pretty grim until she had hit on her cure for heartbreak. Once launched upon it, however, she had stuck to it in spite of occasional warnings from Louise. "You and your schedule! Keep on the way you are going and someday you'll just fold up." But brooding, reminiscing were no part of the plan. What were the rules when she found herself going back into the past? Pamper yourself a little. Improve your mind.

So she filled a basin with warm water and a bubbly soap that smelled of garden pinks. Sitting in a comfortable chair, she wiggled her toes luxuriously in the water, and opened up a large book on the life of Napoleon. The great Bonaparte was approaching Austerlitz, but somehow it didn't seem important stacked up against headlines about Stalingrad, Guadalcanal, Burma. Ann's head was nodding, her eyes half closed when she heard a knock upon the door.

In her drowsiness she thought it must be the girl across the hall, a chronic borrower, and she called sleepily, "Come in!"

The door flew open to reveal a perfectly strange man in a blue uni-

(Continued on page 65)



# WE'VE LICKED THE U-BOAT!

**A writer just arrived in London by one of our "new" convoys tells why we now pick off subs like clay pigeons. Read how the Battle of the Atlantic is being won by new methods**

## BY HENRY BRANDON

**Cabled from London.**

THIS is not a convoy story packed with horror and excitement, torpedoes stabbing at ships, seamen gasping for their lives, and German U-boat captains surfacing to grin at the havoc they have wrought. In this convoy story it's the U-boats which are outwitted and sunk. This is an eyewitness account of the new means and superior methods, thought out by creative naval minds, which are spelling the doom of the German undersea effort.

"If the Germans think they can stop an invasion of the Continent with submarines, then they are mistaken," Rear Admiral L. W. Murray, Royal Canadian Navy's new commander in chief in the Northwest Atlantic, told me before I left Halifax bound for England. "On your voyage you'll see for yourself that we have entered a new phase of anti-submarine war which promises at length to master the menace.

"For a long time," he went on, "convoy protection meant trying to evade submarines, but the U-boats became so numerous and impudent that evasion was almost useless. The new strategy is to attack. And it will ultimately clear the North Atlantic route."

Leaving Canada, we formed an imposing convoy. Later, more ships coming from New York joined us at a rendezvous—with as much precision as if there had been a corner of Broadway and Forty-second Street in the Atlantic. The ship I was on flew the Norwegian flag. She had been a fast fruit carrier in peacetime, running up and down the west coast of the United States. Until recently her speed had enabled her to risk crossing the Atlantic without protection. On her last crossing she had been chased by a wolf pack of submarines. Now, despite her speed, she too was ordered to join the convoy. It was her fiftieth crossing.

One looks for surprises on a trip across the North Atlantic, but I certainly did not expect to find a girl "manning" the radio. She was a pretty young Canadian girl and had been at sea for more than two years. She was as much at home on rolling decks as other girls her age—she was twenty-four—are on dance floors. She had found romance, too, on the Atlantic and had married the ship's Norwegian captain, who at thirty-one was one of the youngest skippers afloat.

The first striking difference between this voyage and my first wartime crossing of the Atlantic nineteen months ago was the considerably larger escort for a convoy of the same size. Destroyers, corvettes, trawlers, and new frigates flying British, Norwegian, Polish, French, and Belgian flags churned the waters around the convoy, their listening

**All safe! From his own ship, a joyful tar watches a convoy coming into port.**

devices alert for suspicious noise.

How submarines still infested the North Atlantic became evident from the warning we received after several days at sea, asking stragglers—ships which, because of difficult weather or other circumstances, cannot keep up with the convoy—to return rather than try to run the gauntlet of submarines on their own.

Airplanes over land are a very common sight nowadays, but it's different in the Atlantic. When "cats"—short for Catalinas—or Sunderlands or Liberators appeared, the whole crew got excited, including the captain. We all cheered and waved at every plane we saw. The steady drone of their motors was like a lullaby.

Effective blocking of the German hope to destroy our merchant fleet began at a secret and momentous conference in the U. S. Navy Department last March. There new methods of attacking subs were studied, new secret weapons approved, and the decision made to put a complete air umbrella into operation. Air-minded Admiral King foresaw the doom of the U-boat to a large extent in air power. Speed is what subs fear, but convoys are slow and the speed of escort ships is necessarily correlated to the speed of convoys. But the airplane provides speed and also long-range protection. Escort ships cannot keep submarines at bay at long distances. They are, rather, the last defense line for the convoy. Airplanes, however, force the subs at great distances to remain submerged. Under the surface their reduced speed is even less than that of the slow convoy, and they fall behind.

Thus they are unable to use their former technique, which was to trail the convoy in daylight from a safe distance and close in after dark for an attack.

The decisions taken at the Washington conference were beginning to bear fruit only two months later. Shipyards began to turn out new escort craft. The increased output of airplanes made more available for Atlantic patrol. The British and Canadian pilots of the Coastal Command whom I spoke with about Liberators, which Churchill termed VLR (very long range) raved over the performance of the machines equipped with extra gasoline tanks.

Excitement over our new mastery of the German U-boat reached a climax one morning when the lifting mist unveiled an aircraft carrier trudging stoutly in the convoy. She was there to fill in the "dead spot" in mid-Atlantic—to provide air cover where the short-based VLR aircraft couldn't reach.

DURING my visits to American shipyards I saw these auxiliary carriers being converted from merchant ships. Seeing one at work was thrilling. She looked clumsy and shapeless. But when she put on speed to release her planes she was sensational. With ease and precision the planes took off from the miniature flight deck, cruised over the convoy, and disappeared in the clouds. After hours of patrol they returned and landed with the same ease and precision. Others took off to resume the patrol.

At dusk of the second day after the carrier joined us I was standing on the bridge with the third officer when suddenly one of the carrier's planes in the darkening sky began sending light signals. There was more "blinking" from other directions. A huge Liberator appeared from nowhere. On the starboard flank a depth-charge barrage broke loose. Evidently U-boats were trying to close in on us. But no alarm was sounded in the convoy. We must have been very sure of our protection, or else the submarines were afraid. The actual result of the attack was of course kept secret in conformity with the practice of the Admiralty, but not one ship was lost and by midnight it was quiet again. The ships moved on serenely and confidently.

The next day we could see German prisoners on a small ocean-going tug, also a novelty in convoys. Through our glasses we could see some who seemed not older than fifteen. These little tugs with their powerful engines are very useful. They accompany convoys chiefly for emergency repairs at sea or for towing ships damaged but unsunk into harbor. They also help escorts pick up survivors. The captain of this tug thought he might as well let these particular Germans begin to get acquainted with the truth, because he signaled our captain inquiring as to the time of the German broadcasts of the British Broadcasting Corporation. He explained he wanted to let them have some entertainment.

How many of the undersea wolves we are sinking is, of course, known only to the top command. But when ten of them are destroyed in an assault on one convoy the demoralizing effect on the enemy can be understood. The rumors we are hearing about mutiny among U-boat crews may have much foundation in fact as the promise of Admiral Murray begins to be realized in the long, cold reaches of the Atlantic.

THE END

Patrol bombers have played a big part in the victory. Here are three on the job.

Prisoners—and glad to be!—are these U-boat crew men aboard a British tug.

# WHEEL OF FORTUNE

**Eluding Fernandez, the watch-dog, Kent discovers the Nazi secret, only to learn the enemy deals out swift punishment to men who know too much**

BY JOHN JENNINGS

ILLUSTRATED BY JULES GOTLIEB

## WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

"'M Alan Kent—first officer—tanker Shoshone—torpedoed—Atlantic—twe'-six days 'go—others dead," the emaciated young man who had been washed up on the beach at St. John, in the Virgin Islands, told Karen Christensen, who found him.

Karen had him taken to the inn, Wheel of Fortune, which was run by her grandfather, Dr. Svend Christensen, and Eric Krause, the son of an old friend of the doctor. Krause wanted to marry Karen, and when she and Kent fell in love, he was eager for the young American to leave the island. That was natural enough, Kent felt, but he soon began to suspect there were other reasons for Krause's wanting to get rid of him.

The dock and the Diesel plant which supplied the inn with electricity had, he discovered, been built entirely by outside labor. No islander was allowed near the maintenance yard, which was fenced in and the gate kept locked. Something queer was going on. But what?

Then, one afternoon, the bits of the puzzle fell into place. Kent returned to the inn to find three new guests there. They were introduced as Mr. Slane and Mr. Forrest of New York, and Mr. Fernandez of San Juan. But he recognized the first two. They had stood on the bridge of the U-boat which had sunk the Shoshone—and the sub's captain had addressed them as "Herr Vogel" and "Herr Bosch!"

Kent told Karen about Bosch and Vogel. "I'll see them hanged," he said, "if it's the last thing I do! That goes for any one else who's connected with them!"

He couldn't believe that she was working with the Germans, and he was not sure about her grandfather, but he knew that Eric was in the plot. He was sure the Diesel plant had been built with the sole idea of using it to charge the batteries of U-boats.

Fortunately Herr Bosch and Herr Vogel had not recognized Kent. He decided to pretend to accept them for what they pretended to be and to carry on his investigations secretly.

One night when he went up to the maintenance yard, Dr. Christensen had just come out and had neglected to shut the gate behind him. Here was Kent's chance. He was just entering the yard when he felt a hand touch his arm [illegible] said, "I should not go up there, Señor Kent, if I were you."

It was Mr. Fernandez, the third, new guest, who spoke!

KENT hesitated. It occurred to him to run for it. There was a chance that he might get away. But what would be the use? Fernandez would certainly give the alarm, and then where would he be, bottled inside the fence? He would undoubtedly be caught, and that would be the end of it. Nevertheless he shot a quick half-hopeful glance up the hill. Fernandez caught the look and smiled.

"I would not try it, señor."

"I don't see—" Kent began.

"Let us stop playing games, señor," the other cut in curtly. "Could you do anything if you got over there?"

Kent did not answer. There was no answer to make.

"I see we understand each other," Fernandez said. "Shall we return to the hotel?"

Not until he was back in his room with Fernandez' footsteps receding along the gallery, did Kent's thoughts begin to order themselves again. One thing at least was certain: He no longer had any doubt of the Puerto Rican's connection with the business. Equally obvious was the fact that he was not to be permitted to go behind the fence. He considered trying to slip away to get word to the commissioner. But when he turned off his light and tiptoed in his socks to the door, it was only to find a figure seated on the gallery rail outside. A cigarette glowed mockingly, winking at him and Fernandez' voice cut softly through the dark:

"Good night, señor!"

After that there was nothing left but to take the man's advice and go to bed. In the morning, perhaps, he would find some way to raise the alarm, though by that time the sub would be gone, and Bosch and Vogel with it. It would be difficult to prove anything. He undressed slowly and lay down on his bed, not expecting to sleep, but realizing the need for rest. Before he was aware of it he had dozed off, and when next he opened his eyes it was broad daylight, and the breakfast chimes were ringing in his ears.

FERNANDEZ and Dr. Christensen were in the dining room when Kent entered, Fernandez bowed with his usual smile, in which Kent now read a hint of derision, but did not speak. The doctor looked tired, but not haggard. The fury and the anger of the night before were gone, but so were the dejected droop of the shoulders, the weary fumbling, the signs of age that he had worn on his return to the gate. He greeted Kent with his customary heartiness, and Kent responded casually.

"How is Miss Christensen this morning?" he asked. "I thought she seemed upset last night."

The old man gave him a searching look and wagged his head.

"She is not good," he said. "As you say, she was not herself last night. This morning she is tired."

"I'm sorry if there's anything—"

"No fault of yours, young man." The old man shook his head. "There is nothing you can do. Just let her rest."

Kent thought he could guess at the cause of Karen's indisposition. It could be that she was shamed by what he had discovered. With a start he realized that if she was, it opened a new line of thought concerning her own part in the thing.

But he had no chance to follow the idea to its logical conclusion. The sound of voices and the scrape of footsteps came from the threshold. Kent looked up and saw Eric, closely followed by Bosch and Vogel, enter the dining room.

So they had not gone, then. But why not? Was the submarine still in the cove? It seemed hardly possible. Three and four times a day patrol planes out of St. Thomas and Culebra flew overhead. But why else would they be here? Had his guess of the night before—the guess which had since become his firm conviction—been all wrong? He was so surprised by their sudden appearance that he was scarcely able to nod good morning. But his confusion was covered by Svend's greeting.

"Good morning, lazybones," he called. "Eric, I would like the boat today to go to St. Thomas. It is a month since I have been over, and there are things I must get."

Krause's blond mustache twitched as he shook his head.

"I'm sorry, Uncle Svend," he said. "You should have gone yesterday. We can't spare the gas again this week."

The old man looked at him intently. Finally he shrugged.

"So? Well, another day will do."

He caughts a glimpse of two heavily booted feet and two blue-clad legs.

Eric's excuse was reasonable, but Kent felt there was more to it than that. He had the feeling, too, that Svend knew it, but chose, for reasons of his own, to conceal the knowledge.

Kent finished his breakfast quickly and excused himself. The reappearance of Bosch and Vogel had borne in one conviction upon him. He might have been wrong about a submarine in the cove. It might have been that or something else, something worse perhaps—that brought them here. Whatever it was, the answer lay beyond the fence, and if ever he was to know what it was—he must, some way or other, get behind that gate.

That this would not be accomplished without opposition was soon apparent. Scarcely was he out on the gallery before Fernandez came out behind him.

"A beautiful morning, *señor*," he commented affably.

"Perfect," Kent agreed.

"A pity Señor Krause will not permit the use of the boat," the little man went on blandly. "It would be a fine day for a sail to St. Thomas."

Kent snorted. "Hah!"

Fernandez chuckled.

"You snore most conveniently, *señor*," he said.

Kent made no reply.

"I *am sorry Miss Christensen is indisposed*," Fernandez went on. "I *imagine it leaves you at a loose end. Have you any plan for the day?*"

"Just now," said Kent, "I think I'll write some letters."

He turned abruptly into his own room and shut the door.

Curse him, he thought, he means to keep an eye on me.

He stayed in his room until he was sure that Fernandez had given up. Then he stepped out quietly and looked both ways. There was no one in sight. On tiptoe he moved to the end of the gallery. He had one leg over the rail when Fernandez' voice sounded urbanely behind him.

"Well, and did you finish your letters, *señor*?"

Kent whirled, furious with surprise and disappointment.

"Yes!" he snapped.

The little Puerto Rican grinned.

"*So? And what are you going to do now?*"

"I'm going for a walk," said Kent stubbornly.

Fernandez' mocking grin broadened.

"Mind if I go too?"

"Would it make a damn bit of difference if I did?"

"No," said Fernandez.

They went down past the Christensens' cottage and on along the path that led through the palms to the stables. As they approached, Hans, the squat hunchbacked stableboy, came to the door and stood glowering at them.

"No rides today," he said, and spat. "Mr. Krause's orders. The sorrel iss lame, undt Miss Karen's a shoe has cast. The odders I haf to the pasture turned."

Fernandez, trotting close at Kent's elbow, cocked a quizzical eye up at

(Continued on page 61)

# THE ADMIRAL GETS AN ASSIST

Continued from Page 13

"Don't you go getting no ideas that because the Old Man's interested in baseball he ain't keen on getting his ship in safe." And with that I turns and leaves the room. Only the Admiral follows close on my heels, screwing his monocle tight into his eye, like maybe he don't think much of what I just told him.

On the bridge the Old Man's still studying the League standings and explaining to the third mate how the Dodgers can't fail. Around us, the convoy is more bunched together than it was, as if the sharp-nosed fidgeting destroyers on our flanks has scented danger. There's a lot of flags flapping from their yards, and I'm wondering what all the tension is about, when I sees a bank of dirty clouds to the north that looks as if they has silver ribbons sewed to their edges. Inside the chartroom the glass is bobbing up and down like a jack-in-the-box.

The Admiral shifts his gaze from a hard-looking cruiser forging past us to take her place at the head of the convoy, and surveys the weather to the north. Then he turns and glances at the paper in the Old Man's hands. "Very soon we'll have more to worry us than baseball," he says sarcastically. "In less than an hour the wind will be piping a full gale, if I'm any judge of weather."

Captain Dawson, who don't like admirals anyway, takes a slow careful look around him, and his eye lights on our pimple of a second mate adorning the bridge rail. "You!" he roars, and Mr. Simpson jumps. "You with your hands resting on your backsides like you was trying to keep it warm, get ready to make signal to the cruiser. Tell 'em we has a admiral of theirs aboard. If he gets seasick we'll do the best we can for him!"

THE cruiser disregards the signal like the lady she is. The Admiral does, too, only his eyes freeze a little, and I guess he's counting up to ten; maybe more. A cold wind pours out of the north, chewing at the sea. The Narragansett boils through a rough patch. A sea washes the for'ard well deck. By the time the roaring noise of it has died away, the Admiral has his eyes defrosted. His voice is acid though. "When you get home, Captain Dawson, I think you will find your owners more interested in my report on your fitness to command than in any witticisms you may throw at me."

If that touches the Old Man, he don't show it. Maybe he's satisfied to win the first round; or maybe he's just too occupied with his ship. The gale has come down quicker than you could flap a jack in a pan. Ahead and on both sides of us, the convoy is getting blowed about. The destroyers is hugging us closer, fussing and worrying at the stragglers like prim-nosed schoolteachers fretting over a parcel of kids they has out on a walk. A sea catches the Narragansett on the port bow and throws her out of line, and we get an angry toot from a harassed corvette to starboard. Her whistle has a eerie sound, for fog has come down with the wind. It blows in and out of the convoy like a wet will-o'-the-wisp, hiding ships one minute and discovering them the next. Soon the fog thickens and shuts us in like a wall, and the blasting whistles takes on angry, rasping tones, like the men blowing them is beginning to get nervous. For two days we runs blind in that gale, the convoy keeping step more by guess than by any kind of a seamanship you could put a name to.

For forty-eight hours Captain Dawson stands watch on the bridge, his ears cocked for the booming whistle of the tanker striding along invisible beside us, or the more strident yelp from a corvette whipping the convoy's flanks. Forty-eight hours he cons his ship through a hell of sound, while the convoy staggers to the eastward through fog and wind and dirt.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**The Japanese have taken over 9,000 words from English, including *kohi* (coffee), *awri* (all right), and *naifu* (knife).**

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Most of the time the gale's blowing, the Admiral's up and down to the bridge like a man what can't rest in one place. Maybe the third time he comes up I see where the hard-frost look has begun to go out of his eyes; and when he glances at the steady figure of the Old Man, I begin to think something else has taken its place. Something like respect perhaps. I mention it to Melrose, but he only scoffs. "Your imagination," he says. "What the hell! A admiral that's just been talked back to by a merchant skipper. What the hell!"

Two days later I know it isn't my imagination at all. I'm up for'ard with the bosun and a gang tightening up the tarpaulins over some Martin medium bombers which, with their wings stowed below, are lashed on our foredeck. Soon the Admiral comes along. A sea rears its head over the weather rail and sends the men running for cover. The Admiral stoops and takes a couple of hitches with a tarpaulin strop around a ringbolt as smart and slick as any seaman in the ship could have done it. "I just want to tell you," he says, when he has straightened himself again, "that I take back what I said about Captain Dawson. A man who can take his ship through this"—he glances at the muck of weather around us—"well, he must have more in his head than baseball."

Good! I thinks to myself. Now, if only I can get it into the Old Man's head that his whole career lies in the hands of this Admiral, maybe I'll get him to see sense so he won't keep on harping about the steel billets in No. 1—which a blind man can see he does only to get a rise out of this same Admiral who's been wished on to him. All of which goes to show that I don't know no more about Captain Dawson than I does about weaning babies.

BUT first there's the Admiral to be attended to. "Look!" I says. "Baseball gets into a man's blood, just like I told you; but because it's in Captain Dawson's blood don't mean he don't know how to run a ship. Then again, when it's in a man's blood it's apt to make him touchy, particularly a Brooklyn man. To a Brooklyn man there's only two teams that count, the Giants and the Dodgers. One of 'em's poison and t'other's perfect. Keep remembering that and everything will be fine."

The Admiral looks a little bit dazed, but he nods and says he'll remember, so I excuses myself and goes back to the bridge.

Now, I've learned something while I was down there on the foredeck. One of the ship's quartermasters who's been chumming with the Admiral's orderly has just told me that this Admiral has C. B. after his name; and while I don't know in a pig's eye what it means, it sounds impressive, and it's this I want to get across to the Old Man so he'll be properly impressed and not go gumming up the works and lay up trouble for himself.

But I've got to lead up to it somehow. The sky above looks like a one-piece gray carpet, and while it don't seem promising, I make a stab at it. "Looks like the weather might clear," I says. It's a lie, for the weather don't look as if it were ever going to clear. But hell! Skippers is human and given to wishful thinking like every one else. "Might even clear before night."

The skipper grunts an assent, so I go on: "That Admiral—quite a brass hat in his own country. Got C. B. after his name. Might be just as well if we played up to him. C. B.," I says, kind of lingering on the letters. "Must be some kind of a title."

But the Old Man don't impress easy. "Calf's bottom, like as not," he says. "The man's the spitting image of one." And with that he turns and goes into the chartroom.

Of course there's no dealing with a man like that, so I go back to my watchkeeping wondering what's going to break. For nearly a week nothing does, not even the weather. The convoy plows eastward, banging its way through a constant succession of gales and half gales.

I'm in the chartroom this particular day, talking to Melrose, who whispers that the Dodgers has just

been licked again, this time by the Giants. "Keep it dark," he says, "if you don't want the Old Man upset. Sparks is saying nothing."

I look out the chartroom door. Captain Dawson is up against the weather rail, the Admiral's smoking a cigarette in the port wing; and Simpson, who's been dodging around all morning with a sextant looking for a sun that isn't there, is standing at the head of the ladder with his mouth open. Melrose lets out a yelp. "What's the matter with the chief?"

Now, Mr. Ames, the chief engineer, is a short plump man who usually don't know a worry when he sees one. But the man climbing the bridge ladder, while he's the chief all right and still short and plump, looks like a man who's been living with a worry for a month. He goes over to the Old Man and makes a report. And he don't keep his voice down neither. "We'll have to stop her!" he yells. "Got a main thrust gearing down there running hotter than a hinge on hell's door. Might even be cracked. Can't tell till we get it down."

The news sets Captain Dawson back on his heels. Ordinarily he ain't a man to argy-bargy about something that can't be helped. But now in convoy and with a British admiral on board, he's worried about the reputation of his ship and I can see him shifting around in his mind looking for an out. Soon he gets it. "Been expecting it, chief," he booms. "Been expecting it ever since them lubbers back east fills No. 1 hold with steel billets and sticks us with a admiral." His eyes flicker to the port wing and come back to the chief. "How long you going to be, Mr. Ames?" But Mr. Ames, canny even for an engineer, only shrugs. Plainly it's going to be no mere five-minute stop.

COURSE we has to fall out of convoy. Captain Dawson rips a series of short blasts from our whistle to warn the ships coming up astern. They nudge past us, and only the howling of the wind keeps us from hearing the cursing of their watch officers. A prim gray-nosed destroyer shows up on our port bow, and her loud-speaker system hails us. "Having trouble?"

"Main thrust bearing running hot," the Old Man booms back at him. "We'll be stopped several hours."

"Sorry, captain, but you know the rules." The destroyer commander has a thin incisive voice. "The convoy can't wait. From now on you're on your own. Good luck to you."

"Wait!" the Old Man yells. "We got more trouble than that. We got a Jonah of a admiral here. Want to take him from us? If we has to keep him, there'll be a third strike on the ship sure."

There's a pause, like the commander is maybe trying to interpret what the Old Man has said into something that'll fit his English ears. Then the pause is broken. Only it's broken by the Admiral, whose eyes has turned a frosty blue again. "Never mind about me, commander," he roars. "Carry on with the rest of the convoy. I've always wanted to see a fool take enough rope to hang himself with. Even if it's only a baseball fool!"

Now, it ain't likely the destroyer commander, being British, can make head or tail of what he's heard. But discipline is discipline; and there's something in the Admiral's tone—a kind of get-the-hell-out-of-there something—that sets the destroyer's screws to churning. Soon she disappears into the mist, leaving us rolling in a loneliness that grips at my stomach. Stragglers and breakdowns is good submarine meat.

For a whole day we lies there, our bilge chocks showing with every roll of the ship; while down below the engineers sweat and curse to take down a main thrust bearing, set it right, and put it back in place again. And of course the tension on the ship keeps mounting higher and higher. It isn't only the submarines. They're bad enough, and the weather's vile, what with wind and fog. Then, too, there's the dead silence of the engines. When engines has been running a long time, a man gets used to them and likes their sound, so that when they stop suddenly it's like standing over a grave. There's all them things and they're all bad. But not even all of them put together has as much disturbing effect as the way the Old Man and the Admiral pace the bridge, one to starboard, the other to port, meeting in the middle only to glare at each other before turning.

Melrose watches them in their ceaseless marathon and sums it up for all of us: "If something don't happen soon, I'm going to scream!"

Then it does happen, only not the way we expect. It's Simpson, our pimple of a second mate, who bursts things wide open.

"THEM Dodgers has crumpled," he says. "Going and letting the Giants lick 'em!"

The silence while he's speaking is nothing to the silence that comes after he's through. Personally, I'm not giving a nickel for his chance of going on living.

Just then the Admiral comes out of the port wing. "The Giants?" he says. "Jolly good, what!" And I don't know whether the eddication I give him's gone and got soured or whether he's doing it on purpose.

Out of the corner of my eye I sees the Old Man hop into the chartroom and hop out again. There's wet on his forehead and it ain't all from the Atlantic Ocean. Of course he's forgotten all about the second mate by this time. Then I see he's got a shiny half dollar screwed into his eye in imitation of a monocle. He faces the Admiral, both men in the lee of the charthouse and maybe six inches between them. The skipper screws his eye a little tighter so the half dollar will hold. "Jolly good, what!" he says in a voice like he's got a hot potato in his mouth.

For a moment the Admiral stares

(*Continued on page 72*)

## HARDTACK

"Just water the garden, Hardtack. I'll do the window boxes."

# THIS MAN'S WAR

## CONDUCTED BY OLD SARGE

THERE is a good deal of misunderstanding on the subject of allotments. I get no end of letters from soldiers and their wives who can't get the dollars-and-cents picture straight.

Here's a schoolteacher in Salt Lake City, for example, who is married to a staff sergeant. She laments that he isn't sending her any money and asks:

"Am I not entitled to an allotment from the government, to be paid directly to me?"

The answer is no. The mandatory government allotment ($28 a month

Allotment?

for a soldier's wife) applies only to the last four grades of enlisted men: privates, privates first class, corporals, and line sergeants. Above that grade there is no mandatory, or automatic, allotment. Soldiers in the upper grades get higher pay, including added payments for dependency and quarters, and it is up to them to send the little woman some cash if they so desire.

The husband of our Salt Lake City schoolma'am, being a staff sergeant, gets $96 a month base pay, plus dependency and quarters allowances of $37.50. He can easily send money home directly out of his pay by making out a "Class E allotment." This is a voluntary allotment, and the Army is only too glad to take care of the bookkeeping and see that the money is sent home.

The mandatory allotments for the four lower grades are known as "Class A allotments."

An aviation cadet asks, "Why don't our wives get allotments? The missus and I used to manage all right on my corporal's base pay plus the allotment, but now I only get a straight $75 a month. How about it?"

Aviation cadets are not covered in the Allowance and Allotment Act, since they are appointed and not enlisted personnel. Maybe it is tough on them, but here's the angle: They are in a transition stage, training for better jobs. When they come out with those wings and lieutenant's bars, they'll be getting nice fat pay checks, with quarters and dependency allowances to boot.

A private stationed in Southwark Station, Philadelphia, writes an agitated letter about the allotments his wife *hasn't* been getting. "She has not received one for three months, and I have inquired four times but get no results. What shall I do?" he asks.

First, write to the Office of Dependency Benefits, 213 Washington Street, Newark, N. J., and give full details.

Second, if your wife is badly in need of cash, send her to the Army Emergency Relief officer at the Army post nearest her home. She can probably arrange a loan until the back allotments come through.

OLD SARGE.

* * *

Would you please advise me how to get a pair of shoes?

Last January I received a doctor's order for shoes which fit me, as I was issued a pair which were too small. I put my basic training in, but finished most of it in my civilian shoes. I wear size 13-AA. In March they wanted to give me a 13-AAA or a 13-A. But my feet are pretty bad, and one size was too tight and the other was wide enough to put my hand in with my foot.

So I refused them, as I still had my civilian shoes. Well, they are worn out now and I only have moccasins. I received permission to see our colonel, but he was angry because I did not take those other shoes in March. He said I would just have to wait and wear my moccasins in the meantime.

Sarge, my feet are bothering me. Couldn't you tell me what to do about all this?

*Pfc. J. P., Camp Breckinridge, Ky.*

**I don't mind telling you, Private, that letter of yours brought back memories. Not that I ever wore size 13-AA, but many's the blister I collected with my 10-Ds in the last war. We did a lot more footwork then, inasmuch as nobody had invented the jeep or peep.**

**Now, as to your problem. You did the wrong thing in going to your colonel. He's got bigger things to think about—even bigger than a size 13! Go to your Post Quartermaster (after getting permission from your C. O.) and state all the facts. He has full authority to requisition the proper shoes for you, no matter where he has to go to get 'em.**

* * *

I heard a rumor that soldiers weren't going to be required to shine their shoes any more. Is this true, Sarge?

*Pvt. R. D. Y., Camp Polk, La.*

**Well, this seems to be Old Shoe Week for this department. No, Private, what you heard is not true. But there's a certain basis of fact from which it probably originated. The Quartermaster Corps recently announced that it was stocking up on a new footgear, known as Army Service Shoe, Type 3, which has the upper leather turned inside out, giving it a rough, unfinished appearance. Already, in some quarters, this is being called the "shineless shoe," since the rough leather doesn't need to be shined, and won't even take a shine if you try.**

* * *

I was inducted into the Army on February 25, 1941. We have been overseas for over a year now and have seen a lot [Censored]. What I would like to find out is this: In 1925 I joined the Naval Reserve, and I got my discharge in 1939. I lost my discharge paper soon after and have never been able to find it. Am I entitled to longevity pay?

*Pfc. W. McD.,*
*Southwest Pacific,*
*c/o Postmaster, San Francisco.*

**You bet you are entitled to it! And I'm glad to tell you how to get it. Write to the Chief of the Bureau of Enlisted Personnel,**

Sizes

**Navy Department, Washington, D. C., and request a copy of your discharge. When you get it, take the matter up with your C. O. or the Personnel Adjutant, who will tell you the next step to take, depending on how your outfit is situated out there. You are entitled to longevity pay of 5 per cent for each three years' service in the Naval Reserve or National Guard.**

* * *

Would like some information regarding the following title: Lt. John Doe, Sn. C. What does "Sn. C." stand for?

*R. B. B., Albany, N. Y.*

**It means "Sanitary Corps."**

Could you give us some information, Sarge, on just how the benefits of government life insurance are paid? Is the money all paid out in a lump sum, or is it staggered over a number of years? My friends and I are puzzled about this.

*T. S. McS., Phoenix, Ariz.*

**Payment to beneficiaries under National Service Life Insurance (which is what you mean by "government insurance") is not made in a lump sum. If the beneficiary is under thirty years of age, the money is paid in 240 equal monthly installments, covering a period of twenty years. If the beneficiary is over thirty years of age, it is paid in 120 equal monthly installments, covering a period of ten years. Payments begin immediately after proof of death has been established to the satisfaction of the U. S. Veterans Administration.**

* * *

Why is it that a girl is laughed at when she says, "I want to be a flyer"? I really don't think it is a laughing matter. I am eighteen years old and a high-school graduate. Would it be possible for me to join the WAFS? I am eager to become a flyer and I am certain I have what it takes.

*B. J., Los Angeles, Calif.*

**From the plucky tone of your letter, I'd say you have what it takes, too. But let's look this thing over a little. The WAFS (Women's Auxiliary Ferrying Squadron) is part of the Air Transport Command. Only licensed pilots are eligible, and they must have logged over 500 hours in planes of over 200 horsepower. Also they need cross-country flying experience.**

**In other words, the need is for women who are already accomplished flyers. The Army hasn't time in wartime to train women and girls how to fly for this auxiliary service. We're using all the training planes and instructors we've got to teach fighting men how to fly.**

**'Fraid you'll have to wait a while.**

* * *

How can I go about entering the Army for VOC [Volunteer Officer Candidates] training?

*G. L., Pottsville, Pa.*

**Sorry, you can't go about it at all. Volunteer Officer Candidate schools have been suspended since last February. The Army now has its officer production line running at full tilt through the regular OCS program.**

**Formerly, men in deferred classifications were permitted to volunteer for officer training under the VOC set-up. But with the deferred classes shrinking, such an arrangement is no longer practicable. You'll have to wait until you're inducted and try for OCS then.**

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This department of Liberty is for the men and women of the armed forces of the United States: Army, Navy, Marine Corps, and Coast Guard, also their families and friends. The identity of letter writers will not be disclosed without their permission. Address your letters to: "Old Sarge," c/o Liberty, 205 East 42d St., New York.


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# RUSSIA AND JAPAN *MUST* FIGHT

Continued from Page 21

set up an impregnable "Wall of China."

This wall was visualized as an unbroken chain of islands from the Arctic to the tropics, screening China off from the Pacific Ocean. Japan itself would be the center of the chain. The first link was the Kurile Islands, occupied in 1875. The next was Formosa, seized from China in 1894. The third was southern Sakhalin, taken from Russia in 1905.

Northern Sakhalin became the fourth link in the chain in the manner described above. The fifth was the development of numerous islands in the vast Caroline and Marshall archipelagos as bases. Then the Japanese bided their time until Pearl Harbor, when they finished the job in a hurry. The new Chinese Wall extends from Kiska to the East Indies, Singapore, Sumatra, and Burma. China is virtually cut off from the outside world. The stupendous strategic dream has become a reality. The only present danger close to Japan lies in eastern Siberia. Russia is the enemy the Japanese secretly fear above all others.

FOR four years the Russians made no serious effort to contest the Japanese occupation, but in 1922 an uneducated ex-staff sergeant who called himself Blucher sold the Soviet authorities on the value of eastern Siberia.

This led to the second major move of the undeclared war. The Russians decided to reclaim Vladivostok and the maritime provinces. They shrewdly figured that Japanese interest was beginning to focus on the rich resources of Manchuria and China—there were no comparable attractions in the Siberian wilderness. So the Reds proposed that Japan withdraw her troops from Siberia. In exchange, they would promise not to interfere with Japanese ambitions in Manchuria.

This sounded fair enough to Tokyo. Its soldiers would be freed for service in more profitable areas. On October 25, 1922, the Japanese evacuated Vladivostok after destroying its fortifications. They thought they were leaving behind an empty shell.

But as soon as the Russians moved back in, they got busy with the same energy which was to confound the Nazis twenty years later. With a flood of forced immigration, eastern Siberia was rapidly converted into a powerful bastion. The Japanese soon began to rue their bargain. A growing bear was breathing down their necks. It was too late for them to return to Siberia without a costly fight, so they tried to devise other ways to harass the Russians.

Their first step was to bribe Mongolian chieftains to raid the Trans-Siberian Railway. They also sent their fishing fleet up Siberian rivers, to the intense irritation of the Russians.

By 1928, mutual annoyance had reached such a pitch that a head-on clash seemed imminent. But neither Moscow nor Tokyo wanted to fight. They played poker instead, and the game ended in the first so-called fishery treaty.

By the terms of the pact, the Japanese agreed to limit their fishing operations to seventy specified lots in Siberian waters. Canning factories (actually disguised fortresses) had been built close to most of these lots. The Japanese further promised to stay out of Russian rivers and to evacuate northern Sakhalin.

The Russians conceded a lease on part of the Sakhalin coal mines and oil wells, which the Japanese adapted into fortifications also. Beyond that, the Russians sold the section of the Trans-Siberian Railway from Chita to Harbin (through the heart of Manchuria) to Japan.

The treaty was to run until 1936 and was then to be renewed for twelve years more. Both governments expected to be in a much stronger position in eight years. If either were enough stronger than the other by then, there would be no renewal. In a very real sense, the pact was an instrument of war.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**There are no hopeless situations; there are only men who have grown helpless about them.—*Carlyle.***

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

When Hitler came to power, the Western democracies failed to see the writing on the wall. But Russia and Japan got the idea and began, with significantly contrasting methods, to try to line up the loyalties of Asiatic peoples.

In February, 1934, the Japanese called a Pan-Asiatic conference at Dairen. Nine nations—or alleged nations—attended: Japan, China, Manchukuo, Korea, Thailand, India, Malaya, Afghanistan, and Assam. The puppet conference naturally voted for national independence under Japanese overlordship. The formula was strikingly similar to Hitler's "new order" for Europe, announced some years later. It suited Japan's purposes to stimulate Asiatic nationalism.

The Russians countered this move by reversing the Japanese tactics, paradoxically killing the spirit of nationalism by encouraging it among the assorted Asiatic peoples in their domain. The more Soviet republics the better, so far as Moscow was concerned. As the U. S. S. R. treated all these republics alike, regardless of racial or cultural variations, nationalism soon withered.

With true "master-race" psychology, the Japanese appointed their own high officials when they infiltrated other countries. The Russians not only let tribal chiefs run their local affairs but heaped attentions on them to make them feel important. All through the '30s, the Russians were winning the battle of nationalisms with Japan by enlisting enthusiastic comrade-citizens, while the Japanese acquired only reluctant vassals.

In 1936 the fishery treaty expired. The Japanese, becoming involved in China, requested a twelve-year renewal. The Russians politely refused. Moscow informed Tokyo that the fisheries had been turned over by the government to a commercial company called Dalryba, in Vladivostok, with which the Japs would have to deal. To save face, Tokyo also formed private corporations to handle negotiations.

After a long tug-of-war, a compromise agreement was reached for one year. It has been renegotiated on an annual basis ever since. Gradually the Russians have bargained and bluffed themselves into a better position. Japan, tied up in China, has had to make concessions. The original sixty-five canning-factory fortresses have been reduced to nineteen.

The Japanese still have leases on coal-mine fortresses and oil wells of northern Sakhalin, but the Russians have found ways to harass them by delaying visas for Japanese workers. These tactics reduced Japan's oil production on Sakhalin from 200,000 tons in 1933 to less than 100,000 in 1940.

There have been shooting incidents along the Manchurian border several times in recent years, notably the big one at Changkufeng in 1938. This was no border-patrol skirmish. About three divisions were involved on each side. Three weeks of fierce fighting ended in a stalemate, after which both combatants decided to forget the whole thing.

If either had gained a decisive advantage during the "incident," the shooting war would have started there and then.

It may start that way in future. Meanwhile the undeclared war of nationalities and fishing-fleet maneuvers rages endlessly behind the scenes.

IF and when the war becomes overt, the opposing forces will shape up as follows:

According to German sources, the Japanese have a first-rate army of 800,000 in Manchukuo. In peacetime this army was provided with 500 tanks and 1,000 planes of the most modern types. The numbers are undoubtedly much larger now.

The Japanese "fisher fleet," occupying strategic areas in Siberian waters in the fishing season from May to October, has become a formidable branch of the Japanese Navy. It numbers close to 30,000 small, fast, powerful vessels. The fleet can probably carry six divisions, including light tanks and artillery, and undoubtedly did carry the forces which occupied the Aleutians.

(*Continued on page 56*)

Continued from Page 32

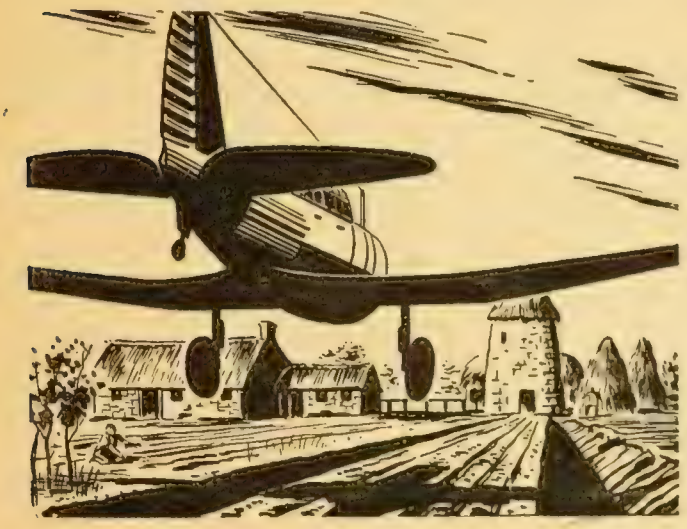
not be able to fly the airplane. Perhaps we shall have another soon, one with reliable brakes."

As soon as he turned and, with a friendly salute, walked away, I recognized him. It was Michel Detroyat. In 1936 I, with thousands of others, had watched him at the air races in Los Angeles.

Another time at Brest I had taken off to make a short test flight, and pulled away from the field out over the steep sloping hillside, only to have the engine cough and quit before I had gained five hundred feet of altitude. Water in the gasoline nearly ended my career as a flyer in a hurry. I had to pick the clearest place available to land—a muddy farm road leading directly to a silo. It was flanked by a ditch on either hand and ran steeply up the side of the hill.

I lowered the flaps, quickly extended the landing gear, which was halt retracted, and plopped the ship down on the narrow road. Skidding and praying, I managed to stop with the propeller not ten feet from the rugged-looking silo.

The old farmer, a veteran of the Battle of the Marne,



could speak English. When we had the chickens and cattle quieted down, we sat in his neat little cottage for a cup of tea and a chat.

By the middle of February, 1940, test flying in France had drawn close to the end for all the Americans there. Owing to the Neutrality Act, our flying was supposed to have ceased before that, though some of the boys stayed on as late as April before leaving. Boarding a train in Paris, I found it, like all others, overflowing with soldiers, évacués, baggage. I tried to make my way down the aisle with both hands full of suitcases, when I stumbled in the darkness. I landed on the floor along with several people near me.

There was some French swearing, and then some one yelled, "What's the matter, Yank? Can't you stand on your feet?"

We struggled up, and with the aid of a flashlight I saw the speaker to be a blond, handsome man dressed in an American sports suit.

"Are you from Brooklyn?" I asked.

Assuring me he wasn't from Brooklyn or any other part of America, he gave me his card, which read "Comte Philippe de Pret-Roose de Calesberg." It seemed that the count was from Belgium. He told me quietly he was being pursued and was trying to get to the border.

He said in a matter-of-fact tone, "The Germans wish to retain me in Belgium, and my father, being much afraid of another March, wanted me to leave. He had his own reasons. So I left."

We enjoyed several hours of talk about the war, his country, what was likely to happen in Belgium any day. He had spent several years in New York and was a civilian pilot, which gave us much in common. I, being little familiar with the melodramatic intrigues of the Old World, made somewhat light of his talk of being followed by agents.

Finally we both dozed off in a corner, and when I awakened the count had disappeared. To this day, I wonder what became of Comte Philippe de Pret-Roose de Calesberg, the dashing young Belgian who disappeared that night on the French train. This episode proved to be the only incident on the long trip to America.

Back on Broadway, it was nice to hear the clamor of the traffic, the dance bands, the paper boys, and see the millions of lights. It was nice also to report at the plant and see the new models of sleek-looking fighting planes ready to be flown. I was glad to be back again in the normal swing of test flying, to step into a new ship and, by experimenting, find those answers which would make better fighting ships.

IT is surprising how many people even now shy away from flight as from something mysterious. But that feeling is fast becoming a thing of the past. Only the test pilot remains as the daredevil who has a hankering for "sticking his neck out." Yet there are many elements in the job that the layman does not understand—elements that furnish the logic in this hazardous occupation and make the test pilot at once an aerodynamist, engineer, and mechanic, as well as a pilot of some repute.

First of all, you can take your hat off to the aircraft engineers and aerodynamists who dream, design, and build our modern fighting planes. To them belongs the credit due a group of air-minded geniuses who have brought the United States into first place in aviation. It remains for the test pilot to take his well regulated risks so that these fighting planes will answer the call.

If you had completed the course at the Pensacola Naval Air Station as late as five years ago, speeds of two hundred or three hundred miles an hour would still have been fast. We used to sit back and hold reins to five hundred horse power, casually observing five or six instruments and fingering three or four knobs. But today the job of the pilot has grown with his ship, with the increased speeds, altitudes, and horse power of his engine.

Calculations before a test flight now run in terms of the speed of sound—above seven hundred miles an hour! The altitude for a modern fighting plane is no longer twenty-five thousand feet. It is above forty thousand feet and still mounting. A pilot knows that at forty thousand feet it is a matter of a short few seconds before he would die without oxygen. If he bailed out and attempted to fall free to a lower altitude before pulling the rip cord of his parachute, he would be unconscious before getting there. So another item is added to the pilot's equipment—an oxygen bail-out bottle.

The test pilot flying a modern experimental fighting plane is now confronted by a maze of instruments that he must understand and read in order to bring down from his flight pertinent information. From such information his ship can be corrected and improved. These comprise the pilot's workshop. These fifty or sixty dials, knobs, switches, and instruments form his tools. The test pilot need but add his data board and clock, and, using the brains God gave him, he is set to go to work.

You will probably find that each test pilot of today's super war machines has his own philosophy about his specialized job. He has his own feelings about what goes with it, his own fears or superstitions. We often feel as did Kelley, whose plane began to shed parts in a dive recently.

One of the parts was a large landing-gear door, which when it hit the tail section cut cleanly through the elevator, leaving only about a third of the flipper intact. Kelley moved the stick back to pull out of the dive. He felt the softness of the control when at five hundred miles an hour it should have been taut.

"Hell, I knew I was in a pack of trouble," he told me. "You know you can't bail out at a speed like that, and it is stinking just to sit there and wait."

His next statement almost sums up a test pilot's way of thinking at a time like that.

"I guess I just did what I could with what I had left."

he said. "I found myself holding the mushy stick back in my stomach, watching the long arc of my pull-out, wondering if we would have enough sky. Well—we did!"

Not long ago one of our junior test pilots, a comparative youngster, came down from a long grueling engine check flight. Every one else had left the ready room and gone home for the day.

"You know," he said, tossing his helmet and goggles onto the desk and dropping his parachute in a heap on the floor, "sometimes I can't help wondering why the

devil we ever got mixed up in this racket in the first place. What do we see in it? Why do you and I do it? Haven't you ever asked yourself things like that?"

"Sure," I said, "lots of times."

"Well, you know," Dick Burroughs went on, "sometimes I ask myself just what the devil there is about this business that I like. Take today, for instance. After flying all morning on those aileron tests in Number Two, I choke down a sandwich and take Number Five up for engine-cooling tests. For two hours and forty minutes I sat up there at twenty thousand feet. I was cold and tired and ached all over. All the way down to the field I got to thinking to myself: Maybe I'm not such a smart guy, after all—even if I can fly these heaps around the sky and bring down the right answers.

"But of course I know why I like test flying," he continued, "or just flying, for that matter, and I'd never be satisfied to do anything else. There is something about seeing the ground go by that gets me. Why, every time I go over a city, I always get a kick out of watching all the people down there squirming around, pounding the pavements, while I sit up above, high and mighty in the good virgin air. Don't you feel that way at times, Guy?"

"Yes," I said. "I guess all pilots do at times. That's why they become so attached to flying. It sort of takes them away, gives them an escape from the everyday realities of life."

He wrinkled his brow thoughtfully. "It sure is funny," he went on. "You climb into the cockpit and fasten a safety belt around your middle. It's tight and uncomfortable. The engine grinds away, hour after hour, while you sit there writing down data. The oxygen mask isn't anything to brag about. It gets wet on the inside and makes your face feel messy. So you watch the dials, concentrating until you're dizzy on holding the altimeter steady as a rock while you check temperatures. And, to top it off, I can hear bells ringing in my head for a couple of hours after getting back on the ground!"

He shook his head and tossed his worn-out chewing gum into the wastebasket. "My ears are still ringing from those three long dives. And yet," he said, "I'm nuts about it. I don't care what you say, there is something to test flying that gets you."

I have always had the feeling that a man who loves to fly is something of a dreamer. Not in the manner of a fellow lying on his back in the sun with a straw in his mouth, but maybe that man grown up, in a cockpit with a pair of wings attached, looking up through the windshield into the endless sky above or far down below to the earth he came from.

Some days the practical side of test flying—almost routine—keeps you pinned to your task like a draftsman at his board. You concentrate fixedly on your job. As relief from such days, the test pilot welcomes the few opportunities to talk with other pilots, to keep the broader horizon in view so that the romance of his career does not disappear.

"No one wants to get hurt," Dick said. "And we damned good and well know that we get plenty scared at times."

"Sure you get scared at times," I said. "Any test pilot who says he never gets frightened is crazy. But look at it this way: The thing's a challenge, just like any other work, sport, or game you enter. It says, 'I dare you'—and you accept."

"That's right," he said. "It's a sort of challenge. As long as the fight is going on and you have a chance to win or lose, you have no fear. What really bothers you at times is when some unforeseen thing slips up like a bolt from the blue."

"Yes, but even then it's only momentary," I said. "And, after all, isn't that what makes test flying so exciting? There's still a 'something' that keeps the adventure of it alive, that puts romance into our business for you and me."

Dick laughed. "Sure," he said. "You're right. Even with a sore fanny, a head full of bells, and a tired back, I still sit up there and shiver and like it. Every flight will always be a new deal to me."

I thought to myself, How nearly alike all pilots think about their profession. His work is a joy to him, a challenge. He tries to make every take-off better, every landing perfect. He knows that not all people can go up where he goes, can look down as he looks down! He knows he is closer to the elements, the fury of the storm, the sparkle of the sun, the twinkle of the stars, than those below him.

Recently we were sitting at lunch in the dining room of our cafeteria when I received a call from the hangar at the field. There had been a forced landing. A Grumman shipboard fighter had made a beautiful dead-stick landing into the thirty-knot wind that was blasting our airport. I immediately went over to see what the difficulty had been and why a strange ship sat down here. In the ready room I found the pilot.

"Connie!"

"Guy!"

It was Connie Converse of Grumman Aircraft, a former shipmate I hadn't seen for several years.

"What in thunder happened?" I asked.

"Guy," he said, "I just got scared pea-green. I was making a speed run at about thirty thousand, and the engine all of a sudden shook like a scared darky and started tossing oil. Boy, what a mess! Then the bearings must have burned out. It froze up solid. The only field I could see was yours, and was I glad to see it!"

CONNIE went on to tell that he had watched the big propeller spin to a sickening halt and stick there. He had known then that he would have to land with a "dead stick." To make matters worse, he had been unable to extend his landing flaps and therefore the landing speed of his ship was dangerously high. Landing any modern fighting plane where you want it at a hundred miles an hour and with a dead engine is a tough assignment. Bernie, our tower operator, said Connie had done a swell job and had stopped rolling just at the edge of the field. Connie Converse has done more hard and dangerous demonstrations of airplanes than probably any other test pilot in the business, including testing the famous Wildcat fighters.

"You know, Guy," he said as we sat down in the ready room, each eager to hear the other's stories, "some day I'm going to quit this racket. I'm getting a little weary of this sticking your neck out day after day, doing dive tests and demonstrations." I knew he didn't really mean it, but that idea sounds awfully good to all test pilots at times.

There's one thing about test flying—life isn't dull. The

test pilot may go on for days doing such things as power-plant tests, checking stability, hunting for a trace of CO in his airplane. But when he is doing a demonstration, which is really the proof of the pudding, business can be very exciting. Toughest to the test pilot doing a final demonstration of a service ship are the dives.

I still remember the first time I messed with a terminal-velocity dive. It was shortly before I left the fleet to take my new job. Our squadron was out to bomb the old battleship Utah, which we were using as a practice target. Through the earphones came the command, "Bombing Two—attack! attack!" The skipper swung slightly to the left, and the squadron of eighteen planes trailed behind. I waited for him to push over. Suddenly he pulled up instead, then over and down. A peel-off attack! We hadn't gone in this way since my first week out of Pensacola! The squadron, one by one, followed at close intervals—and then it was my turn.

The minute I rolled over and started down, I knew I was in for a really steep and fast dive. My stomach was pressing hard against the belt when the ship came into sight. I was far too steep. Down we came, the stubby little fighter half on its back, then vertical, screaming against the strain. All the way down, I kept repeating to myself, "Stay together, baby, stay together." But at the bottom, just as I started the pull-out, something flashed across my mind and said, "What are you worrying about? This ship was tested for this."

All fear of safety for the plane and myself had disappeared when the thought flashed across my mind, It has been tested for this.

I've never forgotten that incident. If I was confident of my ship, other pilots must be. Other pilots must have found themselves in similar predicaments, maybe at Tulagi, at Coral Sea, at Midway, at Kiska.

IT is good to know that the fighting pilots who are on the front lines daily, going about their business of getting to the enemy first, can feel confidence in their planes. The test pilot has already demonstrated what that plane can do.

Actually, Uncle Sam expects and gets two complete demonstrations—preliminary and final. Army or Navy officers witness the preliminary flights at the factory: the high-speed runs, fast-climb performances, take-off ability, maneuvers, and moderate dives. If everything goes well in this dress rehearsal, it's on to Washington for the final demonstration. It is essentially the same as the preliminary, except that now the plane must perform all the prescribed maneuvers of its class, spins, speed runs, and acrobatics. It must meet the requirements for the most severe diving speeds and sudden pull-outs, up to the limiting speed of the ship itself.

"Guyton, we want you to take the new experimental job to Washington and put on the final demonstration for the Navy," the chief engineer said one day as I walked into the office after flight.

"Swell," I said. "What do we have to do?" The boss got out the contract and we went over it. "Dean Taylor and Irwin Ruff will go down as the mechanics on the ship," I was told. "That should put you at ease on that part of it, as they both know the plane like a brother."

I had been in the business long enough to realize that a pilot, anywhere at any time, is only as safe as his mechanics' work. Dean and Irwin were the best, the type whose word any pilot would take.

The chief engineer concluded. "That's about it," he said, folding the contract and putting it in a long brown envelope.

I got up to go, feeling a tingle of pride at being allowed to do a final demonstration on one of the world's number one fighting planes. Several days later, after a quick flight to Washington, the great moment had arrived. The night before I had had a good nine-hour sleep, remembering what Bullard, one of our older pilots at the factory, had said: "Save your binge for after the demonstration. You'll understand why as soon as it's over."

"O. K., Guy, we're all set." The commanding officer of the air station gave me last-minute instructions. "The observing plane, an O3U-1, will locate you and circle as you go through the demonstration. If you run into any difficulty at any time, just come on down and we'll talk it over. This is your first, isn't it?" he said, finishing off the coffee in his cup.

I signed my flight clearance.

"You're in luck," he said, as we walked out of the operations ready room. "The air is smooth for diving and there aren't any clouds in the way."

So, flight plan in one hand and oxygen mask in the other, I walked out to the plane.

"She's all set." Dean had taken a last speck of oil off the windshield. The engine was warm, turning over just fast enough to keep from fouling up. It, also, seemed anxious to get started. Above, the day was clear, with just a trace of clouds penciling across the sky some thirty thousand feet overhead. Government inspectors had combed every foot of the plane for any missing cotter pin, safety wire, or loose bolt. The acceleration *(G)* recorder, calibrated altimeter, and the camera were all installed. (The camera is usually mounted behind your head to take pictures of the instrument panel in the dives, recording the data for future reference.)

I pulled the safety belt up as tightly as possible and drew the shoulder harness down snugly. Five minutes of checking the engine and putting a finger on everything in the cockpit—an old habit of mine, which went back to the days of flying from the deck of a carrier. My brain hashed out the motto I had learned long ago, "Take nothing for granted!"

A "thumbs up" cleared the chocks; and "Baby"—my pet name for this experimental ship—started to roll.

At the end of the runway I checked again on engine operation and pushed home the throttle. Baby happily shook herself free and tucked her wheels up into their hatboxes, and we were out of this world.

The climb was a breeze. At ten thousand feet, several minutes later, the air was smooth and crisp with coldness. Any nervousness I had felt before the flight was already gone. It was my show now, and flying was my business. The engine droned with Swiss precision, and the white needles held steady in their appointed rounds against the black dials. Temperatures and pressures were normal, and nothing was amiss. I finally spotted the observing plane. The pilot had me in sight and was ready. So was I. "O. K., Uncle Sam," I said to myself, "here's your next fighter, and it's a beauty." Then, for luck, I crossed my fingers around the stick and hoped I could make Baby perform as I knew she could.

Two loops came first, so over went the nose, but just for a second or two. There! The speed was right, and back came the stick. The nose cut swiftly through the still blue, the sun, then the blue again, and back around the earth. I concentrated only on keeping those wings level, not letting the ship stall out as we went over the top, inverted. Centrifugal force pinned me against the seat, with head light and feet heavy. I wasn't sure about that one; it had seemed that we were slightly off heading as the nose again rose to the horizon. Once more, now—a repeat. The observing plane, I noted, had pulled in closer to watch. The second loop came out better.

NOW the slow rolls. The loops might have been O. K. I wasn't off much on that first one. A hasty check of oil pressure, fuel pressure, oil temperature, engine revolutions. Then, speed right again, nose just a bit above the horizon, throttle open. There it is! Over with the stick, slowly, on with the rudder. The nose gets heavy, wants to drop. Hold it. I hung on the belt, corkscrewing into the horizon beyond, thinking how funny the belly of a plane must look sticking up at the sky—like a snake rolling over. Then, slowly up on the other side as loose drops of oil, dust, and bits of wire settle again to the bottom of the fuselage.

Once more. Over, under—keep the nose level, up. The speed picked up too much as I got the ship on her back; I knew the nose had sagged. Well, if the Navy wanted, I guess they could throw that one out too! But we were around again. If a fancy diver could do his full twists as smoothly, I thought, he wouldn't do so badly.

I steadied out now, quickly checked all the instruments, and took a hasty look at the ground in order to stay in position over the field in case of any emergency.

Now, "Ready for the spins, ready to start those wicked gyrations which have caused innumerable crashes in aviation from the time of the Wright brothers. Baby had to come out of these nose-down, nearly out-of-control spins on the proper heading. Well, she would if she weren't all fouled up by poor piloting technique!

Pull her back, stall, let her spin. I eased the stick, closed the throttle, and kicked hard rudder. Down went the nose, heading for the ground, and the rotation wound it up faster and faster, making of earth and sky together a crazy patchwork.

As the spin tightened, I had trouble counting the turns, and nausea took charge of me. Now find the reference mark, that small town beyond the lake, stop the spin, ease it out and up. We came out on heading.

Repeat to the other side—and use more rudder, dope; the ship can't act for you! O. K. She came out nicely, but I felt "woozy" in the stomach. Poking my head out of the cabin, I breathed the clean cold air. The wind was cutting but refreshing, for I could feel myself getting tired, the tiredness starting in the small of my back.

Immelmanns now. Down with the nose, diving—zoom up to a half loop—roll out. Upside down with the nose steady on a cloud just above the horizon, I slowly rolled the ship up on its side and eased it until again the wings were level. I knew the ship did beautiful Immelmanns, and I purposely exaggerated the maneuver to make it look as slow and smooth as possible.

THE observing plane was off to the south, circling lazily, as I pulled on the oxygen mask and checked the pressure. There were fifteen hundred pounds and it was O. K. Now the fast climb up for the dive, and a thorough check of engine and plane on the way up. I scrutinized everything I could see. Intermittent glances at the flow-meter showed my oxygen was functioning correctly. The cabin was closed now, for it was nearly thirty below at this altitude above thirty thousand feet. Camera on, check-off list complied with, everything seemed right —and it had better be! I had full confidence in my ship and had many such dives behind me, but just the same I found myself saying, "Come on, Baby, stay with me, and let's give 'em their money's worth."

The observing plane! I banked to one side and then the other to find it. There it was, far below, circling slowly off to one side, waiting. I sat back and relaxed for a short breather. Those twenty-odd minutes of continuous acrobatics, vertical turns, spinning—and the fast climb—had called on a lot of determined effort for their required precision. The small of my back had a decided crook. It brought home a realization of what the fighting pilots in actual combat are going through, hour after hour, as they patrol and fight for four or five hours at a stretch.

Almost set. The field was a tiny patch of crossed ribbons, from five miles up. The Potomac was a thread, a silver thread, that wound south and east until lost in the faint haze. Now! I shoved the stick forward easy at first. The nose dropped away as the altimeter stopped and started to unwind. Eyes on the accelerometer—there! Zero lift (vertical dive to the average layman).

The speed pointer rushed by the numbers as the wind picked up that howl which would soon settle into a whining shriek. The safety belt held me hunched over and breathing in the mask came hard. My eyes ran repeatedly over the instruments in order—altimeter, air speed, accelerometer—altimeter, air speed, accelerometer. I shot glances at the wings, cowling, and the earth, way down past the sparkling propeller. The air speed literally bounced. Two seventy, ninety, three forty, fifty, four hundred, and still it moved. It seemed as though I were dropping like a thunderbolt. The altitude pointer revolved in almost a blur. The wind was a steady scream, and the controls tightened with its force as though bound. Down past the nose the earth suddenly was outgrowing its Lilliputian size. Such a dive is a matter of some fifty-five seconds, but for those fifty-five seconds the pilot is busier, concentrating harder, than he would ordinarily find possible.

The ship was tight as a drum, and we raced through what seemed like a fathomless void. Terminal velocity! Things want to stand still but they don't. They want to move faster but can't. A dulled undertone catches the shriek as the air-speed indicator remains steady. That's it. I was glad. The earth was getting too close now. My ears were popping. No time to swallow or force a yawn.

I watched the accelerometer. I had to get the required acceleration *(G)* on the pull-out or the dive was no good and would have to be repeated. The pull sent the pointer up, up past the numbers as I strained. Four, five, six—There! The wings were bending now, twisting, but they were supposed to. Smart designers and engineers had built those rounded stubs, and they knew how to do it.

Gray mist was covering me as I labored to see through it and watch the earth. A brutish weight forced me to bend down, down, to relax tired arms. "Mr. *G*" was taking charge. Walls and waterfalls seemed to tumble down and rush past my ears, to topple on into the beyond. The feeling is strange and perturbing, and yet there is no actual pain, no loss of physical control except in respect to sight and ability to sit straight.

But quickly now, ease off. Complete the pull-out gently. I had got the necessary acceleration, and that was what was needed. The gray mist blacking me out receded like murky tidewater as the weight doubling me over started to let up. Baby's nose poked up across the horizon and finally slanted once more against the sky. The speed slackened. I yelled to myself above the engine roar, happy that the job was done.

Finally, when the speed had backed off to normal, I opened the cabin, stretched my back and neck, and looked for the field. I eased around the traffic circle, got the green light from the control tower, and rubbed the wheels on the long black runway.

As they tapped the chocks, I grinned back at Dean and Irwin, cut the switch, ignored the crowd walking up to the ship from the hangar, and just closed my eyes in relaxation.

Before I left the field, the commander came up. "O. K., Guyton, nice show. As far as we are concerned, it is satisfactory and you won't have anything to repeat." Then he winked. "You need some practice on loops and rolls, but you fellows can't have too much time for that sort of thing!" I was glad to hear him say that. Test pilots have precious little time to spend keeping their air stunting in top form.

I answered that the ship was pretty nice and I was sure the Navy would like it. I wanted to say, "Commander, that airplane is not just 'pretty nice'—it's elegant!" You get well attached to a ship you have sweated over for months and finally seen through its critical tests.

That final demonstration left me feeling as if I had just played sixty minutes of tough football. The strain of the acrobatics at high altitude, the ear-bulging dive, and the tail-extracting pull-out left me all but dozing on the way to my hotel.

To me there was only one interesting or necessary thing left in life. That was a good ten hours of sleep, and I wasted no time in getting it. I knew well now why Bullard had told me to save my "binge" until after the tests. Only now I was too tired for bingeing. I was one test pilot who was tested out, and the President himself couldn't have roused my enthusiasm for anything but sleep.

I SOON found out that a test pilot in today's "flying forties" does not acquire his title overnight—not if he is doing experimental and engineering flying on fast pursuit planes.

In some ways, he is not unlike a New York cab driver, whose precise judgment and unerring grasp of the principles of predetermined maneuvering are something you can never fail to admire. In his judgment of traffic lights he has no equal. If you ask him how he learned to drive so fast yet carefully, he will nine times out of ten answer you with one word—experience.

This word also accounts for a test pilot's rating. But you soon learn that experience in test flying is somewhat more difficult to build up than in most trades. The pilot can't crash too many planes in learning his job, nor can he make too many mistakes; for even one may be too many.

It happened like that to Lieutenant Colonel Bill Saunders of the Marine Corps, after he had taken off in a new Navy fighter. There was no out. Three minutes after he had lifted his stubby single-seater for its last test, the United States had lost a fine, competent officer and a gentleman.

I had met Bill as I was completing a demonstration on a new experimental single-seater fighter. One of his narrow escapes occurred later that same week, while I was waiting for him to land after his fourth flight in our new ship. Captain Bill had taken off to do a fast climb to a high altitude, higher in fact than we had ever pushed this particular plane. The sun was sinking low in the west, and I was worried. Finally, just at dusk, after nearly two hours, the ship approached and made a normal landing. When he had taken off his flight gear and we had reached the flight office, Bill still had said little about the flight. He looked a little puzzled.

"You know," he said, his brow wrinkling, "that sure was a funny flight. I guess I'll have to get some better oxygen equipment. Funniest thing. I climbed to thirty-six thousand feet, leveled off, and started a speed run. I had just checked my oxygen. It appeared normal, and I'm pretty sure I was getting enough when I started to level off. Then, you know," he said, "I set the r.p.m. and closed the cowl flaps. Then I began to laugh and ask myself why I closed them! My mind seemed to be full of silly thoughts. Why should I close the cowl flaps? Why should I write down my instrument readings? I remember laughing about it—actually laughing out loud and saying to myself: 'This is a silly damned business to be in, reading temperatures, closing cowl flaps, making a lot of noise in an airplane way up from every one.'"

I lit a cigarette and drank in every word Bill was saying. Here was the first time I had ever heard any one tell about his actual thoughts, sensations, and reactions when he began to pass out from a lack of oxygen. At thirty-five thousand feet, it is a matter of only thirty or thirty-five seconds, six or seven breaths, before a person becomes completely unconscious and dies if his oxygen fails him!

"I STILL didn't know what the score was," Bill went on. "And actually I remember feeling happy and unconcerned as all hell. Like I had just downed a few cocktails. How long this went on I don't know," he said. "Probably a few seconds or so. Then it began to get blue all around, and I completely forgot about keeping track of where I was going or where I might be. I got to thinking the thing over to myself. I remember now, something like a dream.

"I was going along sorta talking to myself: 'Now let's see. Oh, yes, I've got to make a speed run. A speed run! Now, how in the hell do I make a speed run? The cowl flaps are closed—but who cares about cowl flaps? Kinda silly, this making a lot of noise when there isn't any one around to listen to it. Oh, well—speed run.' Imagine a guy talking like that to himself!"

Bill scratched his sandy mop. "Guess about that time I began to realize something wasn't right. I still felt like just sitting there and acting silly, but it was getting dark blue in front of my eyes and my head began to feel light and unnatural."

"It was a darned good thing you did begin to feel something was wrong," I said. "You would have gone to sleep and stayed that way." It was almost incredible for one pilot flying at thirty-five thousand feet to realize, *in time*, that something was wrong. Bill went on to tell how he finally got sense enough to shove the nose over fast and come diving down to safety. At twenty thousand feet he managed to get his bail-out bottle turned on and the pipe-stem in his mouth. After a few minutes he felt better and things had cleared up. By now that familiar headache caused by lack of oxygen was hitting him and he was feeling anything but spry. We found some aspirin and urged him home to bed.

There was more that justified Bill's prestige than simply his flying. Bill was a complete and earnest friend of all his flying mates, both those above him and those below him. One day he showed up at the plant bringing a ship back for minor repairs. He had just acquired his new status as major, though he said nothing until we noticed the shiny gold leaves attached to his collar. We toasted in tomato juice at lunch—and he blushed.

Soon thereafter, when I arrived at the air station to put another plane through its trials, Bill walked up to operations with his hat at the same old angle, on the back of his head. He had been promoted to lieutenant colonel.

Shortly before he was to change duty and report to the West Coast for an air group command, Bill was running take-off tests on a new fighter. The Navy had to know how short a distance could be used for getting planes off a carrier deck. The shorter the distance required for the run, the more fighting ships could be taken aboard. It was an important test and somewhat hazardous.

After the fourth take-off at high power, Bill came around again, landed, and taxied back to make his final take-off. The group of engineers and flight-test personnel, standing midway down the runway, were pleased with the tests, and this last one would be sufficient.

Bill swung around on the concrete test apron. He set his flaps nearly full down, released the brakes as the roar steadied at full power, and streaked down across the field. The ship took off beautifully, after an extremely short ground run, and began to tuck its wheels up into their hatboxes.

Then, as half the air station watched, the ship, only several hundred feet off the ground, began suddenly to roll to the right. It swerved sharply as the right wing went down farther and farther.

Then the nose of the stubby little fighter dropped also, the ship continued to roll over nearly onto its back, and every one began to run for the point just beyond the end of the field where the inevitable crash would occur.

The fighter rammed its nose hard as it hit almost on its back, sending a spray of dust and smoke into the air. Lieutenant Colonel Bill Saunders, Marine Corps officer held in high esteem, a test pilot loved throughout that profession, had flown his last test. A wing flap which failed to retract after take-off had caused his ship to go out of control, leaving him helpless at such a low altitude.

It was just one of those things in test flying which could happen to any one working on experimental designs. An accident, of course, can happen to any pilot flying;

but if the test pilot does his job thoroughly, it will happen to him first or not at all.

But, even though the job of test flying has its hazards, there are times when, with conditions right, the test pilot, like any flyer, has his fun. Often this comes in the form of "tests" against competitors.

It so happened that our plant was producing single-seater shipboard fighters exclusively for the Navy. Occupying the same field was an Army squadron of the latest type Army pursuit. Of course, much bantering and destructive criticism went on between our pilots of Navy stock and the fighting pilots of the Army. Strict orders were given to both "sides" to engage in no dogfights or joint maneuvers.

For several weeks everything was quiet and business-like. Then one day I had been doing power-plant tests at twenty-five thousand feet and had just dived back down to about fifteen thousand, when suddenly the radio cracked through my earphones. Almost immediately the air was alive with chatter.

"Hey, all ships in the air," came the unexpected call. "I'm being attacked by a whole mess of Army Thunderbolts and they're diving at me! I'm on a blower check and don't want to stop now. How about giving me a hand?" came the woeful plea. "I'm over the river at the bridge!"

The voice was that of Charlie Sharp, one of our Navy pilots. He was doing a routine check on his engine. If he stopped at any point before the check was completed, it meant he would have to start from the bottom and do the whole thing over again.

"Keep on goin', Charlie, I'm comin'," came the slow Southern drawl of Burroughs.

"What's your altitude?" another voice yelled over the radio.

"Twelve thousand feet—and hurry up. They are really giving it to me," came back from Charlie.

I rolled my ship sharply up on its side and looked down below at the winding river. There, just north of the long bridge, I saw the action that was taking place. And there were six to one! I sized up the battle as I rolled over, setting the propeller pitch ahead and closing all the cowl flaps. Climbing on up slowly and seemingly unconcerned was poor old Charlie, right in the middle of the whole mess.

"Keep on your check, Charlie," I yelled through the mike. "When you finish it, if your plane is in good shape, have at 'em!"

Charlie sounded tickled as he came back: "O. K., boss—it'll be a pleasure."

Then I picked out two Thunderbolts turning on him, and I went in, power on and engine whining. Burroughs closed on two more from the north, and Boothby was already in a circle with another slightly to the west. The battle royal was on.

For the next ten minutes the people on the ground below must have thought that at last the war was on above Connecticut. There were planes all over the sky.

Secretly the boys had been aching for this for weeks. Only the firm orders of both our company and the Army squadron commander had prevented it before. Now that we had disobeyed these orders, we decided upon a policy of "be damned and let's do it up right, once and for all."

Our ships were about the same speed as our adversaries, but in maneuverability I knew we had them licked. We could turn more sharply and stay on the inside of a combat circle.

I came down fast on the two ships beginning another pass at Charlie. As I closed in to that beautiful position squarely behind their tails, the leader spotted me. He pulled up, then drew into a tight circle, followed by his wing man. "That's all I ask of you, gentlemen," I couldn't help muttering to myself. I stuck behind them and closed in.

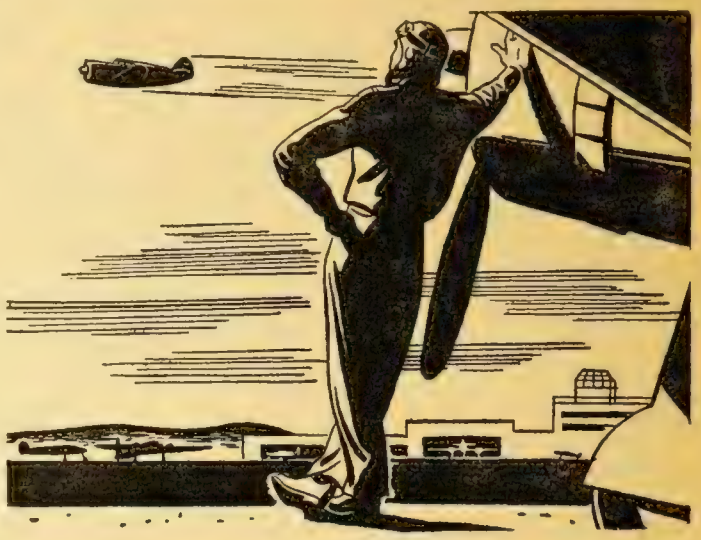
Then down they went, one after the other, diving for the ground, and I pulled away. Burroughs was in between two more, trailing hard on one while the other was trying to close in behind him. I flew in hard on the last one and soon had him diving out to get away. But then, looking around behind me, I saw to my chagrin another of the enemy sitting squarely on *my* tail! Kicking hard rudder and throwing the stick full over against the stop, I rolled and dived and then caught a quick glimpse of Charlie, well above us, just rolling over.

HE had completed his test. Before I had to worry too much, he had dived straight down and was now sitting joyfully on the tail of my latest opponent—the three of us lined up in a dive. At five thousand feet I pulled up sharply. The pilot of the Thunderbolt chasing me had found that Charlie was on his tail, and so he kept on going in a diving turn.

Charlie gleefully followed him down to the treetops and chased him for home.

Looking down and a little way off to the south, I saw Boothby attacking the two that had shortly before dived away from me. As I headed for that little party, another pair of the stubby, heavy-looking Army ships came down and the mêlée was complete.

Several minutes later the battle was over as suddenly as it had begun. The Army joined on signal, and their formation headed for the field. Not to be outdone, we joined up in a big five-plane V and flew home after them. Half an hour later the entire test-pilot organization sat in a big office, looking at the walls, out the windows, up at the ceiling—that sort of look, of course, which says,



"Why, no, sir; I didn't hear about any dogfighting going on!" Charlie, his blond locks mussed as usual, had a happy schoolboyish grin on his youthful face. His buddies had stuck by him.

The boss made it pretty plain that he had heard rumors about some goings on in which several of our planes were involved and which looked like the sky battle for Dunkirk. No one knew anything about it! He had also heard rumors that numerous Army planes were involved from our field. No one knew a thing about that, either.

"And I also heard that the Army proved beyond a doubt that they soundly whipped their opponents!"

All the boys started talking at once. "Lick us? Why, they yelled uncle after ten minutes!" "Aw, no, boss. There wasn't even any question about it!"

Then, realizing how easily the cat had slipped out of the bag, the whole crew blushed almost as one. There followed a short discussion about sticking to business—flight testing was a full job in itself, etc.

As we filed out the door, the boss called after us, "But it's a good thing you guys won that battle, or I'd really be peeved!"

It is more than interesting to look back now on the past few years of aviation. Even the recent four or five years have proved nearly an era in themselves. There is no stemming the advance of the airplane. Remember the professor who stated that no aircraft could travel faster than four hundred miles an hour? The clean single-seater pursuit ships have surpassed that mark with miles to spare, and are being designed and tested now to approach five hundred!

"Why does it take so long to put out a new plane?" is the question that is repeated time and again. Well, to get into production on a first-rate, latest-model fighting plane requires, besides simple tooling and massing materials for production, hundreds of changes and redesign brought about by the latest requirements at the fighting fronts. And hundreds of hours of flight testing and experimentation. Every little thing counts, and the airplane, like the proverbial chain, is no stronger than its weakest link. To the test pilot goes the job of finding these weak links and of helping get them strengthened.

A short time ago, we were gathered in our ready room and makeshift flight office at the field, preparing for our afternoon flights. Suddenly that dull moan of a fast-diving ship started from nowhere. It grew louder and louder,

until the moan had mounted to a trembling high-pitched scream. To most of us this was a familiar sound. Usually we did little more than ignore it completely.

But, as we continued with the business at hand, now there was, quite unexpectedly, no cessation of that eerie sound—no let-up, no dying out. Instead, the scream grew louder and closer, until the reverberations actually pounded in our ears.

"Hey, that guy isn't going to make it!" some one shouted.

We scrambled for the door and raced out into the warm-up apron in front of the radio tower. Our red fire truck (and crash wagon) was already veering toward the other end of the field.

We had just had time to make out the ship. It was diving, almost straight down, not five hundred yards away, and to watch the fatal event helplessly was sickening. You simply quizzed yourself on that familiar one-word question, "Why?"

A terrific blast rent the air as it struck the ground, plowed itself twenty feet into the fall-hardened earth, and exploded. No matter how hardened to the quick change between life and death we fancy ourselves, sudden death is appalling. Nearly every one went back into the ready room saying little or nothing.

Naturally, the speculation as to what might have caused the accident made its rounds shortly thereafter. According to the report, the squadron had been having some difficulty with radio masts breaking off their airplanes. The masts had broken off and been lost, not seriously damaging the ship itself but definitely putting its radio out of commission for that flight. In this particular case, the pilot had been making his flight to test a new strengthened mast. This required diving the ship to moderately high speeds but not to any extremes. It needed but slight planning and normal caution.

That is the whole point of this incident. The pilot simply rolled over into a dive with no preliminary investigation, no easing into it in a controlled sort of way.

By chance, we also had been doing dives to determine the strength of a radio mast, for exactly the same reason, not one week before this happened. The test pilot kept the old test-flying motto in mind, "Take nothing for granted," planning his flights and calculating his diving speeds, altitudes, and pull-outs. He had ended up by breaking two of the radio department's best specimens but with not an additional scratch on the ship. Not once did the pilot advance any farther in his dives than he felt justified in doing after the known results of the last one.

Military aircraft have grown more and more important until we find the tide of any one battle can be swung conclusively one way or the other by air power alone. In the short space of one year, such future-design fighting ships as the mighty Corsair, pacing the world at better than four hundred miles an hour, the Wildcat, the Thunderbolt, the Avenger, the Mustang, the Super Flying Fortress—all these and many more were in mass production. Knowing first-hand the heartrending disappointments, the trials and errors, you are almost overcome with delight when you know that all the people in this gigantic industry moved heaven and hell to do the job up right and succeeded.

WE often put on a little five-minute air show every Saturday that time permits. It is staged right over the plant just as the workmen, draftsmen, planners, designers, and office men are leaving their desks and tables to go home. As two or three of us dive down low, to flash over their upturned faces and waving arms, I get a peculiar feeling. I always seem to be telling myself, "There are the people who sweated and toiled to put out this fighting ship. There, staring up in awe, is the gang who hardly ever see it fly because of being so busy getting more out. Make it go faster, roar louder, roll smoother! Show them what they did with their nuts and bolts, rulers and curves!"

It is one of the jobs of the wartime test pilot that he thoroughly enjoys. After weeks of his own work, alone up in the sky with instruments, data board, clock, he is proud to display the piece of aerial might that is spelling victory and beckoning peace to those who produce it.

Yes, there is more to this flying game than one can fully explain. In fact, I know now that there are "whys" in this business that will always remain unanswered, that the "something" felt by every pilot who loves his craft cannot be explained in so many words. In slower, less violent peacetime flying, the air sends out its challenge to young and old alike. It doesn't play favorites to an extreme. In wartime, combat flying is more and more the young men's field.

I am not yet thirty. Not long ago I was out on a routine flight to check out a new airplane for its final delivery to the Navy. One of the younger pilots drew up alongside as I finished testing the ship and signaled he wanted a combat. I nodded and motioned for him to assume the initial dogfight position, a thousand feet above me, and wag his wings. I watched him against the pale blue until his wings were rocking gently from side to side. I signaled back.

Then, for exactly five minutes, we twisted, turned, dived, zoomed, and pulled around hard in that same old circle, nose to tail. Each of us sought with all our skill and might to gain, in some manner, the favored position —on the tail of the enemy.

As I sat hunched over, pulling hard on the stick, I could feel the blood rush in tumbling falls from my head, as I held on, round and round, pulling, straining, blackening. Centrifugal force, better known as "Mr. G," drives a hard bargain!

Not yet thirty! Am I old? Is he blacking out, too? Is he tired like me? Will he never stop pulling, dogging, dogging, round and round? He is younger by six years than I. Do people believe the stories about the young pilots being the only really capable fighter pilots? Hell, I'm not old, not that old yet! The nose behind me crept closer and closer. Before I am thirty I am through as a fighter pilot, and fighting planes are not getting lighter and slower. The nose got behind me and stuck there.

ALL right, old man, if you can't outstamina him, outmaneuver him. Use all those tricks you learned in the fleet, in France, from the English. Kick out, roll, and dive. Pull hard and throw him!

I tried. On the first roll and dive my stomach seemed to turn over. Already half nauseated from the relentless pulling, pulling, I felt my head actually begin to swim. So, all of a sudden, at the age of twenty-nine, I was to find myself too old to hang on that last second longer in order to win instead of lose. I eased back on the throttle and pulled out to end the misery.

When that young pilot said to me later, "'It's a good thing you pulled out when you did—I would have had to quit in another minute if you hadn't," I didn't tell him. I didn't tell him that his "other minute" was enough to win and that I couldn't have lasted another ten seconds!

The biggest problem of a test pilot's life is, What shall I do when I can't fly?

Just recently I flew down to a war-plane manufacturer's field to fly one of his latest models of super fighting planes. After flying the plane I spent a few minutes with the test pilot responsible for flight-testing the ship.

I could tell Frank was not too happy about something. He was the chief pilot of this buzzing concern, an able and well liked chap, who I knew was an excellent experimental test pilot. Small, dark-haired, and modest of manner, he had been one of the first of us to start test flying when our Navy tour of duty was completed.

"I have to do some work at forty thousand feet," he said, fingering a new-type oxygen mask the flight surgeon had just left on his desk. "It looks like some dives from there, and also some power-plant performance testing."

I whistled softly. "That's pretty rugged stuff, Frank."

"I know," he said. "I'm about to tell them to go fire a rocket at the moon. I don't want any more of this high-altitude dive stuff. And I don't like to go up there and play with an engine unless they put a pressure cabin on this hooker. I'm through demonstrating airplanes after this one, Guy," he said seriously. "As a matter of fact, I'd like to knock off a lot of this flying and get into something else. Some of these young boys can carry on the business."

We lit cigarettes, and Frank went on.

"Hell, I figure it's just a question of time when you go fooling around at forty thousand feet and diving up to speeds where no one knows just what will take place! I've about had enough."

"That's right," I said. I knew that Frank had done a lot of the most hazardous of test flying for four years. In the past year he had had too many colds, had been missing too many days of flying, had been getting altogether too nervous. But I always doubt the statement about "getting out of this racket" when it comes from a dyed-in-the-wool pilot.

"That's a pretty good summary of what we're up against," I said. "But what are you going to do if you stop flying?" I was sure he could have but one answer.

Frank turned from the window and grinned. "I don't know," he said thoughtfully. "I don't know. That's it—I suppose I'd keep on doing some flying."

Like any pilot, I know that the time will come when I will hang up my flight gear for the last time. I will fold my grease-spotted flying suit and check it in at the storeroom, along with a battered leather jacket. Each piece of clothing could tell many an interesting tale. The fur boots and mittens will need mothproofing until the next man checks them out. A scarred but shiny data board and clock, a pair of form-worn goggles will take their places back somewhere in the racks of used equipment.

Like Frank, I'll keep on as long as possible, but sometimes I wonder: What will the next man experience who puts on those goggles and with that mitten opens up the throttle? The throttle to what? Five thousand horse power? Ten thousand horse power! Will his feet be cold and numbed in those boots at sixty thousand feet or seventy thousand? And what speeds will this next man clock on that long sweep second hand of the tireless chronometer? Eight hundred! One thousand! What problems will he face, what notes will be marked down on that data board to be used on a more *advanced design*?

We in this air are working in the beginning of an unpredictable future that threatens to shrivel the world, until time and space must bear the marks of all destinies. *Above* has lain the future since the days of Kitty Hawk—a future that now is being imagined, realized, exploited. *Above* is the world of infinite space so close to the pilot, the world that he advances and loves to reckon with. Thus it is that in this exciting air he envisages his unanswerable, intricate *something*.

THE END

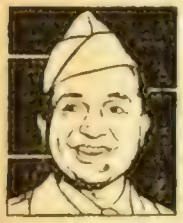
# BOOKS IN REVIEW

## By E. A. PILLER

THE torpedo plane is a deadly killer—if the breaks are with it, if it has the support of other offensive planes such as bombers overhead, if the ship it is about to attack is kept busy, and if the torpedo-plane pilot is cool and daring and can outguess and outmaneuver the ship's commander.

It is a deadly offensive weapon because it carries a punch which hits with the force of a 2,000-pound bomb, and hits where it does the most damage—under water.

A weapon like that sounds like the answer to an admiral's dream. Enough of them should be able to blast an enemy fleet out of the water. They can, too — except that to deliver its punch the pilot of a torpedo plane must run in close enough to his target to get



IRA WOLFERT

his paint practically "blistered by the heat of the guns' muzzles."

He must come in twisting, corkscrewing, "jinking," never giving the ship's guns a good target—until he is ready to loose the torpedo. Then he must fly smooth and straight, presenting himself as a target almost as easy to bear on as the side of a barn. A torpedo plane is a deadly weapon, and a risky one to fly.

A group of Americans who flew them right up to the muzzles of Jap ships and broke open many a Jap hull is the subject of a new

BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

book by Ira Wolfert, entitled **Torpedo 8, The Story of Swede Larsen's Bomber Squadron** (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston. $2).

It is a stirring report of how Swede Larsen trained his group, how he worked with them, pointed them for battle, sharpened their spirit and their technique, and how he instilled into them something that made them the finest kind of fighting men, thinking men who know how to battle to the death. They are men who know the need for risk in war, sometimes the value of it, but who also know their worth well enough to refuse risk when it is needless.

Somewhat reminiscent of Hersey's Into the Valley, Torpedo 8 is mostly Swede Larsen's story, because Swede sparked the squadron. Wolfert tells something of Swede's background, introduces Missy, his wife, and gives us an idea of how life was for her and her children while Swede was throwing Sunday punches at Jap warships.

This is the second time I have hailed Wolfert as a fine reporter who writes colorfully and dramatically without overplaying his subject.

His story races along with action, drama, and the fire of war. He observes well and reports brilliantly.

IN the first World War a character called "Old Bill," created by Bruce Bairnsfather, won considerable notoriety. He was the subject of a book of cartoons, a play, and considerable chuckling. He was as famous as King George and much merrier than anything else in merry old England.

Now he is back in World War II, in another book by the same author, called **Jeeps and Jests** (Putnam's, New York. $2). As the title indicates, Bill is not the only star in the book. The Yanks get most of the top billing. But Bill is in and out often enough to remind you he is around, and hale as ever.

There are about 150 cartoons in all—amusing stuff which you and that boy in the Army will like.

# BOONTON REMEMBERS THEM

## BY EDWIN DIEHL

PHOTO BY LILLY JOSS

Some of the moving spirits of Boonton's Military Service Committee. Standing, with papers in his hand, is its originator, Marziale Robibero. At left is Mrs. Howard Estler, secretary. Second from the right is Mayor Fred Clay.

PATRIOTS WITHOUT UNIFORM

JOHNNY walked into the small hole-in-the-wall office at 803 Main Street, Boonton, New Jersey, and sat down in the chair across the desk from Mrs. Howard Estler.

She looked up, smiled, and said, "Can I help you?"

Johnny said, "I'm leaving Friday for the Army. I've got a problem."

Mrs. Estler reached for a pad and pencil. "That's what I'm here for," she said. "Tell me about it."

Johnny told her he had bought his mother some new furniture for which he was paying twenty-five dollars a month. But after he entered the Army his mother would only be able to pay ten dollars a month. The department store was threatening to sue to reclaim the furniture.

Mrs. Estler picked up the phone and called a local attorney. Then she scribbled a brief note of introduction and handed it to Johnny.

"But I can't afford a lawyer," Johnny protested.

Mrs. Estler smiled again. "There will be no charge. He's glad to do it for fellows like you."

Johnny saw him, and he saw the department store. Today Johnny's mother is paying ten dollars a month.

That's just one of the services the Boonton Military Service Committee provides for the almost 600 men and women from town who have entered Uncle Sam's armed forces. The organization was founded in November, 1940, when Marziale Robibero, an Italian paint-store owner, read of the adoption of the Selective Service Act and began to remember when he was a private in the last war. He remembered his induction day, leaving for the Army without so much as a "So long, and good luck!" from somebody he knew. He remembered the long days at the front without mail, the Christmas without a gift. And he remembered his home-coming—arriving back in Boonton in 1920 with only a few dollars in his pocket and no job, no civilian clothes, no home, no place to sleep.

Robibero went to the local Gus Ginder Post No. 242, Veterans of Foreign Wars, of which he is a member, and declared something should be done for the local boys going into this war. He said a little horse sense and a couple of dollars would go a long way toward making the path easier for them.

The veterans agreed and a program was outlined. Twenty-seven town organizations—Rotary Club, Fire Department, Women's Club, etc.—sent representatives to a meeting several days later, and on that night the Boonton Military Service Committee was born. They outlined what they could do: 1. Give the boys a send-off and prepare them for this change in their way of living. 2. Act as a clearinghouse for their problems while they were in service. 3. Plan for their rehabilitation after the war.

Working on a budget to which each organization pledged seventeen dollars a year, the Boonton Military Service Committee began to operate. Within four days the first contingent of draftees had been given a banquet. To date there have been thirty-eight such dinners, to which the draftee may bring his wife, his parents, or his sweetheart. These dinners are primarily a means of getting the committee together with the group about to leave for induction, so that information and advice may be passed along and questions answered.

Ex-servicemen advise the new soldiers concerning insurance and disability compensation. Walter Peterson, chairman of the Boonton Military Service Committee, advises them on the monthly allotments for their dependents and how application should be made. He also furnishes each man with a practical guide, a schedule for the first few days at camp.

On the morning of their departure Service Committee members are on hand to bid them farewell, and to remind them: "If there is anything you need, don't be afraid to write and tell us."

Each man is given a going-away gift, a letter of introduction to the chaplain of the camp, and a post card to mail back when he reaches his permanent camp. The post card will ensure his getting the local weekly newspaper regularly and a Christmas package. It also goes into the up-to-date mailing list at the Service Center. When the file shows that two or more local boys are at the same camp, cards are mailed to all of them giving the building number of each and other information.

To the Service Center come the mothers of men in service with their problems. Soldiers home on furlough drop in and consult the files to see where their buddies are stationed. Writing desks, pens, paper, and post cards are provided for them.

Plans for the postwar work are as yet sketchy, but one head of a contributing organization says: "I'm planning to have at least two good jobs available for ex-servicemen upon their return. If all of us plan now to have at least one available, we won't have any problem."

By the time the war ends Boonton will have built a strong, live organization with definite plans to carry out. Already the Board of Aldermen has earmarked $10,000 for postwar projects for servicemen, should it be needed.

Lieutenant Colonel D. P. Page, chief of the Special Assignment Branch of the Army in Washington, heard about Boonton's program and wrote: "It is evident that the committee's activities are thorough and well organized, and it is to be congratulated on its good work."

Chairman Peterson has been kept busy helping near-by towns form service committees, and the idea is spreading all over the country.

THE END

graveyard near her home. This melancholy pursuit seemed only suitable, since she was a wasted-looking creature and to all appearances had one foot already planted in the area.

Possibly because of her medical history, and because she still looks as though a fairly determined germ could walk away with her, Miss Fontaine is reputed by casual observers to be a delicate semi-invalid who performs her job as a movie actress by sheer will power and is not long for this world. Others, irritated by her amazing success as well as by her disinclination to make friends on a nonselective basis, speak ill of her, indicating that she is neither legitimately frail of health nor an actress. Both groups, it is suggested, are blind.

Whether or not she is an actress is a matter of personal opinion, of course. She *did* receive the Academy Award for her work in Suspicion; and there is a group which believes that her performance in Rebecca was not exactly rusty. As for her health, she possesses the kind usually developed by people who have been forced to take especially good care of themselves over a long period.

Joan's ability to survive first manifested itself during a voyage to the Orient when she was fifteen. Unable to get along with her stepfather, and fed up with playing second fiddle to her prettier, more talented and forward sister, Olivia De Havilland, the invalid had got permission to visit her father in Tokyo. The Pacific crossing was an extremely rough one, and even the most sturdy among the female passengers kept to their cabins. Joan, however, emerged each evening dressed in fragile chiffon, floated from male to male, and was simultaneously engaged to two men by the time the voyage was over.

JOAN'S career in Hollywood has been distinguished by the number of people she has made jealous and by the classic quality of her performances, which lately have been limited to strictly A-type productions. Unlike most other feminine stars, she has achieved both of these distinctions through her own efforts.

The press, as an institution, seldom allows her a publicity bonus. Reporters invariably misinterpret her painful shyness and distrust of inquiring persons. Hollywoodians who have never met her not only embroider upon this viewpoint but further suggest that her marriage is not all it ought to be.

But, although Hollywood may be dissatisfied with the fashion in which the Ahernes run their marriage, the Ahernes like it very much. Their jointly shared sense of humor ("Any one in town will tell you I've *got* no sense of humor," Joan says) so far has been adequate through each of the usual marital crises. Each is so certain of the other that no attempt is made by either to create a public fabric of super-respectability as is common in Hollywood.

Joan's somewhat high-strung attitude toward romance, previous to her marriage, and her violent ambition represent a normal reaction to the manner in which she spent her childhood. The Walter De Havillands (he was a Cambridge man and an attorney; Joan's mother was an ex-opera singer with a more than usually dominant personality) did not get on together, and finally were divorced. Mrs. De Havilland, having returned to the States from Japan, purchased a cottage in Saratoga, an idyllic little town near San Francisco, where Joan and Olivia grew up.

Tutored by their mother, the two girls on occasion gave sketches from Shakespeare and recited coy duologues ("We were nauseating," Joan recalls) before groups of art-appreciating residents or in the local little theater. The healthy and indefatigable Olivia eventually wangled a contract to appear in a road production of Midsummer Night's Dream, during which she was discovered by Max Reinhardt. Ill-health, as usual, spoiled Joan's chances.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**Recovering bromine and magnesium from sea water, the Dow Chemical Company says, they are only beginning to tap the riches of Father Neptune. Besides the recovered bromine and magnesium, they have calculated that an area of ocean one square mile and eighty-nine feet deep holds $42,000 worth of gold, $29,300 worth of silver, $33,000,000 worth of table salt, $18,000,000 worth of Epsom salts, $2,500,000 worth of calcium chloride, $4,800,000 worth of potassium chloride, $33,000,000 worth of magnesium, $58,000 worth of aluminum, $99,000 worth of strontium, $17,000 of iron, and lesser amounts of other chemicals and other minerals.**

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

Her dismal adolescence appears to have come to an end in 1932, when she returned to Japan. Because of the depression, very few British or American women—especially young attractive ones—were traveling about the world. Thus in the small white colony in Tokyo she created a furor. Arriving with both fiancés in tow, she accepted proposals from three more during the next two years.

Returning to California with five engagement rings (she had never broken any of her betrothals, as a matter of principle) and an understandably brighter outlook on life, she wangled a small role in a Henry Duffy production, Call It a Day. After that she went to Hollywood, took a house with Olivia, changed her name to Joan St. John, and went job-hunting. She netted, as a result of innumerable tests, the romantic lead in a Western. She was not a success in this highly specialized art form, primarily because she couldn't ride. For two years she worked in quickies along Poverty Row. During this period of shame she hid behind the name of Joan Burfield. (Later she adopted Fontaine, which is the name of her stepfather.)

Away from the studio she was consoled by a new fiancé, Conrad Nagel. Her ambitions now were star rating at a big studio, a whopping salary like Olivia's, and a famous husband. The first of the three wishes seems to have been granted when Jesse Lasky gave her a contract at RKO, subsequently putting her into small parts in such films as Quality Street, The Man Who Found Himself, and Gunga Din.

AT about this time it was for some reason decided, by a purely Hollywood type of thought process, that as the Fred Astaire-Ginger Rogers cinema team was one of the two most successful box-office combinations in history, it had better split up. Thus Astaire received as his singing-dancing partner for his next film, Damsel in Distress, Joan Fontaine, who could neither sing nor dance. The result stank. Outraged, RKO lent Joan to Edward Small for Duke of West Point, during which her contract conveniently expired.

The week this happened, she discovered that her secret negotiations, undertaken in company with almost every other American actress who did not limp or have crossed eyes, to become Scarlett O'Hara in Gone with the Wind had fallen through, and that Olivia had been selected to play Melanie in the same picture.

For an entire evening she sat alone in her bedroom, beating her breast in an ecstasy of frustration. Finally, bored with hamming, she ate a hearty supper and went to bed, convinced that she had hit bottom and therefore would shortly inevitably bounce.

She did. Nagel took her to a party given by Brian Aherne, where she looked thoughtfully at her host, accepted his invitation for an evening of dancing and, not long afterward, his proposal of marriage. During this interval she also dined with Director George Cukor, who asked her to test for the part of the nameless wife in Rebecca. Although the tests were drawn out over a six months period, her contract with Cukor netted her a job in The Women, which he made for M-G-M, and in the end it was Joan, by now practiced in the business of making competitive tests, who starred in Rebecca.

The picture was a howling box-office success and critics accorded her the accolade of the dramatic actress of the year. This the shy child achieved despite the fact that her co-star was Laurence Olivier, who never willingly gave away even part of a scene in his life.

She was just as determined to do well in Suspicion, in which for the first time she encountered Cary Grant. It has been said that Director

Alfred Hitchcock, in order to give a genuine tone to the picture's mood, engendered the locally famous feud between Grant and Joan by one sly means or another. More likely its origin was Grant's ebullient habit of directing not only his own performance but that of his co-star as well in cases where he considers the actress to be young and inept. He was unimpressed with Joan. She, however, had just seen herself in Rebecca and was highly impressed.

The constant disagreement with Cary put her into such a nervous tizzy that the result was evident on the screen, to the delight of Grant, Hitchcock, and all the critics.

Her long-term contract with Selznick, which is unofficially said to be paying her $1,200 a week, gave him the usual privilege of renting her to other studios for whatever price he could get. On this barometer of success a reading as of spring, 1943, places the salary Selznick raked in for Joan's work in Twentieth Century-Fox's Jane Eyre at a reputed $15,000 per week.

Joan's unabated sisterly rivalry with Olivia has been a source of tales characterizing her as an ungracious and unfriendly little snip.

When, last year, both De Havilland girls were on the list of nominees for the Academy Award (Joan for Suspicion, Olivia for Hold Back the Dawn), they sat at the same table during the Academy banquet. A famous columnist, in describing the affair later, wrote that it was a pity Miss Fontaine had not been able to exhibit as much poise in victory as her sister had done in defeat.

DESPITE twice-told tales of her bitter feud with Olivia, the two sisters still exchange books, gossip, smoking-room jokes, and advice with no more than the usual amount of bickering. The Ahernes dine with, and give dinner to, the Cary Grants on occasion; and a few weeks ago, on her way up to Russian River, the Frenchman's Creek location north of San Francisco, Joan stopped off for an amiable week-end stay with her stepfather, Mr. Fontaine.

The junket to Russian River represents a sort of triumphal outing for the girl who has suffered more and harder on film, if not in her personal life, than any other female in Hollywood. For the first time, as the errant wife who gets fed up with her husband and has a rousing affair with a pirate, she is going to dish it out instead of taking it. Furthermore, Edmund Goulding has joined her there to write, under her kibitizing eye, a comedy in which he will star her. There is even a rumor that she will receive a nice present beyond her guaranteed salary this year, to be paid out of the large surpluses she has been earning.

To this one Joan would listen with less skeptical ears were she not so intimately acquainted with rumors and their worth.

THE END

# WOMAN-TALK

## by MARGARET FISHBACK

HOW TO BE A PEST: Borrow a lipstick because you left yours in your other bag. . . . Avoid the coaster, and put your highball down on a polished baby grand. . . . Place your burning cigarette carefully on the side of an ash tray, and move away so that when it falls off it will be free to burn the table. . . . Wipe lipstick generously on the very best damask dinner napkins. . . . Elbow your way up to a crowded bakery counter and claim you were ahead of every one else. . . . Sit for a long, relaxed gossip over the lunch table in a restau-

rant where droves of hungry people are waiting in line to be fed a frightened salad or egg on rye. . . . Comb your hair over the washstand and leave samples. . . . Jump nimbly into a taxi which has been hailed and stopped by some one who waited a long, long time for it.

BIG CHEESE: Glib Stanley Jones, writer of fiction and advertising copy, claims the spherical ceiling at Radio City's Music Hall makes him feel like a maggot in an Edam cheese. A luxurious sensation in these days of red-stamp cheese rationing.

MEN ARE THE NUTS: Faced with complicated labor and fuel shortages in commercial laundries, government officials blandly blast, "Housewives will have to do more laundry at home." At the same time they urge housewives to take jobs in defense plants or to take jobs vacated by defense-plant workers. *Or*, if their children are too little to be left, sandwich in volunteer war work, while Snooks and baby sister are asleep or torturing teacher in some dream-world nursery. We women agree that work we should in the interest of shortening the war, *but* there are limits. Add an outside job to housekeeping (and remember, boys, marketing alone takes at least twice as much time as ever before) and there aren't many hours left for momma to wash and iron poppa's shirts. Besides, the gas and electricity used in thousands of homes would offset any saving effected by shutting down commercial laundries. It's true, some men are on the home shift and have learned a painful lot about the time consumed in cooking, dishwashing, scrubbing, mopping, mending, and marketing, but the majority of our home heroes still work in the peace and quiet of a boiler factory or an office, without having to split their personalities and their time and attention ten different ways. Those are the boys who can't hide their irritation when a button's missing off Monday's shirt, or when supper's late. Sure, chums, in wartime we should all overwork, but if the laundry must be done at home, especially in houses unprepared with washing machines, then a crusade is in order —viz., Pop must learn to wield a wicked iron.

SECRET WEAPON: What a fine thing if only zoot suits could be synchronized with tank, plane, gun, and parachute and used for invasion purposes! They would frighten the Nazis right out of their tunics.

DOGS ABOUT TOWN: Short-story writer Thyra Samter Winslow has never yet been seen by man or beast without a tiny dog nestled in the crook of her arm. Her latest is such a diminutive morsel that even Thyra says it won't look like a dog for another six or eight months. . . . Kate Smith, who lives on Park Avenue a block away from Mrs. Winslow, has a pooch which is fortunately big enough to walk. Even so, he looks meager in comparison. But what a job the great Smith does on grooming herself! "Crisp" seems an odd

adjective to apply to so monumental a female, but it suits her. . . . This Manhattan neighborhood, known as Murray Hill, is alive with dogs. One of the regular cops observed, "If I had a buck for every dog around here, I'd be a millionaire. If I had a buck for every baby, I'd have two dollars."

LINES TO AN OVERENTHUSIASTIC BABY FANCIER:

You've done it before, and you'll do it again,
In order to embrace him—
Snatch him out of his little play pen
And then let momma chase him.

(*Continued from page 44*)

On the Russian side, one of the best trained and equipped elements of the Red Army stands ready for action. This Far Eastern Army is almost entirely independent. There are 30,000,000 people in the expanse of Siberia east of the Yenisei (against 40,000,000 in Manchuria alone). They support about seventy divisions—roughly 1,000,000 men, with a potential reserve of double their present strength. About twenty of these are cavalry divisions and ten or twelve are motorized.

Aircraft factories at Irkutsk and arms plants at Komsomolsk, Khabarovsk, and Krasnoyarsk support the Far Eastern Army. The Russians have perhaps 3,000 combat planes in eastern Siberia, but not the latest models. Their gasoline supply is assured by an oil output of 300,000 tons a year in northern Sakhalin, under Russian control.

Spain was a proving ground for German and Italian equipment. Changkufeng served the same purpose in the Far East. Both sides discovered that the fuel problem for motorized equipment was acute. The Russians solved the problem by fitting all their Far Eastern tanks and trucks with wood-burning equipment. Using wood as a fuel reduces efficiency by 15 to 35 per cent, but at least the Russians are sure they can keep 'em rolling.

Similar Japanese experiments fizzled, so the Japs bought the German "Imbert" generator patent. It is not a success. Imbert doesn't work with wet wood, and there practically isn't any other kind in eastern Asia.

The Russian surface fleet in the Far East is antiquated, but there are about ninety submarines which would come in handy. The Vladivostok fortress is 100 per cent underground, with airplane hangars buried in the hills. The Russians are insured against losses like ours at Pearl Harbor and Manila, where fighting planes were destroyed on the ground like sitting birds.

The real mainspring of the Far Eastern Red Army is a mystery general named Stern. When Timoshenko's offensive bogged down in the Russo-Finnish War of 1939-40, Stern was called west to take charge. He engineered the successful attack across the ice at Koivisto which really won the war, then quietly returned to Siberian anonymity.

That ice business is worth remembering. Vladivostok harbor is frozen 110 days out of the year, as is much of the coastal area of the Sea of Japan. Stern's Finnish performance was perhaps a rehearsal for more important operations.

If the Japanese launch a surprise attack on Russia, their first objectives will probably be the Amur valley and the Kamchatka Peninsula, especially its key base at Petropavlovsk. These positions are strongly fortified but might be outflanked. Even if the Russian front were pierced at several places, separate sections of the Russian Army could keep on fighting.

The most logical Russian move would be a pincers attack on Harbin from Chita and Khabarovsk. No strategic base or junction in the world is so critically important to its possessor as Harbin. If this nerve center is lost, the Japanese must get out of Manchuria.

The Russian might then move to Korea. Only 100 miles of water, bridged by Tsushima and other islands, lie between the tip of Korea and the heart of Japan. If the Russians could jump that gap, good night to the Rising Sun!

There has been much talk of air raids on vulnerable Japanese cities from Vladivostok, 600 miles away. But the Japanese have more than 100 airfields in Manchukuo and Russian bombers would not find it easy to function.

The idea that big American bombers could rush to Vladivostok to help out with the raids is wishful thinking. Russian heavy bombers are much smaller than ours. Their runways were not built to carry the weight of Flying Fortresses and Liberators. Moreover, underground hangars are crammed to capacity with Russian planes. In short, no facilities are available to take care of American squadrons.

WHEN will the undeclared war between Russia and Japan turn into a shooting war? Not until one or the other feels there is something to be gained by it.

The Russians are glad to have the United States, Britain, and China fighting Japan, but see no reason to join the party. They feel strongly that they are carrying the burden of the war in the West, so why should we not do the same in the East?

Besides, the Allies have established no effective land front against Japan. The Chinese are hopelessly handicapped by lack of weapons. If the Russians did start open warfare with Japan, they would be doing most of the land fighting in the Far East as well as in Europe. They will not allow themselves to be lured into that position. They want Japan crushed, but if we will do the job, why should they shed more blood?

In any case Russia will not break the Russo-Japanese nonaggression pact. If and when the Soviet government decides that the time has come to shoot, it will refuse to renew the fishery treaty or possibly open some Far Eastern bases to our planes. Japan will do the rest. But no such move is indicated yet.

Britain and America should be realistic about this. Russia is a passive partner in the Far Eastern war. But at least, however indirectly, she is a partner. The second Russo-Japanese war, by tying up a large part of Japan's army and air force on the Siberian frontier, is doing us a very real service in its present phase.

THE END

## THE HOME FRONT

"Would you mind removing your girl friend?"

anese consulate into a dither when he worked for China Relief; pious churchgoing people; and ne'er-do-wells. But, whatever we were, we stared in unbelief at the camp's sentry watchtowers and the barbed wire (looking for all the world like the pictures of Nazi concentration camps in Poland).

An elderly Japanese doctor remarked, "I feel sorry enough for us, the Issei [alien Japanese], but at least we have a country. I feel sorrier still for you Nisei [American-born citizens of Japanese descent], because it looks as if your own country, the United States, has repudiated you."

That was the worst blow of all. We wondered bitterly if the harsh words he uttered in his meticulous clipped English could be true.

But as we trudged through the gates to our prison—the horse stables of the Santa Anita race track—I decided only to look forward with hope; never to look back at the happy life we were leaving. Today, free again, I am glad I did. Then, however, as my little family was directed to the dark stall which was to be our "home," I couldn't resist one last memory of the real home we had had to leave—the brand-new "dream house" which had sat on top of a hill, a little white six-roomed cottage with sky-blue shutters and gay tinkly door chimes. How happy we had been there with our children, Rickey, aged four, and Eddie, not yet one! But that moment—when we first looked at the dark musty horse stall and had to tell our two little sons that this was "home"—when can it be forgotten?

I am thankful now that Fred, my husband, gave no sign of his own depression but, instead, briskly set about getting the iron army cots, mattresses, and army blankets which were assigned to us.

ON the days following we busied ourselves trying to make the stall more homelike as we unpacked our few belongings, made shelves from salvaged packing crates, laid out straw mats on the asphalt floor, tacked up a few familiar pictures from the home we had just left.

We named our evacuation home Valley Forge and I had an American flag sent in from the outside. Flag after flag was put up in those stalls "so that"—as one young mother expressed it—"the very young children will always know that this is America. Locked in here with alien Japanese, we mustn't ever forget that *we* are Americans."

At first the crowd noise of 18,500 people jammed in together was so terrific that I thought I could never become accustomed to it. As the partitions between the stalls reached up only a few feet, we could hear every sound made by neighboring families. It was a vast composite roar, an ocean of sound made up of talking people, crying babies, shouting voices, blaring radios, the tramping and shuffling of feet, and even more unpleasant noises.

But on visiting days, to bolster up our morale, came fellow Americans I shall never forget: college students, former employers, teachers, ministers, Y. workers, laborers, soldiers and sailors.

They laughed, they cried. They brought fruits, cookies, candies, books, magazines. In the thick dust and sticky summer heat, above the dinning babel of voices, old friends jammed up tightly against the wire fence, shocked to see their Nisei friends "caged in." There was the day when some one brought a dog which had formerly belonged to a Nisei couple with a small baby girl. The dog wagged his tail violently upon recognizing his former owners.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**A squad of Russian soldiers caught a Rumanian spy. One of the Russians was ordered to take him to a specified spot outside the little town and shoot him. As the guard and the spy were walking to the ordered destination, the condemned man said, "It is bad enough that you are going to shoot me, but why do you make me walk twenty miles besides?"**

**"What are you complaining about?" the Russian soldier pointed out. "I've got to walk back."—*Pocketbook of War Humor.***

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

The Nisei mother pushed the perambulator closer, right up against the fence. (The M. P. guard looked as if about to say something but didn't; instead, like a good egg, he walked off in the opposite direction.) The child stuck a chubby fist through the fence. The dog licked the little hand affectionately and he kissed the tops of her tiny shoes. Some people took out their handkerchiefs and blew their noses hard. . . .

Our visitors were usually tongue-tied and uneasy, in fact more embarrassed and ill at ease than we. They would stare at us with the saddest expressions in their eyes while their lips would try to murmur polite banalities. But, God bless them, we loved them—they gave us courage in our lowest moments.

Our young people took things more in stride, forgetting their troubles in playing baseball or in jitterbug jam sessions when they were not attending educational classes or working. They played bridge, went out for Red Cross classes, organized Boy Scout troops and Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. groups, and the musically inclined even formed an orchestra.

When these American boys and girls walked down the camp street romantically holding each other's hands, the alien Japanese older generation were shocked at this typically Occidental frank display of affection between the sexes—something unheard of in Japan. They were embarrassed at the unembarrassedness of their American offspring. When the pretty Nisei girls walked by in ultra-modern play suits with abbreviated shorts, "bra" tops, and bare midriffs, the oldsters shook their heads. "*Hadaka!*" they exclaimed. "Nude!"

But the younger generation merely remarked, "This isn't Japan," and chattered among themselves in their jitterbug slang—to them Japs were "Boochies" and Japan was "Boochland."

Once, after a long hot afternoon, I heard an Issei father singing an old Japanese song in a plaintive minor key. Darkness had settled; the after-twilight coolness had brought everybody out of the overwarm quarters. Through the dusk I heard a very young voice protesting, "Oh, gee, pa—not so loud! Everybody can hear you a mile off!" It was twelve-year-old Elsie being adolescently sensitive about her alien father.

So the days passed, summer into autumn, and the time came for us to be moved from the temporary Assembly Center, under Army control, to the Relocation Center, which would be under a civilian administration, farther inland, out of Military Zone No. 1.

THIS time we hopefully crowded into ancient and shabby day coaches, glad to leave the restricted life behind barbed wire, the flickering searchlight flashes at night, the watchtowers of our guards. Our particular group was assigned to Wyoming. The trip, despite overcrowding, was fairly tolerable, although rather trying for mothers with very small children. But we still felt like jailbirds under the surveillance of M. P.s who wore the same uniforms as did our sons and brothers in the Army. I wondered what the youthful sergeants would think if I told them about my blond Nordic "Aryan type" cousin (by marriage) who had enlisted in the U. S. Navy a few days after December 7. . . .

As the train pulled in to a small town that evening and we saw neon lights for the first time since our evacuation months before, we felt almost weepy. How we envied the "free" citizens of that town walking so unconcernedly up and down those brightly lit sidewalks, gazing into store windows, not knowing how lucky they were!

But the crowning bit of irony came on the last night of the trip. After a sweltering, nerve-racking day of desert summer heat and bawling babies, our crowded car stopped momentarily alongside another train headed in the opposite direction. Our day-coach windows evened up alongside of windows which showed the cool, dim-lit, spacious interior of a de luxe dining car. A dozen well dressed people were sitting com-

fortably at table eating what seemed to us a royal feast. The soft glow of shaded lamps was reflected by the white tablecloths. The contrast was so painful that every mother in our car groaned. For the rest of the evening we were glumly homesick.

Arrived at the Heart Mountain Relocation Center, we found the tar-paper-covered barracks more substantial than the Santa Anita stables. We were assigned a family unit, and found therein a good-sized heating stove, army cots, mattresses, blankets, a bucket, and a broom. Just as before, we had to get busy and build our own tables, benches, and shelves out of salvaged lumber. With practiced ingenuity we were now able to make our new home considerably more livable than the horse stall which we had just left.

This was pioneering of a sort: every one helped everybody else in the same spirit of comradeship as did our early American pioneers who pitched in to put up log cabins for neighbors. Rich or poor, we all lived in the same barracks, got up at the same seven-thirty gong, ate at the same rough wooden camp tables, shared the same stall showers and open toilets, tried as best we could to help each other in our regimented communal life.

At first the natives of the neighboring towns of Cody and Powell felt uneasy about this teeming community of "Japs" which the government had forced into their midst. But the sudden boom in business which our presence brought broke the ice, and the good church women of Powell sent a contribution of clothing for our needy. Later our men volunteered for work in the sugar-beet harvest during an acute labor shortage. Ex-professional men, white-collar workers, and students gladly did their best at the back-breaking harvesting. Farmers reported they had never before had such devoted help.

Within a short time the Niseis' quiet demeanor and thorough Americanization of speech, manners, and dress created a favorable impression throughout the countryside. The Powell Tribune, which had first reported in a surprised tone that the new farm helpers "talked good English," later had a Nisei writing a column on Heart Mountain activities.

WE finally settled down to taking everything in stride, attending school and night classes, going out for sports, building up a recreational program, and carrying on church work.

Older women gave their services to a USO which was organized in the Center to provide hospitality for visiting Nisei servicemen.

We had twenty-five veterans of the last war at the Center, most of them members of the American Legion. Mr. Hitoshi Fukui, past commander of the Commodore Perry Legion Post No. 525 of Los Angeles, had served in the Ninety-first Division, A. E. F., and saw action at St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and Ypres, and was gassed. While he reports that "my life's savings were lost, due to the evacuation," Mr. Fukui still retains a strong faith in American democracy and believes that ultimately the Nisei Americans will be fully vindicated. When another Center Legionnaire, Mr. Clarence Uno, passed away from a heart attack, the Legion posts of Powell and Cody accorded him a full military funeral with color guard, rifle salute, and guard of honor. The body was cremated in Mr. Uno's old American Army uniform.

I gradually got over the pangs of homesickness as new impressions constantly crowded my thoughts. There were, for instance, the young Nisei parents who criticized the English of the Caucasian-American teacher who had asked their child, "Do you play the pianner?" The father had protested, "We don't want our children growing up saying 'pianner' instead of 'piano.'"

And Armistice Day. On that slushy after-snow November 11, mist blurred my eyes as I watched the parade of Nisei Boy Scouts (those who could afford it, in uniform) marching behind the flag, splashing through the "streets" of the Center which had turned into almost impassable mudholes. Our flag behind barbed wires—and these Nisei Americans nevertheless gallantly upholding it! That was the only time I ever permitted myself the luxury of tears.

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

**Real happiness don't consist so mutch in what a man don't have as it duz in what he don't want.—*Josh Billings.***

★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★★

November was remembered, too, for the double-wedding ceremony of Privates Glenn Oku and Shigeto Toyoshima of the United States Army to the Misses Edna Koga and Kikue Suzuki. The Heart Mountain Sentinel, our mimeographed Center paper, stated that Privates Oku and Toyoshima would return to their outfits. "Both new brides," concluded the laconic announcement, "will remain here when their husbands leave for duty."

As Christmas drew near, the Girl Scouts of Powell came to go a-caroling with the Girl Scouts of the Center. Christmas parties were held in every block for the children. Gifts for them came from all over the United States from churches of every denomination, telling us better than a thousand words that America was still a Christian nation. Of Christmas Eve, Kay Tanouye wrote in the Sentinel:

"The night was cold and sharp. The watchtowers stood out bold in the moonlight. The searchlight sprayed the boundary of the forbidden area, picking out the cruel barbs of the wire fence.

"Six Nisei gathered below the tower and formed a circle. The leader lifted his hands. The words came softly and beautifully in the quiet night: 'Silent night, holy night. All is calm; all is bright.'

"As the last notes drifted away, the Army sentry spoke. His voice caught a little as he said, 'Thank you, fellows. . . . Merry Christmas.'"

With the coming of the New Year of 1943 the évacués faced a brighter outlook, for the government then announced its new policy of gradually releasing those who had a definite assurance of employment. To date, more than 3,000 have been released.

Our little family was released in February. When we passed through Powell, the editor of the Tribune and his wife presented us with candy and toys for the children. Our last memory of Wyoming was pleasant.

ON the train my Richard and his brother played with some tow-headed, blue-eyed children who were in our coach. (I couldn't help but reflect that the only true democracy there is is the democracy of childhood—before a child's mind is contaminated by the prejudices of adults.) A kindly soldier offered his coat "in case they're cold," when the children napped. I can still see his friendly face.

We were sent to Denver, where my husband had work. I can tell you it's great to be free after months of confinement in a regimented, communal existence. We are living in poorer circumstances compared to our pre-evacuation status, but we are not unhappy. I'll never, never take freedom for granted again.

I used to tell myself in the camp that my only crime was my face. But now, when I look in the mirror, I remember what a friend once said: "When I first met you, Mary, I just couldn't get over the novelty of your Japanese face. Strange that an American like you should look like that. First it was ninety per cent strangeness and novelty and maybe ten per cent friendly interest. About the second time I saw you, it was fifty per cent novelty and fifty per cent friendliness. Now I begin to notice less what you *look* like and to know more what you *really are*. Pretty soon I'll forget what you look like altogether. I'll know you only as another fellow American."

I hope every one will be like that. Although we still feel that the basis on which we were evacuated (because of racial extraction) was unjust, and although we believe our incarceration was illegal (because of our American Bill of Rights!), we have decided that the fullest cooperation with the government is the very best way to prove our loyalty to our country.

More of us who have been released, and those of us still held in the camps, can say this has been *our* contribution to the war effort.

THE END

ing up enough reserve to cover a postwar three weeks' pay roll. Its 1942 tax bill alone was $40,950,000. Its net profit, like that of other aviation manufacturers, is only 2½ per cent.

What sort of postwar demand for their products do our aircraft makers anticipate? What competition will they have to face?

Henry Ford.

First, let's talk about competition. It is altogether likely that some of the big automobile companies now in aviation will stay in. A third of Chrysler's wartime production, over half of General Motors', 70 per cent of Ford's, and much of Studebaker's, Packard's, and Hudson's are in aviation products. G. M., of course, with North American planes and Allison engines, was in aviation before the war. None of the automotive bigwigs is willing or able to reveal what postwar aviation plans he has, if any. Only Henry Ford will talk conclusively. At Dearborn, he told me: "Of course we are going to stay in aviation after the war. We were in aviation, with our three-motor all-metal plane, years back—too soon. We'll call our first peacetime plane 'The Lindbergh.'"

The competition of these big automobile producers with their immense reserve and their habit of never doing things by halves will be tough for the finance-starved airplane makers to meet.

As far as postwar demand goes, private planes for family, personal, or business use are truly an unknown quantity. Before the war came we had scarcely 100,000 licensed pilots in America and not half that many private planes able to take off. True, Piper and Stinson were steadily building up their sales before the war, each to an annual production of around 5,000 planes. True, there will be hundreds of thousands of war-trained airmen. Still, the postwar market for private planes is anybody's guess.

TURN to air transport—of passengers, express, and freight. At this very minute American planes, many operating on regular schedule, are flying with passengers and cargo to, from, and between airports over nearly all the world. Much of this flying is done by our commercial air lines operating for the Army Air Transport Command. Today the ATC alone has more planes, pilots, and stations than the entire Army Air Forces had in 1938. How many airports it is using, and where they are are military secrets, but we may guess that it has a station every 500 miles at least along its many routes. If the war continues into 1944 the ATC expects to be hauling passengers and essential military goods over a maze of global routes ten times the length of the combined routes flown by all the world's prewar air lines.

In doing so, our air-line personnel who operate the routes hope that a comparatively magnificent job can be done in serving mankind during the years following the war. It hopes, further, for an internationally enlightened era in which planes—"carriers of men, mail, and merchandise, ideas and ideals," as Juan T. Trippe, president of Pan American World Airways System, likes to call them—can move freely the world over.

Britain and America will no doubt remain supreme in the air. Britain, because of her farflung empire, was alert to the international possibilities of aviation before we as a people were. Since the beginning of the war, however, it has fallen to us to build far more transports, with some amazing craft, like the Lockheed Constellation—planned to fly faster than a Jap Zero to Europe and back, nonstop if necessary, in twenty hours—and like Glenn Martin's 250,000-pound 300-miles-an-hour flying boat.

Juan T. Trippe.

Consolidated-Vultee has a 400-passenger carrier in the offing. To restore the balance for fair competition Mr. Trippe urges that British Overseas Airways, now using three of Pan American's four-engine Clippers, "be permitted to secure on equitable terms all the ocean transport planes that are needed" by it and also by the national air lines representing each of the United Nations.

What the future holds for international air transport depends on diplomacy, notoriously slow-moving, now that in a new sense the plane has become an instrument of national policy. Our aviation industry naturally would like an authoritative answer to the question: What is our national policy to be?

In January the President established the Interdepartmental Committee on International Civil Aviation. Though this committee will make recommendations, the issue for some time will be in the lap of the gods. Meanwhile our aviation manufacturers, being business men and realists, at one moment wax enthusiastic about the long-view future of air transport, but at the next moment, with an eye to the critical years immediately following the war, cite such facts as these:

Before the war, Pan American was able to handle all demands for trans-Atlantic passenger, mail, and express passage with precisely *six* planes, for trans-Pacific with *nine*, and for Latin-American with *137*. Most of its trans-Atlantic and trans-Pacific planes carried thirty-two passengers and a ton of mail—about 80,000 letters—and some express. Its Latin-American planes, most of them operating over secondary routes, were smaller, some of them fifteen years old.

Before the war, Pan American planned the purchase of fifty new planes, each carrying 153 passengers, for trans-Atlantic and other runs. It planned to have hourly service over the Atlantic, with a plane leaving every hour "on the hour," and hoped to find enough passengers by reducing the fare each way to $100. Figure this out! 153 by 24 by 365 makes far more than a million passengers each way in a year. Yet the peak of ocean travel has never reached half this huge number of passengers in any year.

W. A. Patterson.

Project the same calculation in any direction—over the top of the world to Russia and China, say, or westward to the Far East. Then, like our aviation manufacturers, you begin to realize what a tremendous increase in traffic will be needed in the years right after the war to keep even a minor part of our manufacturing capacity busy.

W. A. Patterson, president of United Air Lines, an eminently practical person, took a pencil in hand and illuminated the idea of many people that the transport plane is going to put the railroad and the steamship out of business. He showed that if present-day planes were used to carry a typical train load of 1,560 tons from Chicago to San Francisco, this would cost thirty-five times as much as sending it by rail, and that if they were used to carry 6,400 tons both ways between San Francisco and Brisbane, Australia, the cost would be 250 times as much as by ship.

Harry Woodhead.

Before the war, only 365 DC-3s were in use on the air lines of America, the finest in the world. Edward P. Warner, an ardent aviation enthusiast all his life and now vice-chairman of the Civil Aeronautical Board, figures that with 5,000 DC-3s the air lines of the United States could have handled all the Pullman traffic and about one half of all our railroad day-coach traffic, as well as all of our first-class mail, and could have increased the present number of airplane stops from about 230 to 2,000, so that more than 90 per cent of the people of the United States could be within

one hour's surface travel to an airport.

Five thousand DC-3s, our aviation manufacturers well know, do not present enough volume to keep their present plants running one month!

Turn to military planes, a primary hope of our manufacturers.

Harry Woodhead estimates that 30,000 planes may be necessary to do our share of world policing—of keeping the free world in readiness to smash any future Hitler. That would mean possibly 6,000 replacements annually—something at least for our manufacturers to go on.

But what about the obsolete planes that are replaced? What will be done with them and with the tremendous numbers of combat and military transport craft which will be left over from the war?

It is estimated that 60 per cent of them will be highly specialized planes, like bombers and fighters, too highly powered, too costly to operate, to have any except military use. But if these surplus planes are dumped on the world market they will act as a drag on future aircraft development for years to come.

After the last war there were few real advances in airplane or motor design until the Wright Whirlwind was brought out and made famous by Lindbergh in 1927. The reason was that there were always old war surplus planes kicking around which could be bought for $500 or $600. Any flyer who needed a plane bought one of these rather than pay the thousands a new model would have cost. The only way America can keep her supremacy in the air is to make the evolution of new planes a continuous process. Wouldn't it be far better quickly to junk the war surplus planes than to risk hampering continuous progress in design?

Above all else, our great airplane designers and their companies want to keep their staffs of engineers intact. They know that the supremacy of America in the air depends upon these staffs. Urged as a not-too-great price to pay for it and national security is a five-year plan, to go into effect as soon as the war is over, for the government to buy each year 10,000 combat planes.

This plan would (*a*) keep the engineering staffs of our aviation concerns intact and on their toes; (*b*) provide our front-line flyers with the best planes in existence; (*c*) permit men in training to have a continuing supply of replaced but recent front-line planes for training purposes. Thus in times of peace American aviation could continue to advance at something like its rate at present, when more progress is being made each month than in whole years before.

Viewed in terms of national security, of economic welfare, or how you will, what better investment can *we* demand than an ample investment in the future of American aviation?

This, above all else, means giving our hard-put aviation designers, manufacturers, and their workers a break, a helping hand in the critical transition months and years right after the war ends. We should lay our plans now, so they can lay theirs.

THE END

## AMERICA'S FLYING CIRCUS

Continued from Page 24

any day—and George's ship was riddled with bullets and just stooging along. Even so, back he went, swinging this way and that as though he meant to ram his attackers. The Germans were impressed, kept their distance, and he came away, to land his damaged plane on its belly. He got a week in Cairo to recuperate and then he went back to the job.

George Mobb's blond counterpart is Lieutenant Bill Beck of Nashville, Tennessee. Bill can't be more than twenty-three, but if he were fifty he wouldn't be old. He acts nineteen sometimes. I know a good many people who would have been at least five years older than they really are after the like of what happened to him. But he just grinned his usual kiddish grin and let it go at that.

The 57th pilots were on a fighter sweep in southern Tunisia, in the course of which they had gone out to sea. They were swinging back toward shore when trouble caught up with them. Jerry ack-ack batteries were putting up whatever they could—including, the Warhawks decided, the proverbial kitchen sink. But ack-ack is just ack-ack; Messerschmitts are something different. When two of those jumped Bill, he forgot about the ground gunners. The dogfight ended with both Bill and the two Germans more or less whole, so he spotted some Warhawks heading in the general direction of home and joined up. There he looked around and saw some other Warhawks getting roughly handled by MEs and decided to go back and help.

He saw a P-40 spin down for 8,000 feet. Apparently sure they had made a kill, three Germans headed for him. He ducked into a cloud and did an almost complete circle inside it. His Warhawk burst out of it within point-blank range of a Messerschmitt. But luckily it was he who saw and shot first. The German machine exploded in mid-air.

The boys don't write about their experiences that way, of course. I've merely reconstructed the picture from what airmen have told me.

If you have a good imagination, try to see the drama in the matter-of-fact operations report turned in by Lieutenant "Rocky" Byrne. In the course of this operation he spun 5,000 feet or more, was attacked by four MEs, and was wounded. But this is the way he tells it:

I, with eleven P-40s of the 64th [Black Scorpion] Squadron as top cover and twelve P-40s of the 65th Fighter Squadron as bottom cover, was ordered off on fighter sweep over the enemy lines. Flew at 320 degrees toward enemy lines. Commando vectored the formation 150 degrees, flew course, and were attacked by ten-plus ME-109s about ten miles west of home base. I was attacked by four ME-109s. I pulled up into one and I gave him a good burst but spun off and spun from 15,000 to 10,000 feet. I was attacked by two more enemy aircraft. I turned into one and gave him a good burst and saw large pieces fall off his wing. I saw the ME-109 go into a spin. I was attacked by two ME-109s and wounded. I claim one ME-109 damaged. I landed safely back at the base.

A point of interest in the report is that, although Byrne saw pieces flying off the German plane and later saw it spinning down, he could not claim to have destroyed it because he did not actually see it crash. This conservative way of estimating scores is borrowed from the R. A. F. It is absolutely accurate as to enemy planes allowed, but obviously many that never get home are merely counted as "probables" or "damaged."

The top ace of the 57th Group is Captain Roy Whittaker, twenty-three, of Knoxville, Tennessee, with seven enemy planes destroyed. Roy is one of the Fighting Cocks and his history is more or less typical. He left a "bizz ad" course at the University of Tennessee to take advantage of the government civilian pilot-training scheme. He joined the Air Corps in 1940 and was at once posted to the 65th. After six months' training in the United States, he arrived in the Middle East in June, 1942. During the Battle of Alamein, he got his first enemy plane—an Italian hot-shot fighter called a Macchi-202. With three of his buddies he had attacked four Italians. The Yanks got them all. On the famous "goose shoot" Roy got three German transports. He has a wife waiting for him to come back to Nashville.

And that is the way the 57th Fighter Group did its bit to win the African war. Flying heroes in the air; everyday, likable, slightly bored guys on the ground, proud of their records as Scorpions, Exterminators, and Fighting Cocks. What the future holds for them I can't say.

Like most American boys away from home, they are "homesick as hell." But they know there will be more Americans coming out—green boys without combat experience—who will need a veteran to lead them into battle. And I'm personally hoping that the game guys who have learned how it's done by doing it will get to show those equally game youngsters the ropes—and thereby save a lot of American lives and exterminate a lot more Nazis.

THE END

him. The look, if anything, irritated him more than the stableboy's surly attitude.

"Who said anything about riding?" he demanded, and went on to the path that led up to the Eastend trail.

Kent had meant to bear left on the main path, toward Coral Bay, to follow it until it reached the point where it paralleled the fence for a short distance. From there he meant to follow the barrier itself until he could find some means either to get over or around it.

But obviously this was now out of the question. Consequently he turned to the right instead, in the direction of Eastend Point. It was a long walk. He had done it once with Karen, but it had taken them most of a day. Now he went at it swiftly, hoping to wear his companion down.

Had he been less preoccupied and less irritated with the man, Kent

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**An English counterpart of Caspar Milquetoast approached an English bobby who would have been directing traffic had there been any.**

**"Constable," he asked, "can you direct me to Apple-blossom Avenue?"**

**"Happleblossom Havenue, sir?" mused the bobby. "Hit used to be right 'ere, sir, before the blitz."**

**"Thank you very much," said Caspar. "Can you tell me where it is now?"—*Pocketbook of War Humor.***

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doubtless would have found Fernandez an entertaining companion. He talked well. Kent gathered that he had been educated in the States and at the university in San Juan; that before the war he had been in the sugar business. Kent noted grimly that he did not say what he was engaged in now.

He soon discovered that his condition was not as good as he thought it was. The day was hot and growing hotter, and he was still weak, still shaky. It became apparent that instead of wearing Fernandez down he was more likely to exhaust himself. They were no more than past the bight of Hauloyer Bay when Kent gave up in disgust and turned about. Fernandez grinned broadly.

"What's the matter, señor? You are not tired?"

"A little."

"Ah!" said Fernandez cryptically.

It was close to eleven, and the sun was high and hot, when they passed the stables again and turned into the last short stretch of path to the hotel. There they met Svend Christensen.

"So, gentlemen," he said. "What have you been up to?"

Kent stopped to answer, while Fernandez kept on slowly.

"We've been up toward Eastend. We didn't get very far."

"That's a pity," the old man said. "I have been looking for you to walk with me. I suppose you would not care to come with me now? I could show you some of those things I spoke about."

Kent mopped at his forehead.

"If you don't mind," he said, "I'd like to make it another day. I'm pretty well tuckered right now."

"Tuckered?" The old man was puzzled. "Oh, I see, you mean you are tired. Well, then, another time, eh?"

He saluted Kent with his stick and turned away. Kent swung about to start on up the path, only to realize that he was alone for the first time. Fernandez was out of sight.

It was the chance he had been waiting for. He turned away from the path and made a wide circuit around and above the hotel. He reached the path that led up to the gate, without, as far as he could tell, being seen by any one. But when he came to the gate itself he stopped short with a sense of frustration. There, on a rock beside the gatepost, sat Fernandez, immaculate and unruffled, fanning himself with his Panama hat. At sight of Kent he grinned.

"I thought you'd be along."

Kent flung himself down beside him and mopped at his forehead.

"All right!" he puffed. "You win. What do you say to a swim?"

"Now then, señor," Fernandez replied, eying him with approval, "that's the first sensible suggestion you've made."

Kent shrugged. For the moment at least he was whipped, and he knew it.

WHEN they came down to the beach, half an hour later, they found Karen there before them, sunning herself on the sand. Kent was diffident, remembering last night, but Fernandez beamed.

"How is the water?" he asked.

Her eyes rested briefly on Kent's before they passed on to Fernandez. Her face was wholly expressionless, but Kent had a curious sensation as of something passing between them, almost as if she had some message she was trying to convey with that glance.

"Delicious," she said.

"Then you will excuse us, I am sure." Fernandez bowed.

He and Kent went on and plunged in. The water was cool and refreshing. As soon as he was in it Kent felt some of the weariness slip from him and his old resolution returned. After all, he reminded himself, the day was yet young. His chance would come. What's more, he thought, he'd never have a better chance to talk to Karen. He swam to shore and went up and dropped beside her in the sand. Her eyes were following Fernandez. She glanced up as Kent sat down, then looked away again.

"What a nice little man!" she exclaimed.

"Damned little leech!" Kent

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growled. "He's stuck to me like a burr all day."

Karen grinned at him. Her eyes softened.

"Maybe he likes you. There *is* something about you, Alan."

Kent snorted.

"He's keeping an eye on me."

A shadow crossed her face. She faced him impulsively.

"But why—" she began.

"He's one of them, isn't he?" he demanded.

"I don't know," she said in a troubled voice.

He stared at her, puzzled. Surely she must know that. If she did not, it might mean—but that was impossible. He made a little gesture of impatience, flinging sand in a fanning circle over her toes.

"Of course he is!" he scoffed.

"Anyway," she said, "I like him better than Mr. Slane or Mr. Forrest."

"Why don't you call them Vogel and Bosch? Those are their real names, aren't they?" He watched her narrowly as he said it.

"Are they?" she asked. "I didn't know."

She said it simply, and he judged that it was true.

He shrugged. She put out her hand impulsively and laid it upon his, where it lay, palm down, in the warm sand.

"Alan!" she said.

It was an effort for him to keep from reaching out for her. His hand stiffened and lay rigid beneath hers. He raised his eyes slowly to her face and looked at her steadily, trying to conceal from her the pounding of his heart.

"Alan!" she exclaimed again. "Why must we be like this to each other? Can't we—"

"Am I supposed to stand up and cheer about this?" he asked grimly.

She drew her hand away abruptly, hurt. Kent felt like a dog. He stared down at the sand before him, clenching his fists tightly in its soft gritty warmth. She turned to watch Fernandez, her brow puckered in a little frown. He followed her glance.

"ANOTHER conquest?" he said a little bitterly.

She turned on him with a flicker of pain in her blue eyes.

"Alan—" she cried.

He caught the hurt in her voice then, and reached out to take her hand in his.

"I'm sorry!" he said hastily. "I didn't mean that."

"Alan—" she said again.

He shook her hand with gentle urgency.

"Wait a minute," he interrupted her. "Let's get this straight. I didn't mean what I said yesterday on the beach. I didn't mean what I said last night about—about—well, you know! I don't believe anything that you told me yesterday, either. I love you, Karen, and I'm sure there must be some explanation for all this. I'm going to find out what it is!"

The glow that had come into her face at his first words flickered and went out as he finished.

"Alan, please!" she said earnestly. "You're right about some things. I didn't mean what I said. But I had to say it. I can't explain now, but I will some day. Now I only want you to go—to get away. You know enough to understand the danger here. For your own sake—and for mine, Alan, go. Please go!"

He looked at her searchingly a moment before he answered:

"You know what I'd have to do?"

"I know." She nodded, frowning. "But I don't care about that. Only go! Please!"

He began to laugh happily. All at once it seemed that everything was all right. She did care. That was what mattered most. For the rest—He broke off and sobered abruptly.

"Not much chance of that now. Your grandfather wanted the boat to go to St. Thomas this morning, and Eric refused to let him have it. Later, when I went down past the stables, Hans came out and said there was to be no riding today—Eric's orders! So, you see—"

She looked at him quickly, her eyes bright.

"He said that?" she demanded. "Gramps said that?"

He nodded.

"Alan!" she exclaimed excitedly. "Alan—"

"Besides," he interrupted, "there's something I must find out first."

"No, no, no, Alan!" she cried frantically. "No, you must not wait to find out anything. You must go now, at once! Now more than ever! Don't you see?"

She thumped her little fists in the sand. He looked at her, puzzled.

"No," he said, "I don't see. And what's the difference anyway? I can't go now. And I don't want to. You're lovely, Karen!"

He leaned forward, would have kissed her, but she turned her face away impatiently.

She gripped his arm and shook it.

"Alan, it's plain as the nose on your face! Look—"

She broke off abruptly. Fernandez was coming up toward them from the water. She looked up at him sweetly.

"I say," he said, "aren't you two coming in?"

As if in answer, the luncheon chimes rang on the gallery. Karen stood up and picked up her bathing cap.

"After lunch," she said.

They went up the pathway toward the hotel, Fernandez in the lead, then Karen, and then Kent. On the way Kent found time to whisper, "What's this all about?"

She flashed him a warning look and blew him a quick kiss.

"Tell you later—darling," she replied.

At the lower end of the garden Karen turned toward her own cottage. Kent waved to her gaily and noticed, as he did so, that old Svend was just coming in from his walk.

Kent took his time about dressing, his mind working swiftly. Karen had helped to clear away much of the deadwood that had impeded his thinking. He did not doubt the value of what she had to say to him. But that would have to wait. His chance was at hand when they were all expecting him in the dining room. It might only be a few moments, but it would be enough, and once he was away the rest would be easy.

He heard Fernandez' steps go past along the gallery toward the dining room. He waited a moment after that, then went to the window at the back of the building and dropped out. As soon as his feet touched the ground he bent double and ran swiftly to the end of the wing. Once in its shelter, out of sight from both the gallery and the dining room, he straightened and breathed easier. He had done it! Now for the real job!

IT was out of the question to follow the path to the gate. That was visible for some distance from the dining-room windows. Accordingly he struck straight out to the hillside.

It was difficult going through the dense undergrowth of thorny mimosa and tangled catch-and-keep. It took him an hour to reach the fence.

He half expected what he found. The brush and trees had been cleared back from the fence a distance of ten feet or more, and as far as he could see not a branch, not so much

as a twig, overhung it. Undismayed, he turned and followed it, going away from the gate, watching for the least gap beneath it or a way over. But he found nothing.

The end, too, came abruptly. The fence came out suddenly upon a bluff overlooking the Hurricane Hole, at a sheer drop of forty feet to the water. But it did not stop there. Instead, it continued, on steel posts set in the face of the bluff, part way down the rock, and there ended. Only by means of ropes and a scaffold was there any way to pass around that!

Kent sat down on the edge of the rock and stared in dejection at the water below. Almost he was ready to admit defeat. A four-foot barracuda cruised by slowly in the clear depths, and Kent absently shied a stick at him. The fish flashed away, to whirl and come plunging back to champ the stick to splinters in his wicked teeth. Kent shivered—and then had an idea.

He stood up and looked over the edge of the bluff. It was not wide. A point of rocks came down on his left. Another showed on his right, beyond the fence. The distance between was not more than fifty yards. With luck—

He stood up and stripped off his clothes. Making a bundle of them, he tossed them over the fence as far as he could. Then he made his way gingerly back along the bluff top and down to the rocky point.

He paid in blood and skin. When, at last, he stood at the water's edge his body was a mass of cuts and scratches, and there were a dozen thorns still in his feet and legs. But he was there. He drew a deep breath and plunged in, and came up, swimming with all his strength for the far point.

It seemed to him that he was in the water for hours. Actually it was little more than a minute before he pulled himself up on the rocks on the other side. When he did, he had to pinch himself to be sure that he was still whole, but the barracuda had evidently gone cruising elsewhere.

When he had caught his breath he fought his way up through the thorny scrub again to where his clothes lay. It took him half an hour to pull out all the thorns and splinters that were in him. When he had done that he dressed and stood ready to go on.

The Hurricane Hole is a deep sheltered bay, formed by the northeast hollow of the larger M-shaped Coral Bay. The hole itself is serrated on its eastern side by a series of smaller bays; round, open Buddy John's Bay, long and narrow Cobas Creek, and the longer, narrower, and deeper stretch of Water Creek. Just inside the mouth of Water Creek, biting deep into its southern flank, and hidden from the surface of Coral Bay and the Hurricane Hole by a high narrow finger of land, lies the Careening Hole—a cove within a cove, the inner corner of a salt-water maze. All of these coves are deep, for the hills run down to them sharply, and their angle of drop is continued past the water line.

Kent came upon the buildings quite suddenly. From the fence he had followed the shore line around the finger of land that sheltered the Careening Hole, and all at once there they were before him. They were perfectly hidden by the contours of the shore itself. A boat would have to come right into Water Creek before any one on board could be aware of them.

Even so, they looked innocent enough. One storehouse, low and long, some seventy by fifty feet, paralleled the shore just inside the mouth of the Hole. Stretching beside this, and running the full length of the cove, was a stout dock. Eying the massive bollards at each end and at the mid-

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**When Mark Twain was a young and struggling newspaper writer in San Francisco, a lady of his acquaintance saw him one day with a cigar box under his arm looking in a shop window. "Mr. Clemens," she said, "I always see you with a cigar box under your arm. I'm afraid you are smoking too much."**

**"It isn't that," said Mark. "I'm moving again."**—*Thesaurus of Anecdotes.*

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dle, estimating the length over all, and remembering the depth indicated on the lobby chart for this water, Kent judged with professional accuracy that a medium-sized vessel could moor there without difficulty. There was no sign at the moment, however, of a submarine or any other kind of craft. In fact the place seemed deserted.

There were three other warehouses, not apparently so long as the first, but fully as broad, standing shoulder to shoulder, backing against the steep hillside and facing the dock across a narrow strip of bare earth. At the end of the cove was the boathouse, where Eric kept the hotel launch, and just beyond the end of the last warehouse Kent could see a corner of what he judged was the smaller building that housed the Diesel plant.

IT was in working his way through the brush, to pass behind the three warehouses for a look at this, that Kent made his first significant discovery. As he tried to go behind the buildings, he discovered that they did not end at the hill. Their roofs ended, to be sure, giving an appearance of shortness to the buildings, but the frame itself extended back into the hill. This forced him to climb up and around, and it was when he was on the hill above, looking down, that he discovered that this did not show at all from the air. The excavated earth had been carefully replaced above the sections of the buildings that extended into the hill and replanted, so that what looked from above like three small warehouses fifty by fifty feet square, were in reality three large warehouses fifty by a hundred or even more. It was a clever job of camouflage and could have only one purpose: to hide from above that extra warehouse space.

Until now, Kent had been disappointed in his find. It had seemed innocent enough; a little on the grand scale perhaps for a hotel dock and storerooms, but certainly here, in this remote spot, if anywhere, that might be needed. But this effort at concealment was decidedly suspicious. Kent forgot the powerhouse, and decided to investigate the warehouses.

He had been at pains to keep hidden, observing everything from the cover of the brush. Now he wormed his way down the hill and crept along the wall of the outer warehouse until he came to the interval between it and the one that paralleled the shore. Here he halted and carefully searched for some sign of a guard. He saw none. Presently, satisfied, he cautiously poked his head out between the two buildings and hastily surveyed the whole hard-packed stretch between the warehouses, the dock, and the boathouse. Nothing stirred anywhere. The doors of two of the warehouses were open. With a last quick glance around, he slipped cautiously around the corner and into the first warehouse.

Suspicious as he was, he was hardly prepared for what he saw. In the forepart of the warehouse row upon row of cases were stacked on either hand—big cases, little cases, barrels. Their contents were apparently varied. But the markings on all were German.

But it was not this that startled him most. What made him pause and gasp was the wall of black metal drums stacked across the building behind the cases. He did not need to look twice at those drums to know that they contained Diesel fuel oil and that there was more here than a light plant would use in fifty years! In the face of the wall, which was approximately fifty by thirty feet square, he counted a hundred and fifty drums. There was a ladder against the wall, and a chain hoist on a track running the length of the building, indicating how the drums were handled. Kent climbed the ladder and stepped on top of the drums. Following the hoist track back to the rear of the building, he counted fifty rows of drums. By a hasty calculation that meant there were some seventy-five hundred drums of fuel oil in this one storehouse. If the others held an equal quantity, there were well over a million gallons stored here in this hillside, figuring each drum to hold a little over fifty. Kent whistled involuntarily.

The answer was obvious. Eric was not only operating a landing and embarking station for Nazi agents here. He was running a refueling and refitting base for submarines as well!

Kent went back down the ladder. Near the outer end of the hoist track there was a platform and an open tank. A stout pipe ran out from the bottom of the tank, turned, and passed out through the wall of the building. Doubtless, he thought, the drums were emptied into this tank, and the oil then passed out through the line to the waiting vessel. With three such outlets the job could be done rapidly, and the arrangement made for quieter handling. To make doubly sure, he stepped outside and traced the course of the pipe. It came out of the building on the wharf side, turned and went underground. Tense with excitement, he crossed the open ground and lay down flat on the wharf, leaning far out over the edge to peer back under the planking.

THERE were the outlets, sure enough. One, two, three, he counted, and at the end of each was a black drop of oil. Looking down, he saw the bright iridescent sheen of it upon the surface of the water.

But he saw something else, too; something that startled him—the reflection of movement above. At the same time he heard the grate of footsteps on the planks near by, and a heavy voice saying, *"Ach! Wass ist?"*

He had forgotten, in his excitement, the danger of discovery. But he remembered it now. He came back quickly, and up upon his hands and knees. As he did so he caught a glimpse of two heavily booted feet beside him, two blue-clad legs planted wide apart, a belted, bandoleered torso in a sailor's blouse.

He saw no more than that, for in that instant something crashed heavily against the back of his head. He was jerked forward on hands and elbows and all the lights in the sky seemed suddenly to burst and flash and pinwheel before his eyes. In the next moment he seemed to be falling—whirling, sinking, down into a pit of utter blackness.

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*Caught! Can Kent fool his captors and escape, somehow, to send for help? Will the Nazis let him live, knowing how much he knows? Don't miss next week's chapter!*

## COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY *(Unabashed)*

**FOETOGRAPH:** A picture of the enemy.

**PERILEYES:** That blonde's peepers.

**DISAPYRAMID:** Mirage on the Sahara Desert.

**DECKSTERITY:** Ability to land correctly on a flat-top.

**PUNYFORM:** Suit for a small soldier.

**BAGATELLEGRAM:** A mere one-word wire.

**EBBIDEMIC:** Sickness on the way out.

**SAPARATION:** Taking the maple syrup from the maple.

**IDOLIZENHOWER:** Another name for a great general.

**HALFGHAN:** Only part of the blanket.

form similar to that of the R. A. F. He had two lumpy parcels under one arm and he asked, "Are you Miss Qualters—Ann Qualters?"

He was tall, darkly bronzed, his fair hair curling under the overseas cap which he wore rakishly. The lines in his face were deep cut about his mouth and his eyes, which were the bluest she had ever seen. Beneath the wings he wore were two bars of ribbons. Hyacinth, for once in his feckless career, had been correct.

Ann nodded, struck dumb by her predicament. When the door had opened and she had realized her mistake, she had stood straight up. Now, she was perched precariously in the center of the washbasin and any move she made would undoubtedly upset it. She had never felt such a fool.

"Come on in, please," she invited in a voice that quavered slightly.

"I say, I'm sorry to pop in on you this way, but the porter wasn't anywhere about."

He came in and closed the door, "I'm Lorry MacLean from Brisbane. Bob Harmon asked me to see you." He put the parcels down on the table and came toward her. Ann could feel her cheeks flaming. She made a little gesture indicating her predicament. His blue eyes crinkled suddenly, brimming with amusement, and she saw that he was younger than he at first appeared. He held out his arm gravely, formally, to assist her out of her absurd position, and she giggled. She couldn't help herself. Suddenly, they were both laughing, howling with merriment, until tears came into their eyes.

"Sit down," she said finally, "while I put on some sandals."

It wasn't so awkward, after they'd laughed together, to pick up the basin and go on into her bedroom, barefooted. Bending down to fasten the straps on her play shoes, she found that her fingers were shaking with excitement. When she looked in the mirror to powder her nose and touch up her lips, her eyes were sparkling, her cheeks flushed. What luck that she had put on her house coat this evening. It was soft and feminine and heaven blue—like his eyes, only they are deeper, she thought, and then stood still in astonishment. Well, well, Ann!

WHEN she came back, he was sitting on the davenport smoking a cigarette. He smiled at her as he stood up, but there was no smile in his eyes this time and she realized that he was embarrassed. Poor lad, he must know all about her and Bob, and now he was at a loss how to begin. They sat down and she picked up a cigarette and let him light it for her. "You're Bob's brother-in-law, I presume," she said, easing him over the hurdle. "Aileen's brother?"

He nodded. "Righto. That's it."

"I hope Bob is well—and very happy."

His eyes met hers and their regard was keen, intent. She thought, If I had not been sincere, he would have known it.

He nodded, "Yes, they're deeply happy. They've made me believe that love really can happen to two people suddenly at first meeting."

There was a silence between them, but it was not an uneasy emptiness of words. From far below came the rumble of buses and beyond this the distant sound of planes at the airport across the river. The lamplight fell on Lorry's hair, making it a burnished red-gold hue, vitally alive. In repose, his face looked older again because of the lines of strain about his eyes and the lean firmness of his chin. But his mouth was young and sweet. Amazingly, now, Ann found that she didn't want to talk about Bob. She wanted to ask him about himself, about the campaign ribbons over his heart. She wanted to know what sort of person he had been before the war had happened to his life.

But when he spoke again, it was still of Bob. "He's been in twice since he went to sea after they were married. The last time, when he found I was going to have a month or so of duty in the States on my way back to Africa, he asked me to look


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you up and give you three things. He told me that you were his oldest and his dearest friend."

He reached for one of the two parcels and started untying it. Opened, it revealed a strange curved piece of wood. "This is for you. It's a boomerang, in case you're interested." Pointing to the exquisitely tapered edge, he said, "Like the leading edge of an airplane wing, the better to fly through the air."

"Can you throw it?" she asked.

He grinned. "If there's plenty of room about. And here's a pet for you."

IT was a miniature of a koala bear with soft sleek fur. At sight of his funny little face, friendly, and yet so very different from an American Teddy bear, a lump came into her throat. How far away Bob had gone, not only in distance but in his life! There was sadness but no pain in the thought. "How sweet of Bob, and how nice of you to bother with them."

"*Those* weren't a bother—" His voice trailed off, and she realized that he was troubled. What was the third gift?

Apparently he didn't want to bring it out at the moment and she wondered what on earth it could be. She patted the little bear affectionately and made conversation: "They had one here in the zoo, once, but they couldn't find the right things to feed him, and he pined away and died."

"Do you have a good zoo in Washington?" He seized on the subject eagerly, obviously stalling.

"It's one of the best," Ann assured him.

"Good monkeys?"

"A wonderful monkey house. All the various kinds."

"Giraffes?"

"High as skyscrapers. Do you love animals so much?"

"Yes. That's what I was doing when this mess started. Raising blooded cattle and race horses on a station I had over west of Cunnamulla."

Ann leaned forward eagerly, her heart beating happily. This was what she had hoped for. "Tell me about it. I want to know what it's like in your country."

He painted a picture of a land that was curiously like Ann's own. Sometimes what he said made her think of Kentucky, of the bluegrass country, of the racing in Lexington. And other times it made her think of the West—not so much the West of the present, as the way it must have been thirty years ago. In talking, he told, unconsciously, about himself, as she had known that he would do. She saw that he loved the land passionately, and that even four years before, when he had been much younger, he had known just what sort of life he wanted to lead. His recent duty in Australia, organizing squadrons against the Japanese, had been to him unbelievable good fortune.

Ann asked, "You've been in since the beginning?"

"Almost. I was in that go over England," and she realized he was referring to the Battle of Britain, "then Greece, Egypt."

He touched on things that had happened to him as if he were as eager to tell her as she was to hear him. Only, now, something dreadful was happening to Ann. She was having that strange, disturbing, lightheaded feeling again. Her mind was clear, she understood what he said perfectly, but his voice came as if from a distance. This was the worst it had ever been, and she was very much frightened.

He must have seen some change in her face. He stopped abruptly. "I'm afraid I've been a bore, rambling on like this. You should have stopped me." He stood up and put his hand in one of the pockets of his uniform. He was frowning. "Look here. I've got something else from Bob."

He brought out a small box and opened it for her. From the strange wavering distance she saw the glow and sparkle of her engagement ring, which she had sent back to Bob along with the letter wishing him his happiness—a letter written out of her pride to conceal how much she had been hurt. The ring was an old one, a diamond, claw-set, surrounded by a cluster of smaller diamonds.

"He said you should keep it because it had belonged to his mother, who had loved you and always wanted you to have it."

Ann watched the ring gleam through growing darkness. She started to stand up and the gleam disappeared. She was falling forward an immeasurable distance into a black void.

When she came to, she was in the bedroom, lying on the bed. There was a cold moist towel across her forehead and Lorry was sitting on the edge of the bed, bathing her wrists and rubbing them. She thought, I fainted. I really fainted. How silly! She started to struggle up and he pushed her gently back on the pillow. "Easy now. Take it easy."

SHE looked at him through her lashes. His face was very serious, his eyes troubled. Suddenly her heart gave the most tremendous lurch and started beating fast and so hard that she was sure it must be noticeable. She knew now what Bob had meant by "sweet lightning." He had prayed this might happen to her and it had happened.

But what chance had she now? Once Lorry left the apartment she would never see him again. He would think of her as a girl hopelessly in love with his sister's husband. He would think of her as "poor Ann" and seek a free-hearted, gay girl for his weeks in Washington. She opened her eyes, panic-stricken, and regarded him.

He said, "I'm sorry, Ann. When Bob gave me the ring for you, I thought it was a piece of silliness. After I'd seen you, I didn't want to carry on."

"Why?"

"I didn't want you to be hurt."

"Oh." She closed her eyes again, but this time she was praying, "Let me say the right thing! Let him understand!"

Lorry's voice came to her: "I don't blame you for being bitter. Not at all."

She opened her eyes. "I'm not bitter, Lorry—not any more. I was at first. I did all the silly things that a girl generally does when she gets thrown over. I wept and I smoked too much and went out walking at two and three o'clock in the morning when I couldn't sleep."

His eyes were on her face. She thought, He really wants to know.

"Don't sit down for a few days, till Hitler's face is dry."

"Then I tried being very gay. I went out with people I didn't like, and tried all the kinds of cocktails there are, and I let men whom I really couldn't stand make love to me. I did all those things because I couldn't get over Bob. I still loved him and I hated him at the same time. For a while that's the way I was."

"Until when?"

"One morning when I woke up and Bob's pictures were in all the papers. They'd given him the Navy Cross and they had released the story of the action in which he'd been wounded. About his commanding officer being killed and how he brought the ship in loaded with survivors from other ships under air attack—you know—"

Lorry nodded. "I know."

"I was so proud of him it didn't matter whether his love belonged to me or not. I wanted him to have his happiness even if I wasn't the woman who could give it to him."

Lorry didn't say anything at all. He just looked at her for a while and then he leaned forward and kissed her. There was nothing of passion about it. Briefly his mouth touched hers, warm and firm and tender. She understood that it was an accolade. A reward for gallantry.

He said finally, "I've thought lots of times that flying a plane in the middle of action and excitement wasn't the hardest part of this war."

He took the towel from her forehead and went into the bathroom and moistened it again and replaced it. He sat down on the edge of the bed and took her hand. "But the next day there was another story in all the journals—and there were lots of days ahead."

Ann nodded. "But I still felt the same. Only, I knew I'd have to work at it."

SHE told him about the cure. About working all day and dancing all night and having no time to look back. Scarcely, in fact, having time to get from place to place on her crowded schedule of events.

"This plan of yours worked out all right? All tickety-boo?"

"Yes."

"Then why did you pass out when you saw your ring?"

"I don't know, Lorry. It wasn't the ring." She told him, then, about the funny way she had been feeling every now and then. Like nothing she'd ever known before. Certainly she'd never been one to faint. Did he believe her?

After a long pause he said, "Y'know, we weren't keen on Aileen marrying Bob. Not at first. He was a stranger and it was too sudden. But we're no end fond of him now. He's a lad to pull his own weight. No light chap. He's worried about you. He wants me to write and tell him how I found you. What shall I say to him, Ann?"

"Say that I'm happy. Say that I do understand what he meant in his letter—now."

Lorry went into the living room. He came back with two cigarettes lit, and he gave her one. He was grinning. He was young Lorry, the one who ran a station west of Cunnamulla.

He asked, "When did you eat dinner last? A real dinner?"

Ann thought back and was surprised to find that it must have been Thursday night. She'd been so busy since. The Stage Door Canteen on Friday, and a sandwich snatched before going down to Fort Belvoir the night before, and then, tonight, just a sandwich and milk in the apartment.

She told him, "Why, Thursday!"

"Look here, Ann. I'll make a bargain with you. I'll write Bob and tell him you're fit and fine and give him your message if you'll do what I ask you to."

"What's that?" Her heart was doing nip-ups again, wonderful, happy, double-time beating.

"You resign from this schedule. You eat meals when meals are due. From now on, four nights a week you go to bed at nine o'clock. And the rest of your free time isn't free. It's mine until I go."

There were stars in her eyes and her smile was real and happy. It wasn't just something to put on firmly lest, in an off moment, it slip.

He was going on, smiling, his voice half firm, half coaxing, and she liked the way he spoke: "I have to see the zoo. I want to get horses and go riding in the park. I have a lot of dancing to make up—will you help me, Ann?"

"Yes, I will. It will be fun."

"It will be wonderful!"

He stood up, holding her hand, looking deep into her eyes. Surely, surely he must see now the way her heart was beating! He gave her hand a little pat and kissed it lightly and let it go. He asked, "Have you a spot of tea somewhere in that doll's kitchen? If so, I'll make you a cup of tea and then you'll get dressed and we'll go out and get dinner."

She told him where the tea was. Lying still, she heard him put the kettle on, heard the clatter of cups. She thought with a sort of wonder, Why, I'm tingling all over with happiness! And almost instantly the voice of her old pain, her old sorrow, jeered, "Getting all set to be hurt again!"

He had said, "Until I go—" There would be another good-by again, like a little death. And then what? But she fought down her fear, willed it away. There would be happiness, too. Some day. She must hold on to that thought. She must have faith in it as strong as the faith that some day the nightmare of war would end and there would be a new bright world.

THE END


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# LIBERTY GOES TO THE MOVIES

O'Riley poses Elwood C. Hooper for his front-page debut (he hopes) with star Lucille Ball.

But his real Prom date, Helen Schlessenger, shows up—and she's in no mood for jokes.

Bud, his life "ruined," pleads with Helen to forgive him and please not to go to the Prom.

## BY HARRIET GOULD

### BEST FOOT FORWARD

*(Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer)*
*Lucille Ball, William Gaxton, Nancy Walker, Tommy Dix.*

SEVERAL seasons ago, one of Broadway's more popular musicals was Best Foot Forward, George Abbott's sprightly production about a hectic house party at a boys' boarding school. With a few minor changes, Metro's Best Foot Forward is the Technicolored version of this still sprightly comedy. Winsocki (the boarding school) becomes a military academy. The glamorous movie star who causes all the commotion is Lucille Ball instead of Rosemary Lane. The Prom orchestra that sets the jitterbugs (in the audience as well as on the screen) off on a tear is led by Harry James—Himself—In Person.

The story is a fragile one, serving only as a framework on which Director Eddie Buzzell has hung a number of fresh-as-paint production numbers, good tunes, and old—but still amusing—gags.

It's all about a movie star, on the down grade and slipping badly, who gets a mash note from "Bud" Elwood C. Hooper (Tommy Dix), a Winsocki senior. He invites her to his Prom, never thinking she'll accept. But O'Riley (William Gaxton), her press agent, thinks differently. His news-hungry nose convinces him this is just what his client needs. "Movie Star and American Youth"—headlines! So off they go to Winsocki while poor Bud tries to side-track his real girl, Helen Schlessenger (Virginia Weidler). The complications fall like ripe fruit—and Bud gets hit by them all:

His girl won't talk to him; if the school finds out he's dating a movie star, "they won't like it"; Lucille Ball gets her clothes ripped off by souvenir hunters; Bud is almost expelled for his disgrace to the school; and (to the delight of no one but O'Riley) the episode hits the front pages—pictures and all!

Best Foot Forward hasn't lost any of its pep and appeal in the transition to the screen. The three best tunes from the stage show (including the rousing Buckle Down, Winsocki) have been retained.

Three of the juvenile leads from the Abbott production—Tommy Dix, Nancy Walker, and June Allyson—were also signed for the screen version. But it's ugly, rasp-voiced Nancy Walker who takes the honors.

Lucille Ball and William Gaxton manage to put punch into even the most trite lines. And they serve as fine foils for the carryings-on of the youngsters—who, after all, are the real stars of this nicely paced and thoroughly entertaining musical.

## BACKGROUND TO DANGER

*(Warner Bros.)*
*George Raft, Peter Lorre, Sydney Greenstreet*

BY some lucky quirk of timing, Warner Brothers have managed to tie up several of their new pictures with current headlines. Air Force opened in the midst of a big push in the Pacific; Casablanca had the historic Casablanca conference; and Mission to Moscow got a news send-off with Ambassador Davies' return trip to Russia. They were all *good* films. Now that Turkey is ready for a front-page move, along comes Background to Danger—but it's not too good. Based on the premise that the Nazis will do anything to swing Turkey to their side, Background to Danger is a fairly feeble spy story. George Raft, Sydney Greenstreet, and Peter Lorre are ominous enough—but the whole thing doesn't quite come off.

## TWO TICKETS TO LONDON

*(Universal)*
*Alan Curtis, Michele Morgan*

THIS is the kind of story that Alfred Hitchcock, the master of suspense, could have turned into a real thriller. But even without the Hitchcock touch, Two Tickets to London is a better than average mystery melodrama. Alan Curtis is a merchant seaman suspected of treason. En route to London for trial, his train is bombed and he escapes, after rescuing Michele Morgan and taking her with him for a cover-up. They fall in love, which adds further complications, but you'll have to see it yourself for the denouement. Dooley Wilson (of As Time Goes By fame) sings two spirituals, and Barry Fitzgerald contributes one of his excitable Gaelic characters. Two Tickets could stand tightening up—but it's not bad as is.

A few hours before he planed from New York to entertain our boys abroad, a frantic camera crew and director caught up with camp-touring Bob Hope and shot the final half-minute close up of "LET'S FACE IT."

So *you* are like!y to see Bob's new hit in its complete form before he does!

"Let's Face It" played for what seemed like years on Broadway, ending its run a few months ago after 544 performances.

The picture co-stars Bob and spitfire Betty Hutton for the first time. A new era of hilarity begins when these two are turned loose together

Its five song hits are by Cole Porter. T the rhythm of one of them, Bob makes his screen debut as a hoofer! A brilliant comedy cast including Dona Drake, Eve Arden and ZaSu Pitts, plus a screenful of chorus lovelies, cavort convulsively and seductively under Sidney Lanfield's direction.

All in all, "Let's Face It" is one of the best of those big, fun-filled musicals which are such a happy habit at Paramount.

• • •

Last month we told you about "SO PROUDLY WE HAIL," which stars Claudette Colbert, Paulette Goddard and Veronica Lake. But maybe we didn't make it quite clear how exciting this Mark Sandrich production really is.

The first great love story of our women at the fighting fronts, "So Proudly We Hail" is aglow with glorious laughter and romance, as well as with heart-stirring courage. You'll never forget Claudette's honeymoon in a foxhole. And Paulette's black lace nightie, which she wore "to keep up her morale."

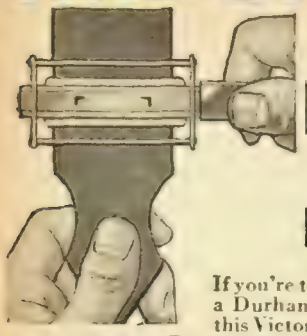
Also, we didn't tell you enough about a newcomer by the name of Sonny Tufts. Here's a youth who's really going places. Discover him in "So Proudly We Hail."

• • •

"FOR WHOM THE BELL TOLLS" is now definitely established as New York's reigning hit, at a top admission price of $2.20. Other special "road-show" engagements will open in certain leading cities soon. Watch for these dates, to be announced shortly by

*Paramount Pictures*

# THIS STROP



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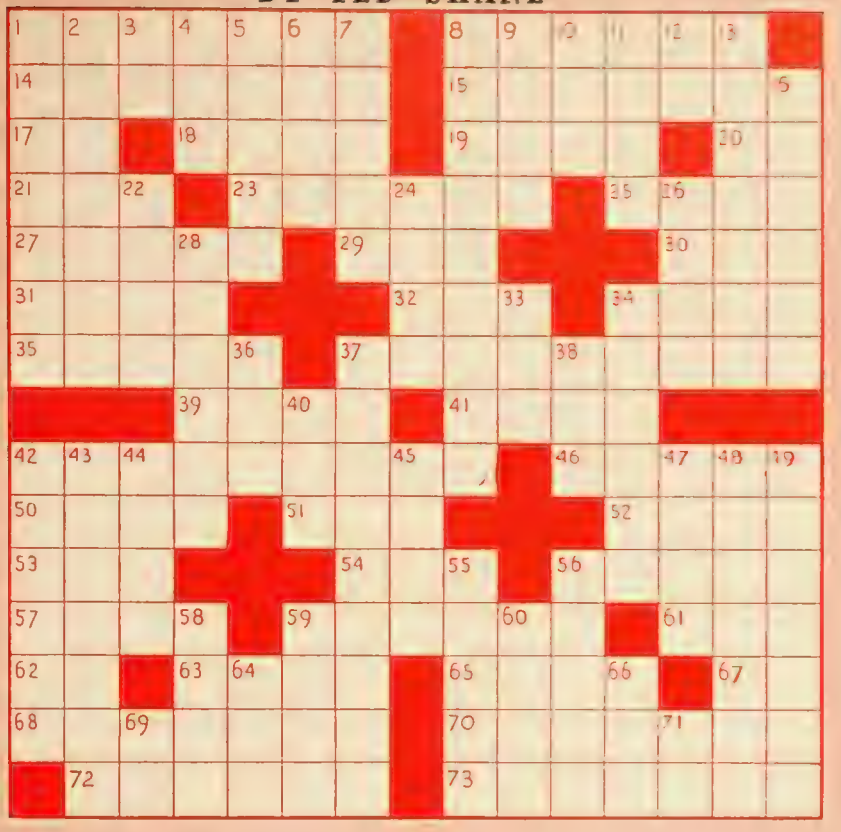
# PICTURES WORTH SEEING

| FILM | GIST | LIBERTY SAID: |
|---|---|---|
| ABOVE SUSPICION (M-G-M) Joan Crawford, Fred MacMurray, Conrad Veidt, Basil Rathbone | *Spy thriller* (a honeymoon couple search Germany for a missing British agent). | Clues far-fetched . . . but story is excitingly developed . . . better than average spy stuff. (6-19-43) |
| ACTION IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC (Warners) Raymond Massey, Humphrey Bogart | *Drama* (the story of the valiant work of the merchant marine in this war). | Thrilling story of the men who sail the ships—deliver the goods . . . suspenseful . . . authentic . . . outstanding performances. (7-3-43) |
| BATAAN (M-G-M) Robert Taylor, Thomas Mitchell, Robert Walker | *Drama* (a group of thirteen "expendables" cover the retreat of our Army during the last days on Bataan). | Pulls no punches . . . starkly grim . . . exciting, dramatic . . . superb cast . . . don't miss this one. (7-10-43) |
| CABIN IN THE SKY (M-G-M) Ethel Waters, Lena Horne, "Rochester" Anderson | *All-Negro musical* (a fantasy concerning the struggle of good and evil forces for the soul of Little Joe Jackson). | Lighthearted fantasy . . . slow in spots, but has much to offer . . . lovely music and Ethel Waters' singing make picture worth seeing. (4-3-43) |
| DIXIE (Paramount) Bing Crosby, Dorothy Lamour | *Musical* (the development of the art of minstrelsy—via the life of Dan Emmett, first minstrel). | Not up to Bing's other pictures . . . too much "formula" . . . vague story makes it merely mediocre. (7-24-43) |
| HIT THE ICE (Universal) Abbott and Costello | *Comedy* (typical Abbott and Costello shenanigans—in a ski-lodge setting). | Eighty-two minutes of sheer nonsense . . . bound to please the most critical A. & C. fan. (7-17-43) |
| MISSION TO MOSCOW (Warners) Walter Huston, Ann Harding, Oscar Homolka | *Drama* (living history. Ambassador to Russia Davies' report on the Soviet Union). | Intellectual achievement . . . vital, gripping, dramatic . . . cast superb . . . a tribute to our ally. (6-19-43) |
| REAP THE WILD WIND (Paramount) Paulette Goddard, Ray Milland, and John Wayne | *Melodrama* (the romances of the seagoing daughter of a salvage skipper in the days of sailing ships and pirates). | A DeMille super-spectacle full of excitement, color, and comedy . . . a fabulous historical show rather than co-ordinated artistic achievement. (4-11-42) |
| SO PROUDLY WE HAIL (Paramount) Claudette Colbert, Veronica Lake, Paulette Goddard | *Drama* (the stirring story of the first American women at the front lines—Army nurses on Bataan). | Vital . . . authentic and stirring war film . . . casting is just about perfect. (8-7-43) |
| SPITFIRE (RKO) Leslie Howard, David Niven | *Drama* (the story of the Spitfire and R. J. Mitchell, the man who designed this plane, one of England's chief weapons). | Spitfire is a fitting final tribute to the skill of the late Leslie Howard, director and actor. (7-17-43) |
| STAGE DOOR CANTEEN (United Artists) All-star cast | *Revue* (romance at the Canteen plus a good sample of the entertainment given our servicemen there. Sixty-eight stars, six bands). | A glowing and exciting tribute to America's theater folk . . . jam-packed with entertainment . . . a little long, but solid entertainment. (6-26-43) |
| THE CONSTANT NYMPH (Warner Bros.) Charles Boyer, Joan Fontaine | *Melodrama* (the story of the "mad" Sanger family taken from Margaret Kennedy's famous novel of the '20s). | Dated story . . . mannered and forced now . . . old-fashioned, romantic escapist entertainment . . . good cast. (7-31-43) |
| THE HUMAN COMEDY (M-G-M) Mickey Rooney, Fay Bainter, Frank Morgan | *Homey drama* (three days in the life of the Macauleys of Ithaca as seen by Saroyan). | Delightful and heart-warming film . . . no real plot, but each scene a gem . . . direction excellent. (4-24-43) |
| THE MORE THE MERRIER (Columbia) Jean Arthur, Charles Coburn, Joel McCrea | *Comedy* (jam-packed wartime Washington takes a good-natured ribbing). | One of the funniest pictures of the season . . . smartly paced plot . . . swell cast. (5-29-43) |
| THE OX-BOW INCIDENT (20th-Fox) Henry Fonda, Dana Andrews, Frank Conroy | *Drama* (mob hysteria in a Western town results in the lynching of three men). | An exciting, intelligent, relentless movie . . . tight direction . . . finely drawn characters . . . superb direction. (5-1-43) |

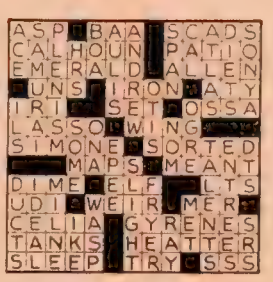
# COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

## BY TED SHANE



### HORIZONTAL

1 Thus far there's no ban on going for a pleasure drive in these in your cars
8 What the Russian boy friend will give you for your thoughts
14 It's plane the world of the future'll be one large one
15 Nasal tonsil
17 There when the Mrs. wants him; there when she doesn't
18 Buffalo's swimmin' hole
19 Superlouse
20 Five owe one
21 Brooklyn Moiders T'bums (abbr.)
23 Puppies, kiddies, and dynamos ooze it
25 Extinct chicken
27 Homes, if the Axis wins
29 Where the lowing herd gets all wound up on the way home
30 Inspired water
31 A little bit o' nooteral hivvin
32 Automatic Reiection System (abbr.)
34 What to do if you're holding a couple of queens
35 Snain (all right, ½ ice, ½ rain)
37 Two-bit Ritz
39 Latchstring for a low-down doghouse
41 Yell for ye to hear
42 Nocturnes in A Flat, rendered by the Backyard Symphony Orcatsra
46 River with a black background
50 Debouched an oval cacophonously
51 The guy up to shanenigans
52 Mussolini in a zoot sheet
53 There's one for every gal, a perfect fit
54 Latin thingum
56 Sub-ostrich



Last week's answer

57 A passel o' guys teamed up
59 Rear-end heater for the young
61 Mercenary Mamas of Austrylya (abbr.)
62 Kind of yippee-yi-yi
63 Income miners have been striking for
65 Geometrical hunk
67 Glamour of the '20s
68 Get in among some one
70 Where's there's a will there's a this
72 Manufactured chin music (s'ang)
73 One-hoss-power tail wagons

### VERTICAL

1 He who does, faces a stake shortage
2 Ozone billet (two words)
3 The Toot-Toot Line's one (abbr.)
4 Dope in a fur coat
5 Gets in some red-hot digs with the horn
6 Where the ire of world freedom burns low in the land
7 Little formula, to which John Lewis acts coal
8 Jack rabbits on pogo sticks with front-end rumble seat
9 Rose O'Shinamaroosha's last name
10 The end of Lopez
11 Eat backward
12 The Boss (Army abbr.)
13 Kute, kuddly inkubi
16 Five of a kind, all queens (sing.)
22 Man with this wants to meet gal with gas
24 Four-squarish and there
26 The flatfeet of Stalin (abbr.)
28 Left the tavern and went more or less straight home
33 Now you see him, now you don't
34 Moving in the molasses manner
36 Dark brown summer coat
37 Teamed up in a union
38 Fricassee Fanny, mother of Egghead Eggbert
40 Proletariat mink
42 They're —— around the ankles
43 Sparkle in my lady's cheek
44 The old frost
45 The Faradise Man of Britain
47 What happens when it gets sick?
48 Lonesome Luke
49 Goes for a spin
55 There's a lot of little catches to them
56 Mr. Glamour Flynn
58 Nickname for the Dog Army
59 What she slipped on after the bath
60 The jaundice shade
64 Dogs with nothing rem ved
66 Empty Boneheads Kinkinate (abbr.)
69 Ump-backed Abyssinians (abbr.)
71 Hanger-on in the idle set

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.

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## JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

**BORN IN CZECHOSLOVAKIA,** where he became a reporter at sixteen, Henry Brandon was called up by the Czech Army for his military training in 1937. His regiment exchanged shells with Hungarian troops just before the Munich agreement, which made his country's mobilization a farce, and in April, 1939, he escaped to England to become a cartoonist and free-lancer. Soon he was contributing to leading London newspapers. A British editor thought his real name, Brandeis, was too hard to pronounce by Anglo-Saxons, and he was forthwith christened "Brandon." The Sunday Times sent him to the United States on a three months' roving assignment. He says that a bus ride from Seattle to Helena, Montana, and a luncheon at the White House were the two high spots of his sojourn here.

**ON THE LINE** in this issue, oddly enough, is another Czech, Dr. Erwin Lessner, who collaborated with James C. McMullin on Russia and Japan *Must* Fight. During the "peaceful" invasion of his country by the Nazis, he was under sentence of death for high treason, but escaped to Norway. Mr. McMullin is the well known news analyst who has a penchant for scoops.

**MARY OYAMA, WHO WROTE** My Only Crime Is My Face, and who, despite her Japanese blood, says, "I am thankful to be an American," was born in Petaluma, California, engaged herself in social-service work studied journalism, and married an American, Frederick Mittwer. She is the mother of two little boys.

*THE EDITORS.*

*(Continued from page 41)*

at him red-faced. Then quite coolly he drops the glass from his eye, spins it like a coin, three, maybe four feet into the air and catches it in his eye as it comes down. For about twenty seconds he waits to make sure the Old Man has grasped what's happened. Then: "Do that, you damn great haddock of a man!" he snaps, and turns on his heel.

Of course that bursts everything and there's no telling what will happen. The Old Man's crouched ready to pounce and I'm trying to get the hell out of the way, when suddenly the engine-room telegraph bell rings sharply. The sound of it hits the Old Man's ears. He forgets about the Admiral and leaps for the lever.

An hour later we're doing fifteen knots on a new course, a course that'll take us twenty miles north of the convoy. The change in course has me worried on account of what the Admiral will say. A admiral carries an awful lot of broadside. However, this time he don't use it more than to remark dryly that it's no use arguing with a man that's set on hanging himself. The Old Man sniffs at that one, like he's thinking it'll take more than a admiral to break him. But I'm not so sure. Hell! I'm not so sure. As I've said, a admiral carries an awful lot of broadside.

A SHIP on her own and doing fifteen knots is supposed to be able to look after herself against submarines. The Old Man ain't taking any chances though. He steers a zigzag course, not using the whistle. The wind has backed three points and is now blowing on our beam. The Old Man keeps driving her through the fog. Two days later we know by dead reckoning that we've passed the convoy. The Admiral don't even mention it. He's out in the wing of the bridge. Instead of his usual cigarette he's sucking on a cold pipe. Most of us are. There's a queer feeling of uneasiness on the ship. All of us is tensed up like men waiting for something to break.

It's Melrose catches sight of the raider first. He lets out a strangled yelp and grabs the Old Man's arm. Then we all see her. A long black hull crossing our bow at dead slow speed, ugly, threatening, a *slish-slosh* of white water at her forefoot, her turrets swung outboard, her gaping gun muzzles like the open jaws of some wild animal. The Old Man makes a dive for the compass and registers a bearing just as the raider slides into the mist.

"Pocket battleship!" The Admiral blows a red-hot under-his-breath whistle on the back of my neck. "Didn't spot us, though."

The significance of what we just see hits us like a blow. That ugly black hull, powerful, menacing, moving slowly through the fog, is searching for the convoy, our convoy! The Old Man glances up at our wireless antenna, shakes his head. Any warning we could send would be picked up by the raider.

It's the Admiral blows first. "By gad, man, aren't you going to *do* anything?"

Likely the Old Man don't hear him. He's staring into the fog like he's looking for something. He leaps for the engine-room voice pipe. "Chief!" he shouts in a near stutter. "There's a raider out! We need all the steam you got. Sit on the valves, shove her for all you're worth!"

The Admiral's calm again. He sticks his glass in his eye and looks the Old Man up and down like he's something he's never seen before and hopes never to see again. "That's right," he says, contempt choking his voice. "Make for the nearest port. You might get back in time to see that baseball game!"

The Old Man looks at him as though he don't understand. Then he wheels on the second mate. "Mr. Simpson! I want every topping lift on the ship hove taut, every block lashed. Jam anything that'll make a noise. Under forced draft this ship'll shiver worse than an old maid at a baptism." He slips into the chart-room and comes out with a plotting board in his hand. "Right rudder!" he orders.

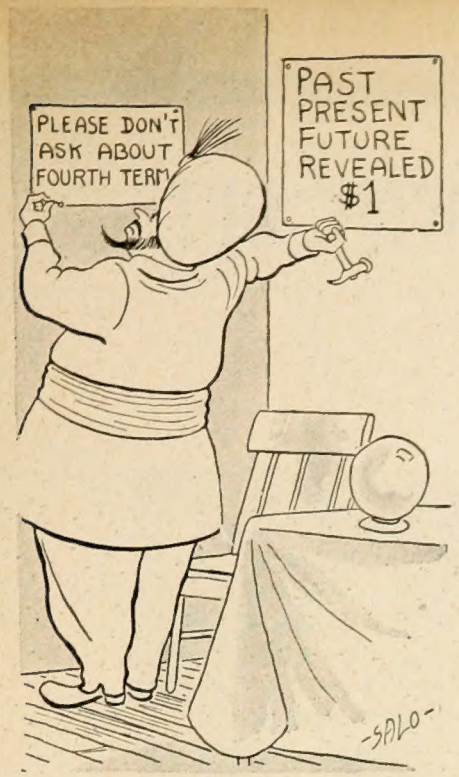
The ship's head swings in a wide arc. The pounding engines sends a low growling murmur through the Narragansett's hull. Her steel-packed bow smashes at a sea. Spray rattles against the weather cloths. Her bow steadies, thrusts a sea aside, and she's off on a southwest course at seventeen knots.

The Admiral stares through his eyeglass at the compass. "That—that course!" he blurts out. "It isn't going to get you back in time to see that baseball game."

"Listen!" The Old Man in his earnestness has the Admiral by a lapel and he's shaking him violently. And, funny thing, the Admiral don't seem to mind it. "If we loses too many convoys we loses the war." The skipper's voice has deepened. "If we loses the war there won't be any more baseball on account of a man can't play baseball and goose-step at the same time. Look!" he goes on. "If the fog lifts, a warning won't do that convoy no good. The raider'll hunt them down one by one like the way they did with the Jervis Bay convoy. We got to get one more look at that raider. We got to learn her speed to an inch!"

THE Admiral slowly polishes his eyeglass, then polishes it some more. If he's got an inkling of what the Old Man hopes to do, he don't let on. In fact he looks slightly dazed. "Baseball!" he mutters. "Must be something to it. Must look into it!"

And now the hunt's on in earnest. It's a queer set-up: A freighter chasing a raider, though I don't agree with the third mate when he calls it a game of hide-and-seek. A game my eye! More like a mouse chasing a lion.




"Easy!" The Old Man speaks in a whisper. The trembling dies out of the Narragansett. She slows down until she's running at five knots. A thin black line is sliding slowly through the water ahead of us. An after turret moves uneasily. With a shiver I realize that only our gray paint blending in with the fog lies between us and blasting death.

The Old Man takes a bearing, slaps a course on his plotting board, checks with a stop watch, double-checks. Then his left hand moves and the Narragansett slips silently into the fog away from that menacing ugly black line ahead of her. The skipper wipes the sweat from his brow.

A mile out in the hidden security of the fog, he turns her in a tight circle. Even yards count now. For a second he studies his plotting board, checks the time on his watch, then he sets the course. His face has changed. It's hard and uncompromising. A queer feeling comes over me, a feeling that this can't be the same man who sits at Ebbets Field and yells at the umpire: "Throw the bum out!" But I know it is when he calls tersely to the Chief, "Give her all you've got!"

The Narragansett leaps forward. A blob of smoke spurts from her funnel. It don't matter now. Speed is all that matters—speed and accuracy of course. The Old Man hugs the compass. Instinctively, either through fear or excitement, I move close to his side. We all do. The fog patch thickens. We're like men fighting their way through a haystack. But on the other side it ain't green fields or barns. If we miss, or if the fog lifts—Simpson lets out a groan.

The Admiral takes his glass from his eye and polishes it vigorously. "You can pray to God," he says in a quiet voice, "that we take her amidships. She'll buckle like scrap. Her magazine may go up—"

"We'll have to chance that," the Old Man says hoarsely. He's standing in a strained position, his eyes peering into the fog. Under us the Narragansett's racing as she never raced before. Clouds of smoke pour from her funnel. Her hull quivers and jars at every thrust.

Suddenly the Old Man straightens. Ahead of us a familiar black line changes from shadow to substance. Now we see men in uniform running on the raider's deck. The black line wriggles, twists. A gun turret swings in panic. Men call out, hard-faced men scared with the suddenness of our coming. A belch of flame leaps from her deck. Guns roar too late. The Narragansett's steel-packed bow, with six thousand tons of dead weight behind it, goes crashing and tearing into the raider's side. The Old Man, his face set, keeps his hand on the engine-room lever, driving, boring his ship into the ever-widening split.

Soon the raider begins to keel slowly over. Men try to clamber up over our bows. They shout and wave their hands. Their faces are white, strained. Our own crew beats them back with capstan bars, marlinspikes. Water pours into the raider's hull. She begins to sink. Not until then does the Old Man take his hand from the telegraph. Slowly the Narragansett backs out. We can hear calls from men in the water.

"Your boats!" the Admiral yells. "Your boats, quick!"

The Old Man shakes his head grimly. "And get caught by a submarine! Nothing doing!" He swings on the Admiral. "You don't win baseball games by easing up on the other fellow. You don't win wars that way either. If the Axis wants to play it rough, we'll play it rough too."

And nothing any one says can move him.

THREE hours later a destroyer, drawn from our own convoy by the one burst of gunfire the raider gets away, finds us in the fog. Her skipper hails us.

"We're all right," I tells him. "Leaking a bit, but them steel billets is doing a good job for the second time. We'll get in all right."

I'd tell him more, but the Admiral's at my elbow. "What's an assist?" he asks me. "Your captain says I should be credited with an assist because I had those steel billets stowed in No. 1 hold. What *is* an assist?"

Well, there's fog all around us. Ebbets Field's three thousand miles back of us. We've just sunk a Nazi raider. But I tells him. Whether he gets it or not, I don't know. Last I see of him he's tearing up a report and muttering to himself.

"Baseball! Must be something to it. Must look into it!"

THE END

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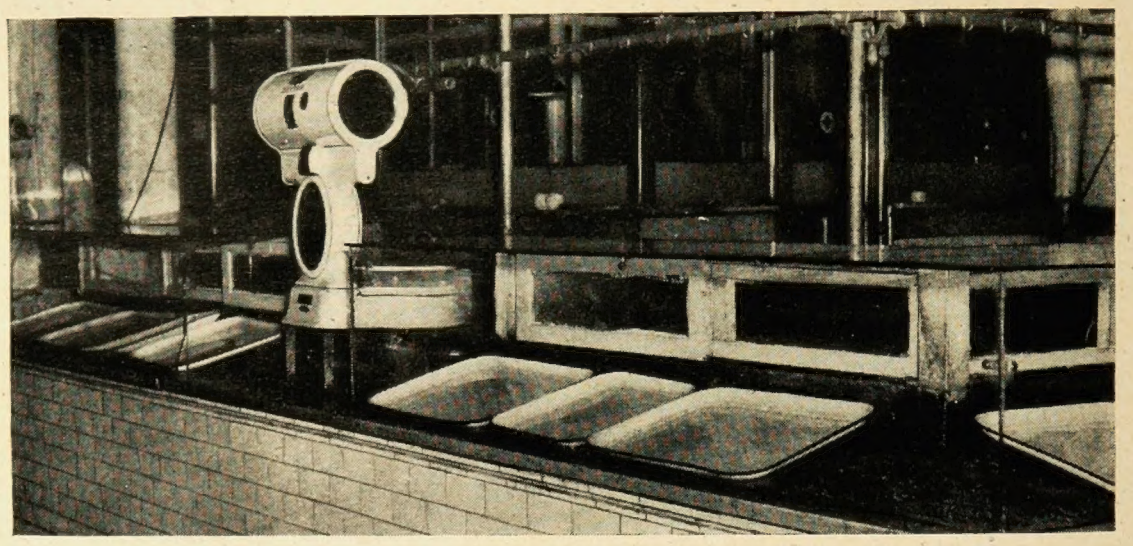
# ONLY THE PEOPLE CAN WIPE OUT BLACK MARKETS



Support of black markets is one of the reasons this butcher has no meat.

IT'S time for all of us to look ourselves squarely in the eye on the subject of BLACK MARKETS. The situation is serious. Very serious. Black-marketeers and their patrons not only violate the law: they make it impossible for rationing to work, impossible for the cost of living to be controlled, impossible for inflation to be prevented. They do serious harm to the war effort and cost the lives of American boys by postponing the day of victory.

We've heard all this before, of course. Every one deplores black markets publicly, but many of us patronize them privately. That toothsome steak gets us, and to satisfy a mere appetite we betray (yes, that's the word for it—betray) our country, our fighting men, and our own best interests.

Lots of us even think we are clever to get an extra piece of meat or a pair of shoes or a tank of gas by the dishonest route. We boast about it as we used to do in prohibition days over acquiring a case of rebottled embalming fluid passed off as whisky.

The same sinister thugs who peddled rotgut then operate the black-market racket now. Their meat often is as poisonous as their liquor used to be. Mere lack of freshness is the least of its faults. It is slaughtered on the sly, shipped on the sly, and sold to us on the sly. And we feed it to our children without giving much thought to the appalling chances we take in doing so. The racketeers are not in the least concerned about cleanliness in either slaughtering or handling. They don't care if the meat animal was diseased or not. They don't ship in refrigerated cars or trucks. They don't care about anything, in fact, except getting suckers to buy their stuff. If the suckers are poisoned by it, so what? When people break the law, the racketeers know they can't squawk.

Lately some folks have begun using the OPA as a chopping block. They use its imperfect functioning to justify to themselves their patronage of black markets. They are only kidding themselves, because public support of the black-market operations makes it impossible for the rationing and price-control agency to function effectively. The government cannot wipe out the black market if the citizenry support it.

Nor can any of us use as self-justification the excuse we don't know a black market when we see one. They are easy to spot. Very easy. Whenever a dealer in rationed goods either (*a*) asks more than the ceiling price or (*b*) does not demand the full point value of the goods he sells, he is operating a black market.

So there it is! The government cannot stamp out the black market; we have to do it ourselves. Any one of us who chisels more than his share of rationed goods can't look himself squarely in the eye and call himself either honest or patriotic. The black market is the most serious problem on the home front today. Unless we lick it, it will, in the end, lick us.

Paul Hunter

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FAMOUS SINCE 1894

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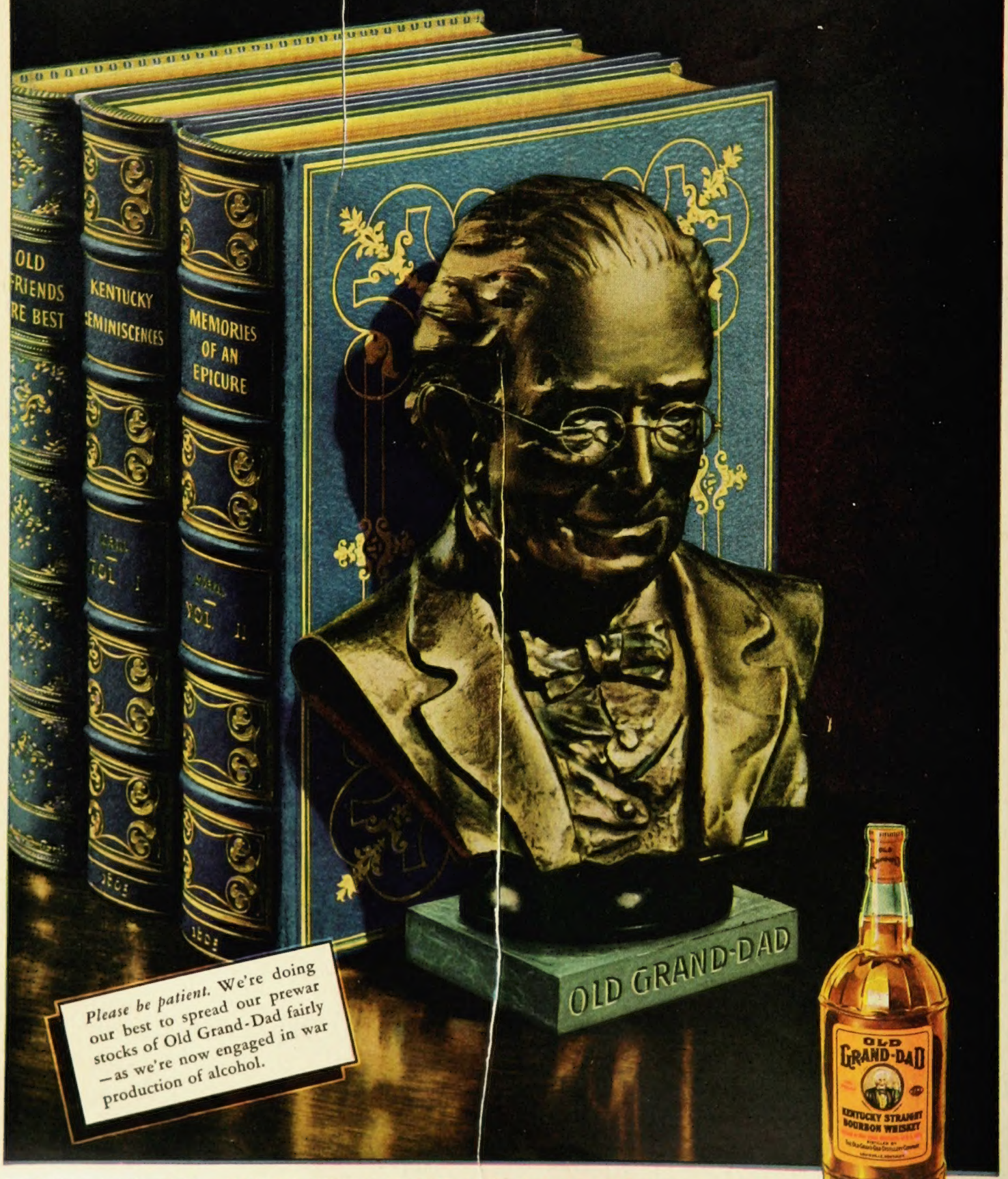


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